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WHEREIN,

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with gentile Ceremonies, Complementall amorous high expreſſions, and Formes of ſpeaking or writing of Letters moſt in faſhion.

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The Laſt Edition; with two Tables; the one expounding the moſt hard Engliſh words, the other reſolving the moſt delightfull Fictions of the Heathen Poets.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, at the *Princes Armes* in St *Pauls* Church-yard. 1650.

TO THE *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* OF ENGLAND.

IF *Custome did not inforce a Complement of Dedication; yet this Booke would desire to insinuate into the affection of Ladies & Gentlewomen; since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happines then your favour, which is most earnestly desired. Let other workes covet their Patrons and Mæcenasses, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty; whilst this shall expresse an ingenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice it selfe to your acceptance and service, desiring onely that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious smiles, which carry in them*

them a ſecret power, not only to cheriſh & advance the object whereon they reflect, but alſo to endear it into others opinions, & make it precious in their eſtimations. In requitall of this your favour, it ſhall be alwaies ready to furniſh you with the beſt expreſſions of choyce complementall language; for though by nature and cuſtome you can deliver your mindes in a ſmooth, and gracefull manner; yet from hence, without ſtudy, or premeditation, you may command neceſſary Ceremonies. Beſides, your Ladyſhips Chambermaids and waiting Gentlewomen are to be pitied; who having by their good carriage compaſſed Suiters, are often conſtrained to bluſh, in ignorance, for want of Complement, wherewith to anſwer them. Let therefore this one inſtance, inſtead of more which might be inſerted, perſwade your intelligible, generous diſpoſitions, to receive this book now exactly perfected, as your devoted ſervant, & to honour it with your favour, which I ſhall eſteeme as an exaltation to the ſupremeſt ſublunary felicity, and the higheſt Terreſtiall happineſſe.

The Authors Preface to the READER.

THere is no queſtion but Eloquence is a principall part in a wel-qualified man; for to ſee a ſubtile and a quick wit foyled in this which is the only quality that is eminent, and adornes a man as uſefull in all occaſions, it were to be juſt like *Prometheus* Statue, faire in appearance, but without motion, wanting true Celeſtiall fire: it is Eloquence which adornes our Diſcourſe, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and doores to the beſt company, and puts us in ſuch eſteem as well-born ſpirits ought to arrive to: without this we reſemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without effect, our conceits without fruit, and our lives diſguſted with thoſe, with whom we ordinarily aſſociate our ſelves: To this purpoſe in this little volume feaſt thy fancy with variety of moſt eloquent expreſſions, and forms of delivering thy minde to all, from the King to perſons of the moſt inferior rank and quality; for in this laſt Edition Let me tell thee, that thou haſt a Cabinet, wherein the richeſt Jewels of our Language are lock't up; Firſt, thou haſt choyce and ſelect Complements ſet thee down in a forme, which upon an occaſion offered thou mayeſt imitate, or with a little alteration make uſe of: or thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects, with expreſſion to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy minde upon the like objects, preſented to view or fancy; thou haſt witty diſputs, amorous diſcourſes, with an addition of moſt excellent Love Poems, Songs, complementall and moſt ſweetly harmonious, with a new Schoole of Love, and other Fancies fitted to the taſts of *Cupids* Gueſts: Thou haſt exquiſite Letters, ſuch as containe the Quinteſſence of that ſweetneſſe our Engliſh Tongue affords at this day,

day, as it is now refined: Then thou haſt dedications, Superſcriptions fitted to thy owne deſires, for thy uſe upon any ſudden occaſion: Laſtly, thou haſt a Table of the hardeſt Engliſh words, with the derivations of the hardeſt words moſt requiſite, with a Key to the Poeticall Fictions: In ſome, both Eloquence and Love, with their ſecrets and myſteries are made naked, and manifeſtly revealed to the weakeſt judgement; all theſe benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one who bewailes thoſe weake Eſſayes that have beene made by others to this purpoſe, and with griefe viewed the former haſty and ſurreptitious editions of this Booke, which now is purged and perfected to the Booke-ſellers owne content: reade it therefore with diſcretion and deliberative conſideration, and endeavour to attaine to the quality of ſuch worth, that thou mayeſt learne from it to cure thy dumneſſe to diſcourſe confidently with thy friends, and aſſuredly to render thy wit and ſervice, to thoſe thou ſhalt have occaſion to acknowledge, eſpecially in the Court, where neateneſſe & curioſities of all ſorts, and principally of Speech, is to a ſyllable exactly ſtudied: I will reſolve thee (good Reader) but a doubt or two, and detaine thee no longer from thy pleaſure; Firſt, thou ſeeſt not the name of the Author; if thou knewe'ſt the gravity of his perſon, thou mighteſt well have him excuſed. Next for thy Country objection; That downright dealing is beſt, I anſwer, Thou mayeſt ſometimes be too plaine in the way of thy preferment; if thou nameſt the word Diſſimulation, thou erreſt the whole Heaven: this worke reliſhes, in reſpect of the ſubject, more of courteſie, unleſſe it bee abuſed by craft: accept it then as every way beneficiall to thee, and take my wiſh with thee, that thou mayeſt injoy as much pleaſure in the peruſing of it, as I had to pen, perfect, and finiſh the ſtructure of this beautifull and rarely built *Academy*. Adieu.

Thine Philomuſus.

THE AVTHORS EPISLE to this new Edition.

Courteous Reader,

HAving added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seeme strange to thee, for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter; wherein at the first sight, without such a Clue of Threed to direct thee by, I might very well suppose that thou shouldest not onely be amazed but transported, (if not lost with wonder) so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, or the Court; but recollect thy minde, and then smile upon my charity, which hath endeavoured the more to enlighten thy Genius, and shew my selfe to thee in consideration of our late losses, which these sullen distaureating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our Sands, Davenant, his Suckling, Carrew, and our late Quarles: Lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee again with this sprig, or rather more aptly composed Iliad of choicest Recreations, to imploy thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion; for whatsoever thy censure was of it before,

it

it was then well approved of, as this tenth Edition declares, which now carries so much state with it, as not to stoop to thy Censure, except it be for some incident Errata's; my occasions having made me a stranger to the City, all the time it was a Printing: but if thou wilt still be Criticall, be withall so serious, as to consider of the evill fate of those that have slighted this piece, which (when most imperfect) deserved better from their judgements: they have given themselves up to traditions, or to deale more plainely with thee, have beene but the Apes of Balzac: *of whose Letters, one in a Manuscript* de Morbo Gallico *writes, that they are not to be toucht for feare of infection, no, not with a paire of white gloves.*

The other Idoll of these Gentlemen, which hath so transformed, and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serre, *the Secretary now out of fashion, a contemner of our tongue, an English method, one that hath writ very little to the purpose; his Translator grew so arrogant, and was so swelled with such a Lullian expectation, that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers stone; for he talks of an* Ars magno imo & ultima; *yet must take notice, that it is is but only of inditing Letters. But to passe by these pictures in the Gallery, to draw a Curtaine between them and their superstitious adorers, we have other tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Commonwealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetorick,* viz. *our other Secretary of Tropes and figures, a Packet that hath as much wit as the Post;* Cupid *with his blinder Messenger; and many other simplicities of our owne tongue, strangely humorous and phantasticall, so that we need not to travell for any.*

But to be briefe in my Discovery, generous Reader, besides these collaterall opposers of my endeavours, I have met with other downe-right Delinquents; the first of

them is baſhful, he is aſhamed forſooth to ſtep into the quaint edifice of our Academy; he will not buy it himſelf, but ſends another to procure it for him, and playes leaſt in ſight: Like a Wench that ſpreads her fingers wide before her face, that ſhe may ſee, if it were poſſible, the object more modeſtly, which otherwiſe ſhe muſt flie from: So this new eclipſ'd Gentleman that ſees and will not ſeem to ſee, reads this Volume in his ſtudy more privately than his Prayer-book, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let the world know ſo much, for feare his phraſes ſhould grow common: it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his Watch: *in a word, he accounts of it as the Jewel of his practice, and the ſum of his moſt refined converſation: This, Reader, is my publike enemy, but my ſecret friend.*

A ſecond, but of another form, that will be diſpleaſed, is a pretender to Wit and Language; but that's all can be ſaid of him; to him the Fancies ſeem flat, the Lines are not ſublime enough, the work throughout not well diſpoſed; he would have Chimeras *in the expreſſions,* Rodomontados *in the ſtile: Tragical plots in the* Diſcourſes, *and ſuch lofty things as he ſpeaks when he frights Children. But Reader, this man will not underſtand what he ſayes himſelf, much leſs ſuffer others to ſpeak or write to be underſtood. Away with this* Gregory Nonſence *to the Colledg of fools.*

My third and laſt oppoſer is one that takes it very unkindly at my hands, that I ſhould rob him of his Common-place Book; he hangs down his head, and bites his Lip for indignation; and to write ſeriouſly, ti a plain caſe, this Gallant is utterly undone, *and ſequeſtred of all, he purſued his Miſtriſs with ſuch Language, writ thus, ſung the ſame ſongs, uſed the ſame Fancies, and was ſoe happy as to win admiration from ſuch ſet forms. Alas poor Gentleman! ſo* Bates *firſt learnt his Majeſties* Hocus Pocus *tricks, and after printed them, and the man*

of

of Feats never appearing in his Calling again, there the Common-wealth loſt a good ſubiect.

So be it known to thee, intelligent Reader, thoſe of this ſilken Tribe muſt now of neceſſity be ſilent: For if any of their Marmalet *Miſtreſſes ſhould catch them at their repetitions again, they may now take this Booke, and turn them to the very page and leafe. For my part I took this taſk in hand, not only to benefit the Lay people, that never met with theſe collections; but as my revenge ever lookt a ſquint upon theſe ingroſſers of Wit, that would cringe, talke, and ſing for the whole company a weeke together, without any digeſted Method; yet ever ſtill in their old Byas, troubleſome and impertinent: whereas now there may be good uſe made of what they caſt away upon every ſlight occaſion; howſoever, let them now look quickly to it, for they are to begin the world again, and in theſe times Wit is a rare commodity: If I had not conceived theſe Gallants to be more then angry, deſperate too, I had ſet my name, and fixed my Picture to this new Edition of Additions, it being ſo near finiſht, that it wanted little more then rolling off from the Preſſe: but I conceived they would Duel with my ſhadow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this booke in defiance of ſuch undeſervers. And, gentle Reader, ſince through the pikes of all theſe oppoſitions, I have got into a cleare field where I have found thee, give me leave to court thee even to a ſtudious peruſall; more variety Fancy never dwelt upon, or Art ever ſpread before thee. Open the leaves therefore, ſo as to caſt a ſerious eye upon them, and then deliberate of what thou readeſt in thy minde, for I tell thee thou mayeſt elſe ſoon ſurfet with delight. Be adviſed.* Farewel.

Yours,

Philomuſus.

Courteous Reader, These Books following are printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls Church-yard.*

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THE
Academy of Complements.
OR
Pearles of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour mee, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which must stoop to your Honours.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this hour, remain your creature.

You honour me so far, that I imagine my self to be some other thing, then I have been, which can be nothing else but your Servant.

I do repute my self happy to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seem a heavenly Creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, mines of gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good

Good Sir, give me leave to fear leſt ſome ſiniſter ſtorms of Fortune, ſtifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyiſh conceits of your youth are unfit for the teſty cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſs Labyrinth, that neither choyce, nor chance can draw me out of.

Give me leave Sir to gain that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not ſo inconſtant in your affections, leſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sunſhine of proſperity, and to ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of adverſity.

Leave me Sir, whileſt I learne to deſpiſe ſuch *Gnathoes*, and beat off ſuch flattering curs with the whip of my defiance.

Theſeus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilious Labyrinth, then I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate, place thee in the Palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accompliſht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty, held ſupremacy in ſo rare a ſtructure.

Sir, being incenſed by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded to her only to commit the chiefeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeneſs, fair creature, ſince neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are daſtards.

Madam.

Madam, Your the are Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighes.

For your beauty, *Mistriss*, I may name you *Venus*, for your comlines *Pallas*, for your port and honor, *Iuno*.

If I want an apologie, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more then terrene perfectionss

'Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my brest, where like a gorgeous goddess you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, Love and Fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistriss, Deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so Crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistriss, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertain baſe thoughts, when he viewes ſo glorious an object?

Sir, I am deſirous to be ſuſpicious of thoſe felicities, I fear I ſhall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my ſelf, that I may admire your vertues.

The charms of Magitians are frivolous to me, in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot look upon your face but I am perſwaded to reſign my ſelf up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Lybia*, hath not ſo powerful a luſtre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightneſſe to deſire, and raiſes flames of love, pure and chaſt.

Half the Court is ingaged to your expreſſions; and thoſe whom you beſiege with your Language muſt needs acknowledg you for victorious, and yield up the fort.

Miſtriſs, Your breath is as ſweet, as if you fed only on Pinks and Perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo far from mine own happineſs, as to forget you, to whoſe deſire alone the events of all things are ſutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you above the reſt of men, which intitle you to that you ſo much ſeem to honor.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be eſteemed of, it muſt be your wiſdom onely which can ſet a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your Favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building ſhall magnifie the Founders bounty.

Sir, It is your preſence can only diſſipate the clouds of my blackeſt melancholly.

Sir, In the midſt of all my felicities I ſhall have need

of you to make me happy, for without you I ſhall ever eſteem my ſelfe abſolutely miſerable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuſe to act any thing you ſhall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary perſon, and have ever paſſionately remained yours.

Sir, I am ſo taken with you, that I am even ſick at the relation of your indiſpoſition.

Sir, I ſhall not be backward in the expreſſion of your merits, ſince they do ſo exact an acknowledgment of all.

Sir, You ſhall never be able to accuſe this Tenent as erroneous, ſince I have never falſified my ſelfe to you; but have ever thought my ſelf perfectly happy, to be reputed yours.

Be carefull, fair one, leſt being led Captive by ſecurity, your mind float in the ſurging ſeas of idle conceits, whileſt the gales of voluptuous pleaſures, or the ſtifling ſtormes of unbridled fancy, with raging blaſts make a ſhipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the ways of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a Princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your Royall fame hath moved us, who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain ſuch noble and heroick favours caſt upon us poor creatures, moſt unworthy of the leaſt of ſuch benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakneſs of my fancy, ſince the exquiſite perfections of your vertues are characterred in my breſt.

Madam

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*; yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happiness insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deale with *Venus*, or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies once abused turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into a perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistris, pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, *Madam*, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Fair one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my selfe to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithless protestations of men, their perjured promises, & feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a

Medea

Medea mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your vertue and beauty by a stronger power then that of fate or fortune is deeply shrined in my heart.

Be Pleased at last, fair beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me into your favour, as that I may freely injoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desires merit no more from you, then I have no other choyce but to dye desperately, or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Mistris, I feel such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my minde; that it is impossible for me to become any other then a servile slave to fancy.

How can I feare to enter into a parley with *Cupids* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicuous smiles at the, beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more Proud of their good fortunes then my self, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reserve to speake of vertue, till your great works come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more then any man living, Sir, your most humble Servant.

Sir, When I forget to confess my self yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a perpetuall silence, since whilest I have a tongue, I protest my self to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but onely the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my self insensible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroical qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comelines of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Cristal of his clearnes.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudable, since they force me to confess my self yours.

Sir, You are never so excellent a poet, as when you speak of me, since you have Art to invent new Fables.

Sir, Those fine words, and quaint discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted, issue fron their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble resolutions; neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to do you honour.

Who can distil sleep into the eyes of Lovers, whose cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vain name, and no essential thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hat

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence? what is Muſick to me, but a doleſull voice, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighes?

O Love, Wilt thou now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which art my onely poyſon? wilt thou doe me ſervice which long ſince haſt brought me into eternall ſlaverie?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſs wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that by the brightneſs of thoſe raies, his baſeneſs may be turned into a moſt high, and through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how ſoon maiſt thou raze down that Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandement, or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid*, hath ſuch a command over mortals: of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſheth me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty. as that I muſt now confeſs my ſelf to be your ſlave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruel one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion, even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horrour preſents it ſelf to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimulation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee: that for thee alone I ſorſook this earth, to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall certainly be eaſed of theſe ſorrowes? if there be a *Leander*, a *Piramus*, or aſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art fair, is it to present thee too cruell? If thou canst command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautifull and yet terrible, are things incompetible, things that imply contradiction; yet even against the laws of Nature thou destroyest Nature, and where thou mayst raise thee Structures to thy perpetuall honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certain it is, fair Creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free and serene minde: But alas, wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will vail it selfe at so black an act: Not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some diresull revenge. Blush then thou fair one, since to be coy is to be cruell; to be cruell, is to alter the property of what thou art, beautifull.

Faireſt, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthinesse of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodnes, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such vertue which glories to arm it selfe against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it self, and a beauty that glories to condemne others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilest we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremoveable suitor eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant?

Per-

Perfections of my desires, with one determinate answer, bless me with happiness, or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself, as alwaies to bewail the loss of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss, by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepast affection, by the oathes of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Mars*es heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of War?

In him, it seems, Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankinde, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruell'st of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terror, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death?

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love: and therefore, though I am presented with a likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another cannot make the same essence of your person, much less can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are sutable to the ver-

tuous resolutions of your minde.

Fairest, Grant me this happiness, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of love, leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate, as full of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities, both of minde and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocrity, by the distribution of which rare perfections she hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, which you speak in such high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy should I account my self, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breast, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, No imaginary jealousies shall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodness, to which I have always had an extraordinary propension, by your royal example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity, so far, that I will complain of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your self too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortall.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I finde in you whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits would prove favourable to you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature, with the bright beames of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness then to do you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happiness on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your gooodness doth bereave me of a voice to expresse your vertues.

You cannot blame me though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, If you with draw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, What soever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me, either to loſe it, or not to believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo farr from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf: neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to expreſs, I am yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir, Inſtead of requital of thoſe vowes you offer me, I am put to a ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtris, I deſire to paſſe my life in the pleaſing dreames of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe, who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my owne follies.

All my thoughts are your real inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependencie, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my self your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more then the Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Fairest, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, The morall of my affection is to instruct you, to make use of your youth; and to gather Nose-gayes before the Roses wither: For be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face; and you shall onely be left to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, you must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraigne Fortune than the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company daily repairing to visit you.

Mistris, in my most solitary walkes it shall be my

ambition to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To returne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful servant.

My passions cannot so farr transport me, but that I shall remain as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledg my choler to be artificial, which I am readie to lay downe at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers which the darts of your eies do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my selfe no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it self to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is the libertie I enjoy to professe my self yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir,

Sir, I do profeſs my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations, which are able make truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you viſit, which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden Eloquence, have you taken me out of my ſelf?

You alone can conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beames of your eminent vertues, have diſcovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt only anſwer you, That *I* am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgment that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my freindſhip would never appear, but remain as a Recluſe.

Sir, The world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were not ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time which preſcribes limits to all things, pre-

ſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo farr exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of bloud leſt, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, Put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſs I was never more aſtoniſhed, then to finde ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not Maſter.

Sir, it is in not my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as a fair proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries form you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the world, which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather then loſe your ſociety.

Sir, It is impoſſible for me to conceal my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, You do ſo heap your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſeem miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You do not ſo much expreſs your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at laſt grow weary of his ſufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I deſire to paſſe the moſt pleaſant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuſes for ſo poor a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I ſhall hold my eloquence as pernitious as the perfections of a Courtezan, ſhould it prove any cauſe of your quarrels.

You uſurp a more abſolute authority over wits, than is lawfull or reaſonable.

You ſmell too much of your Musk and Amber, to expreſſe your ſelf ſerious in the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they tranſcend the ſubject on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, let me raviſh a kiſſe from your hand.

Sir, My affections ſpring not from the diſeaſes and diſtempers of my ſoul; ſince my inclinations to ſerve you, have their originall from immortall reaſon.

Miſtriſs, You have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot beſtow favours amiſſe on him who hath ſearcht the ſecrets of Nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that he might not appeare to be ungrateſull.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to admire your judgement, which appeares to be farre more excellent than your Fortunes.

Sir, Let me not ſeem to incurre a crime, ſince I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir, You vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes, according to the diverſity of the ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you out of your nobleneſſe, to afford me to be your graces moſt obedient and faithfull ſervant.

Sir.

Sir, You have all thoſe excellent qualities that are neceſſary in a Prince.

Sir, I meaſure the neceſſities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or diſcomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc'd to admire your Vertues; ſince you ſtill ſet ſo high a value on your creature, who is loſt to all men but to your ſelf.

Sir, your goodneſs is as unlimitable, as the deſire I have to ſerue you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature beſtows on her moſt glorious creatures.

Sir, I ſpeake this ſeriouſly, with my beſt ſence; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eies or ſpirits, muſt place them on ſo deſerving an object.

Faireſt, Caſt one glance of pitty on me, leſt you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aſpect of your eies; which are to me the Ambaſſadours of life or death.

Sir, you are the emblem of terrour, and your furious looks are able to conſume a woman.

Liſt me not ſo high with your favours, leſt you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my deſcent with a greater terrour.

Faireſt, Let not your heavenly beauty, ſeated in its royall Majeſty, draw forth the ſword of diſdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Faireſt Creature, Since I am the pattern of all ill-fortunes, by the force of your affection, free me from all the miſeries that oppreſs me.

You hit my inclinations ſince to recompence ſuch vertues, were a work moſt worthy of all generous ſpirits.

Sir, Your refuſall to the title of eloquent, proves your modeſty to be moſt unjuſt; ſince your tongue

long

long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appear most barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blue flowers amongst the corn; which though they may seem pleasant to the eye; proue most unwholsom to the body.

Sir, I shall alwaies acknowledg the most artificiall language to be like Gentlewomen adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilest she her self wants the eies of her body, and of her minde.

Fair one, Can I pervert the powers of the Planets, or resist the force [of the Starrs? you may then conclude, I can then repel these affections.

I am yours, *Sir*, and will be yours in despight of Fates and fortunes.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the Fort of my fancy, that I must of necessity resign my self up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Mistris, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his Clients, let us not slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wishes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crown your Royall deserts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutiful services made manifest the loyalty of my heart; yet since I first framed in my fancy, as in a mirrour, the shape of your surpassing beauty, with all humility I have cast my self and fortunes at your Royal feet.

Fairest,

Faireſt, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your perſon and vertues, than I doe.

Madam, In conſideration of my poore Fortunes, let my affection appeare ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo farre eſteeme of your divine beauty and exquiſite vertue, as I would think my ſelfe moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the world, to poſſeſſe your heavenly perfections, in reſpect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know, that it is the Religion of Lovers, to ſwear and forſwear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the cool ſhades more pleaſant; and the frowns of Lovers make their ſmiles more delightfull and cheerfull.

Miſtriſs, I muſt never hope ſo entirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, ties her honour to the unconſtant wheel of Fortune.

Faireſt, As a pledge of my proteſtations, you ſhall have both my heart and hand to be yours in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, you have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, leſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, the beams of your Sun-like beauty with their lively luſtre, and ſparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed lovers.

Madam, In the ſhady darkneſſe of this Arbour, you ſeem like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to doe you ſervice,

vice, feare it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whileſt mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplendent eyes, ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of our deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreames and illuſions.

Sir, This your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeem ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world, often-times degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, We equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents, and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one piece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers ſpread themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtriſs, Ladies of honour to expreſs the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, If I am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extreamity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of an offender.

Know fair creature, that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocency, when revengefull lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to finde out truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, Theſe glorious progreſſions of your vertue will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up theſe eies from the light of your beauty, leſt they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a reputation of honour, ſigned with the effuſion of my blood.

Madam, There are thoſe will deplore my aſhes, and ſtrew ſome ſilly flowers on the place, impreſſed with the prints of your puniſhments.

Fair one, When my ſoul ſhall be ſeparated from my body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified ſpirit, as the ſhadow of it.

Madam, If you ſhould pleaſe to condemn me to darkneſs, by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpair not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendors due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency, to enlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Fair one, Though death my ſeparate our lives, yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our ſouls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair pavilion, you appear like reſplendent day, in the attires of a Majeſty, abſolutely royal.

Madam, Your goodly ſtature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeak you to be a regal branch, ſprung from ſome Royal ſtem.

Fair one, Your hair negligently diſchevel'd, and careleſs attire grace forth your beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sun in a winters day.

Fair Creature, Caſt not thoſe eyes down, neither

colour

colour your face with thoſe modeſt bluſhes, ſince it would appear moſt admirable, that your vertues ſhould finde fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I deſire to end my dayes on the Theater of Kings in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch a one, as you ſee full of good will, though of ſlender fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutuall temperance, and correſpondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continuall familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to ſeparate.

Faireſt, Our breaſts ſhall be ever interchangeably tranſparent.

Fair one, Diſſimulation or contradiction cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, Let me embrace you with the openneſs of my heart, and the profuſion of my love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, Your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Miſtris, The grace of ſpeech dwels on your fair lips.

Sir, Hereafter ages ſhall take Palms and Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honour'd aſhes.

Faireſt, Theſe eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypreſs vail o're your face, leſt You benight your beauty, and darken the bright raies of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to be known and beloved of mortals.

Deſcription

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivy-buſh.

It is her beauty onely creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature; ſeeing ſhe hath made thee man, make not thy ſelfe a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reigne, you cannot call it your own; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the conquereſs of man, never to be ſatisfied with the rayes of her cryſtal-painted eyes.

A Feature that excels all mortall ſenſe.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a Feaſt of Love.

Her body doth preſent thoſe Fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſſe, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her Beauty forth with bluſhing bravery; with the wonders of her Beauty mortall eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made onely for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Sky.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

THE
Academy of Complements.

Choice and fair Flowers, selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Language with variety of expressions, upon several occasions.

Upon his absence.

I Shall no longer esteem my self absent from you, whilest I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let those dul clods of earth, not yet informed with true Promethean-fire, measure affections by their Miles of Acres; we, whose souls are cast in a more pure mould, by a most subtile penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure fredom in one anothers wishes, and in the greatest distance, are cherished with a vertuall contiguity.

It is a brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our affections shall like more glorious Pyramids burn bright and cleare and light our souls, though thus seemingly disjoynted, to our daily mutual embracements.

Let not my remoteness change your purposes, more then it shakes the resolution I have made, to live, yours.

Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would prove

diffi-

difficult to reſolve for death: and know for a certain, that I ſhall ſtill be rather content, and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelf, than to the love of any other object, but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart: and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine alſo; for I am to you as an accident, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Vpon her beauty.

I h ou ld have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it ſo fair a mark; but the favour of your affections is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavours.

Vanquiſhed by your beauty, I have yielded up the arms of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.

Nothing ſhall take from my heart, but death it ſelf, the fair Image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelf ſhall here ſtand vaſſall, and homage pay to your more Powerfull darts; when every quickning glance from you ſhall add new life, as he deſtroyes the old.

In admiration of her goodneſs.

IT is your goodneſs that hath ſupplied my ſmall merit; which could not have dared to promiſe me the favours you can afford me.

The goodneſs of your ſoul is ſo clear and bright, that ſin dares not approach too neer, for fear of diſcovering its own deformity.

You need not ſeek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue entitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many bankrupts in goodneſs, when I finde the ſtock of vertue reſts alone in you.

This

These Noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a desert in me; they are so much beyond my all.

On her leaving him.

LOvers in despite of absence, lose not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some teares, which like the morning dew, or as Aprill showers, shall make the spring-tide of our Love, (though by this winter cover'd) grow fresh and green again.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no signe of true friendship, which parts not at death it self, since love remains for ever.

Take pity on all those bloody sorrows, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feel.

To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severity, then to deceive with sweetness.

I expected a Cordial, but I received a Corrasive, your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pils, though sugar'd over, I found an unwelcom operation. I received thy Letter, but——I must chide thee (sweet;) another close from thy fair hand, will make me surfeit; you froun'd when last we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a storme; it is a double bliss, thus sweetly to be deceived: you frown indeed, but a thousand *Cupids* lodg themselves in every wrincle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth. Mistris,

Mistris The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpness of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves for being better then the worst, but rather blame our selves for being worse than the best; since then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.

Farewel.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this present; but be alwaies assured, that my minde, and my desires, shall never depart from you.

Deare Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewel, nor how to finish this discourse, which once ended, our disconsolate departure followes.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, losing with the happiness of your sight, the most perfect object of beatitude?

Farewel, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whilest I shall languish unhappy, though most constant.

Expressions of Affections.

YOu can never do so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have imposed in you, will prove far greater.

Mistris, You are the first, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the possession of it.

Do but let me once discover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetuall silence if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Bear well in minde mine affection, that though I be removed from your fair eyes, I may not be so far from your favours.

T

The Lovers expreſſions of Conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability and ſtedfaſtneſs, that my loyalty and my love ſhall inſeparably wait upon you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a minde and deſire to live and love you.

I ſhall make it appear to after-times, that I am the man, who for your ſake have made my ſelfe an invincible rock of ſtedfaſtneſs: for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me, till my laſt gaſp.

Upon her Affability and Courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature have denied me.

Your courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cato* to turn your Proſelyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub; enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part above you ſhines with a peculiar grace, but in your milde behaviour they all concentrate.

Upon your Brow, Beauty and Honour ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately carriage they diſpence their powerfull Lawes.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it it is of duty, that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers feare.

LOvers live alwayes in more feare then hope, and will ſooner conceive of their ſorrowes, then credit their joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to feare, leſt by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my ſenſe may be deceived; you far tranſcend my deſerts, but my deſires lye captive at your feet, one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and add new vigour to me your languiſhing proſtrate.

The feare I have leſt my ſlender merit ſhould take away

away your good minde to wiſh me well, doth in a ſort make all thoſe joyes imperfect which my ſweeteſt thoughts made me judg ſo full and entire.

On her deſires.

FAireſt, Be but as deſirous of my content, as I am of your ſervice.

My deſires make me as careful to pleaſe you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to ſerve you.

I wiſh, Heaven that gave me the boldneſs of deſire, had likewiſe graced me with deſert.

To give or preſent

THis I dedicate, conſecrate, and offer up unto you with the ſame heart, wherewith I vowed you my ſervice.

Your bounty hath furniſhed me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this ſmall preſent, gleaned from your plenteous Harveſt; which ſhall ever teſtifie to the ungratefull world, how much I glory, to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder.

I ſhould be ignorant and ungrateful too, ſhould I preſume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your eſteem.

The maſs of all my wealth made up together diſclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the ſtrong indentures of loyalty I binde my ſelf your Prentice.

I had rather preſent you with ſome ſmall thing, and ſo be reputed ignorant, than ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and ſo accept it, not as a thing of deſert, but as a teſtimony of my good will

On the effects of their love.

YOu shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The constancy of my affection hath been such, that it hath overcome the worst of difficulties: and the expectation of the Harbour hath made the danger easie.

When amidst the waves of your disdain, my halfe-ship-wrack'd vessell began to sink; each sigh I fetch'd (I see at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you my blessed Harbor.

One day you will come to know the conclusion of the irreprochable testimonies of my true and faithfull promises.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to steale the soule out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not goe.

O speak again, 'twill make the Sphears lay by their warbling Lutes, and listen to your Tongue.

Each articulated syllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my soul, and captivates my senses.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your most sweet words closes my lips, and bindes them to a perpetuall silence.

Excuses.

IN excusing your unjust fears, you seem to accuse my boldnesse.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuse.

I presume upon your pardon for my former suspitious feares; and the rather, because the goodnesse of your nature stiles them, The individuall concomitants of love.

I pray you heare my reaſons patiently, and judge without paſſion of my Juſtifications.

It is for great mindes to excuſe great faults; upon the acknowledgement therefore of my late tranſgreſſion, you cannot finde a fitter ſubject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover and of a Friend.

I Have ſo much experience of your good will, that it onely remaines, that you make triall of my deſire of acknowledgement.

I have had ſuch triall of your friendſhip and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each Meſſenger affords freſh Characters of your friendſhip, and every day I ſee the ſpring of your love breaking through new channels.

Upon her Face.

THe wonders of your face made me their captive, as ſoon as I ſaw them, and that rare Grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your priſoner.

As ſhe appeares, ſo day breakes, and with her beames diſperſes all my clouds and miſt of diſcontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where ſhe hath freely given a taſte of all her pride and glory.

Upon his Favours.

IF you judge or deem me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more then my deſerts.

I am ignorant what ſervice might ſatisfie for the favours

favovrs I have received of you: if you pleaſe to increaſe may knowledge, in telling me how I my ſerve you again, I ſhall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity, dutifully to acknowledg this favourable proof of your condition, and honeſty

Upon his fortunes.

FOrtune ſtrives, now to make me pay the intereſt of thoſe pleaſures, ſhe formerly lent me.

Dame fortune is too covetous, and uſurious, in taking from me the intereſts of my proſperity.

I appear to you, juſt like an empty veſſel that wants his lading, with full blown Sailes of Love; indeed tis true, and I am bound for the Indies, and if my compaſs fails me not, my Genius tells me I ſhall ſoon arrive.

O withdraw not thoſe two Starrs; by their bleſt light I ſteer my crazy Bark, and hope, to enjoy the wiſhed for ſhore of happineſs.

Upon her hatred.

I Do not think (though I ſhould give you occaſion to hate me (that your good nature can wiſh me an injury, ſince you are not compoſed of any thing but love.

Courteſie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice reſided in your ſoul, and lay concealed in your minde.

On her inconſtancy.

YOu uſe your friends as one doth flowers, which pleaſe only when they are freſh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keepe me ſo alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeake otherwiſe to you, then in a way of praiſe

I value love in all, but, Madam, moſt in you, when I finde it richly ſitting on the neck of Honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums, preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be, Paraſite.

Madam, Let others daub and flatter, I'll not give over to draw true lines; but maugre all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, Vertuous and Fair:

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the Graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the onely monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my ſoul.

On his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humor permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world: for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to imbrace ſuch a deſiredbleſſing as your ſelf!

I was all frozen, until the Sunſhine of your Favour thawed my benummed ſpirits; but when you darted your quickning beams, the ſpring of my affections, budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North-Stars ſummons, as I, when you command.

Proteſtations of his obedience.

I Shall not, all the dayes of my life, have a will which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honor and ambition I aſpire at, is to ſee my ſelf imployed in your ſervice.

Let all men judg whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no leſs yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendſhip, a jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which hears the vows of the faithful bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramor, as may equal, (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſte pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date, and when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy patern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Heaven grant you may be as faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul, like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me, when I part from this place, it, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement, or the ayr of ſome preſently contradicted news, would be to imitate the *What lack you?* to give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the ſervice I have done you, be but ſmall; yet the deſire I have had to acknowledg the honors I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majeſty to ſerve for baits, or allurements of a diſſembling love.

Do

Doe not deceive him that will out-brave Death it ſelfe to inſure your life; and withſtand the frownes of Fortune, to protect your Honors.

On his Life.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, ſo that it be well acted: Sweeteſt, if the laſt Scene be Tragick, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis*.

Our life without ſome pleaſantneſſe, is like a long journey without an Inne; or like to a Bed of Roſes, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you pleaſe, from your hoſpitable bounty, to refreſh my over-wearied and ſolitary progreſſe, I ſhall conclude my time richly ſpent, having attained the end at which I always aim'd; but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant ſweet, and amidſt the ſterneſt bryers of diſcontent, have left me miſerably intangled.

On the luſtre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that like Suns, they dazle the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your ſouls bright luſtre ſparkles in your eye, and like the Perſian, that only Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your Soveraignty over my ſoul, that the leaſt twinkle of your eyes, diſpoſſeſſeth me of the ſtate of my life.

Amorous Expreſſions.

THis kiſſe, and thy white hand.

Her ſprings of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoon broke forth in liberall ſtreams.

Let me rule, Lady, like a Planet, in the Orb of your favour.

You have a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtreams into our boſome.

A faint lovers wiſhes cannot recall the houres.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though ſhe were divided from me by Armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon thoſe lips.

She is a ſparkling delightfull piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and goddeſſe of Beauty.

She is a Mine of pleaſing joyes and ſweetneſſe.

The great Commandreſſe of all hearts.

I cannot ſpeak to thee, goe thy wayes.

We'll ſtrive to make the Example of Love an eaſie Law.

As white as Truth, as innocent as Vertue.

Take all your vowes againe, you are as free as the Aire.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee was but a Negro.

Whoſe love is the Exchequer of wealth.

A Spring of love iſſues from thy Soule.

I muſt walk in the dark, and be benighted to all the world, but thee.

Madam, I am a poore Fly burnt in candle of your Beauty.

A Woman worthy of ſo compoſed a Man.

Crown your ſervant, Miſtriſs, with this favour.

A miſcellaneous preſent of Similitudes, Compariſons, and Examples, ſelected for for the Readers diſcreeter application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer weed, girt with a Crimſon Robe of brighteſt Dye.

The rivulets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her

Her Treſſes are like the coloured Hyacinth of Arcadia.

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lye on the hills.

Her eyes are like gliſterings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alablaſter neck like the purer whiteneſs of the flocks, and her face a border of Lilies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks loook like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora* in the morning gray, deckt with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when as her brightneſs *Neptunes* fancy moves.

Like herbs in Syria, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watcht the fair heifer on the Lincean downs.

Like *Narciſſus* wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her form like the ſphere, whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhine.

As bright as ſilver *Phœbe* mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affection of the Sun to his Hyacinth, and the relation of love between him and the Marigo'd.

Like one of *Æſops* apes, that finding a Gloworm, tooke it for the fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chaos.

Her breath is like the ſteem of Apple-pies, her teeth like the tusks of fatteſt ſwine, her ſpeech is like the thunder of the Air.

As the fineſt Gold hath its droſs, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe, its prickles; each ſweet, its ſower.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Ulyſſes* tye himſelf to the Maſts of the Ship.

Who means to be a ſuitor to *Cyrces*, muſt take a preſervative, unleſs he means to be inchanted.

Like the moyſtened Torpedoes, that do not onely charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Musk is ſour to be taſted, gilded Pils moſt bitter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldom hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone, hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which as long as the Sun ſhines openes its leaves, but with the leaſt cloud begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the deſarts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whileſt the South-wind blowes.

As the Elephant delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth with beholding the *Chryſolite*.

Tarquin and all his poſterity were robbed of their regal dignity, for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the Scorpion, ſeeks a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Jaſon was never ſo troth'leſs, as *Troilus* truſty; *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyramus* ſtithful; *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default giveth off the chaſe, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Eraſta* to his *Preſida*

As it is madneſs to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a ſtream.

Like the greedy kite, that leaveth the ſweet fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the Viper, and not to be undaunted; to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa's* head, and not to be transformed.

As the Baſilisk loſeth his ſenſes at the ſight of a naked man.

As the Porcupine ſtaring againſt the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whileſt the Deere gazeth at the Bowe, he is ſtriken with the Bolt.

Whilſt the Leopard looketh on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt pretious ſtone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour; the beſt fruits by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtriken by a Scorpion, if his wounds take wind, can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtreame, to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the Feaſt of the gods, no leſſe then *Juno* will ſerve his turn.

The love of a Woman is like the oyle of the Flint, which being once congealed, will never be diſſolved again.

Will the ſilly Dove lay her Egges in the Faulcons Neſt, or the Mouſe march under the Enſigne of the Cat?

As it is impoſſible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles Neſt, or temper Oyle and Pitch together in one veſſell; to mix the blood of a Lion and of a Wolfe together in one bowl.

The Dutcheſſe of *Malfy* choſe for her Husband her ſervant; but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unleſſe you turn *Jupiter* in your lap, with a golden ſhowre, he ſhall have the repulſe.

As the Bull by browſing on the back of a Juniper Tree, falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the tree, and poſſeſſe the fruit.

The Eagle is ſo careſull of her young, that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth ſelfe with her beak.

The Lyon ſo loveth her Whelps that ſhe never taſteth of the prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbbing, are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but to bruit beaſts.

As continued raine moiſtneth the earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ſhip in the ſea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then on another, is often in great danger.

As Bees, when they ſtrive together, are ſtirredup by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As Apothecaries doe cover their pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a child brings milk into the mothers breaſts.

As there is no ſhelter where there is no Sun.

As a Gardiner mingleth divers ſeeds together, and caſts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper herb.

As Swallows and Flies are dead in the Winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer.

As the Goldſmith by his Art can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metall can draw another.

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelfe.

As continuall drops of water hollow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by the river *Nilus* are made deaf by the continuall noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a Canker alwayes infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the droſſe is ſeparate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſſe in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas he ſees men.

As a thunder-bolt caſt out of the clouds, ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the morning Dew ſoon after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinall plaiſter cannot heale a wound, if there be any Iron ſticking in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all Flowers, is gathered upon rough bryars.

Like the Ape, which with embracings, doth well-nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſſe light, by how much the neerer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowres and ſtorms of raine the aire is cleanſed.

As in a Garland the beauty of the flowers, except they be orderly compoſed, are not halfe ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As

As they that dwell in low vallies are ſeldome hurt with lightning.

As the pure Corrall will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worm keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three dayes together, that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelfe, and ſpin her thred the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owles and Night-crowes ſee better in the night then in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong corraſive laid to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

Like as when the body is diſtempered, and ſome members putrified, it is then beſt for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never ſufficed with wood, nor earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie increaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As children are like to their naturall parents in honour, ſpeech, and laughter.

As the Libard, with a ſtrange kinde of policie, to kill the Apes, lies downe as if he were ſtark dead; which the Apes ſeeing, come all together, and in delight skip upon him: That the Libard beares patiently, untill he thinkes they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtung or killed by

Serpents,

Serpents, ſhe pecketh out her heart-blood to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-mown graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the Eſtridg hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſcents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter, when it is fartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the Earth.

As lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Surgeon cuts, and ſearches before he heals the wound.

As in muſick, if the harmony of the ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tuneable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſs it be a little covered with a cloud.

As the head gives ſenſe and motion to the members:

As from the ſtock ſap is dirived to the graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong liquor, cannot but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antipathy that is between them, but becauſe the Glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her Husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their proper forms and colours,

as they are, but if they be lookt upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame in themſelves are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean which is but one, is divided into parts, according to regions and countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humours in the veins, are no parts of the body.

As the Moon is not alwaies viſible, being in her change.

As the hand cut from the body dieth, and wanteth life.

As the Vine, or Garden, decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except, after thepl anti ngthereof, it be watred with ſhowers.

As men diſcern the weather by the wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome line or picture.

As Vines without lopping, grow wild and fruitleſs.

As a Tree bringeth forth, firſt leaves, then bloſſoms, then fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As fire is an inſtrument of medicinal Arts.

As the body without the ſoul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thorns.

As a phyſitian cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and ſcaring the fleſh.

As

As the fire is known two wayes, by the heat, and the flame.

As the ſoule of man united to the body, mounteth upwards, becauſe it is a Spirit.

As the Sun and the light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be diſ-joyned.

As the clock muſt ſtill run as long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a Looking-glaſſe, though it be moſt cleare and bright, by the foule breaths of thoſe that look therein, is obſcured and made dim.

As Corn, though never ſo clean winnowed from Chaffe, when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of Chaffe again.

As the plant thrives beſt in the ſoyle where it firſt grew.

As the little Bee gathers Hony out of the moſt bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags; and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain when he reacheth at Crowns.

Pretious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed pebles lye ſafe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low thoughts are not touch'd with the winde.

Will Eagles catch at Flies, or Cedars couch to Brambles?

As Nilus flowing more then twelve cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a childe, and *Venus*, though old, is painted with freſh colours.

Stars are to be lookt at with the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the Eagle, the neerer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is moſt warm, when he lieth furtheſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oke hath his Sap, and his Worms, and the Ravens willl breed in the faireſt Aſh.

As the Adamant is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of Lapwings, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phanetius*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a cloud, private pleaſures have never any penances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus* bearing two Faces under one hood, wearing a Lawrell in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a ſword in her heart as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a book in her hand, and drew her ſphears alwayes wreathed with Lawrell, ſignifying by that Embleme, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wilde Bore not chaſed, thou mayeſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endamaged by Dogs, he is diſmall.

A Gentlewoman is no longer then her honour; but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the Phœnix never ſpreads her Wings, but when the Sun beams ſhine on her Neſt.

Her colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe then the glitrering of the moon in a ſilent night.

As he that playes with a Bee, may ſooner feel her ſting, then taſt of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* die? *Portia* eat hot burning coles for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the Serpent, with the brighteſt ſcales, ſhrouds the moſt fatal venome.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foil it hath, it will ſhew red.

Leſs is the Margarite accounted of in the Weſtern world, then the ſeed Pearl in a ſtrange Country.

The Ancients have drawn vertue, figuring her bare counterfeit, placed by equal proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their footſtool, ſo that it cannot be but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the Sugered Honey-comb, which whileſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a Bee.

With Satyres kiſs the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmaleon*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice, to peck againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes* to binde the Ocean with fetters.

Reſembling *Timanthus* the Painter, who ſhrowded the worſt pictures with the beſt colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*, nor *Dido* laugh when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould wear the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaff; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovel; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Campeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emerald ſhineth brighteſt when it is without oyl.

As the Loadſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth always to the North.

As the Panther, having firſt aſtoniſht one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, howſoever turned, alwyes ſtands ſteadfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it worn, and Frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt; thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoars not ſo high in the ayr, but that he can eſpie a fiſh in the Sea.

As the fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern parallel.

Women ſet out their Faces, as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the Larks that ſtare higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances; for love like a Pumice-ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soon pricks the tree that will prove a thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair, but unfruitful.

Like the Shrubs of India, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt margarites; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavours.

Having their hearts like Saltpeter, tht fireth at the firſt, yet proveth but a flaſh.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cinders.

As buſie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvil.

He ſtarted up, as when Love-ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavilion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doted too far in gazing on ſo gorgeous a goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſoms are peſtered with moſt Catterpillars.

His thoughts as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Chryſtal, but bruiſed as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prune a ſtrait tree, reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana's* veil.

Like Swallows, that think every Sunſhine a Summers day.

Her minde is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet on fire, burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of ſervice to oones Soveraign.

Sir, IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of Favor ſhould reflect on my unworthineſs, to cheriſh my cheerful willingneſs, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal ſervice; yet encouraged by your Royal goodneſs, that can let fall unequal, yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility to look up unto the ſacred Hill of your Highneſs Majeſty, and at the foot thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions; and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your Favour the ſupreameſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world; and I bleſs the hour that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to your

your employment, then which ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happineſs, was but a propheſie of your gracious reign, ſhouring down felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited, to offer up unto you ſacrifices, of thanks and obedience; while I ſhall account it the chiefeſt honour, that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir, THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious Favour; yet it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyall ſervice. Let not the poorneſs of my merit, or the obligation make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeal, to expreſs with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, far above all flattery; ſo that your gracious reign is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white path, through which you travel in your happy government, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my own forward deſires to do you ſervice. But ſince it is a ſign of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto that ſoul is allyed, which dedicates its ſervice onely to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſs of minde, to raiſe & advance my thoughts, to deſire that I might ſhew my willingneſs

nes to do you service in some employment, whereby I might expresse and approve my self, your faithfull, humble servant.

A tender of service to the Queen.

MAdam, The same service and obeysance which I offered unto the King, I doe now with as great strength of passion and affection, tender unto Your Majesty; and as I am his loyall Subject, so to be Your faithfull Servant, shall be the height of my glory.

Madam, My Allegiance and Service is so divided between the King and Your Majesty, that I shall esteem it my highest contentment, and chiefest advancement, to be accounted your humble Servant; a Title will satisfie all my desires, and reinforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, there are no words significant enough to expresse how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your Commands; which to obey, is perfect happinesse.

An humble address to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of those many favours which your honour hath heaped on me; I am bound, not onely to acknowledge my happinesse therein, but also to desire, that you would always reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.

Otherwise.

My Lord, As it is a great happiness for me to come into your presence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart; so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service.

Otherwise

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, it will become me, amongſt others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues, amongſt which your noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefeſt; whereof, as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and preſentment of my humble ſervice.

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour, in admitting me to kiſſe your honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelfe moſt happy for ever, in that your honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with the great and ſingular ornaments of vertues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in obſequious humility.

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, may your Excellencies will be pleaſed to permit me to exerciſe any ſmall endeavours of rendring my duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt ſervice and endeavours.

To tender ones ſervice.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Muſt intreat you to pardon my boldneſſe, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ſo ambitious of your acquaintance, and earneſtly deſirou

desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I may express my self your humble servant.

Beumont.

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your coming, and by your words, as through a perspective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desire, or your deserts.*

Cleodus.

Sir, The occasion of my coming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble address of service to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, *You ow me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kinde visit, which is a favour far above my desert; but let not our affections break off for want of any mutual respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all ties of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service; for to gain your amity is to me the chiefest felicity; not onely in regard of your natural worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont.

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me; your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any way pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you; and therfore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted*

himself wholy to your imployment, for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a friend for a courtesie.

Cleodus.

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, expreſt in that kindneſs you did me of late; but I hope, though I exſpect a while, yet at laſt I ſhall ſnatch an opportunity to make requital, and ſhew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude, eſpecially to you, unto whom I am ſo much obliged.

Beumont.

Sir, *What I did, was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to ſhew my utmoſt power, and moſt cheerfull willingneſſe, to undergo any ſervice that might concern you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, It is your worthineſs, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and virtuous actions.

Beumont.

Sir, *Thoſe words would better become me in acknowledgment of your worth, wherein you far exceed me; yet in reſpect of amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a conſtant affection towards you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, I will alwaies retain in memory your good deſerts in my behalf, and you ſhall know, that you have not ſowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yield you nothing; for your love ſhall alwaies reap the firſt fruits of my ſervice.

Beumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I muſt acknowledg, the number of your benefits do bind me to ſerve you; but I never did you any kindneſs deſerving your acceptance, much leſs meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermoſt, to ſhew a minde free from ingratitude.

Cleodus

Cleodus.

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will perſevere in your affection; my care is onely how I may requite your former courteſies.

Beaumont.

It is I that am troubled, to imagine how I may acquit my ſelf for your former courteſies, for if you ſtill proceed to be your ſelf in ſuch noble actions towards me, I muſt acknowledge my ſelf overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You ſhall not need to contend, ſince the former courteſies you have done, do require that I ſhould yield my ſelf to be your humble ſervant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your chamber.

Aym. *I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging; and am only ſorry I ſhall not give you ſuch entertainment as you deſerve; let me bid you welcome with a kind ſalutation.*

Gent. Indeed Sir, you have a handſome chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit then my ſelf; I hope you will pardon my boldneſs, for accompanying you thus far; if I did not know you, I ſhould be ſuſpitious of bad dealing, and ſome jealous brains would not ſtick to cenſure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are fair and noble; for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your diſgrace, ſince my chiefeſt deſire is to enjoy your company, and to diſcourſe a while with you; here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sex, yet I hope, you will be right and ſquare in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never proſper, if I ſeek any thing but your*

own contentment; for if I should make any base motion, you may with a frown command me to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I do not suspect your honest intent, but these wanton pictures are Emblems of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. *Alas! these are but shadows wherein the Painter hath expresst some skill; but if you please to make choice of the best in my chamber, they shall be at your command.*

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I should imbrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requital in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alas! What is it that I can deny you? Pray esteem all I have at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.*

Gent. I return you thanks; it may be, I will be so bold to send for it. Now it remains, that I must thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon for my boldness.

Aym. *Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your coach, and acknowledge my self infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchsafing this kind visit.*

To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I bear you) do here express it in the dumb language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance; yet I pray you wear it for my sake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerful beams of your beauty.

Gen. Sir, *Though it would shew a scornful mind in me, not to accept your love, tendred unto me in such a visible manner;*

manner; yet I am sorry you should be at so great and needless charges for wherein can I serve you to make requital?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy present precious; for if you please to let it incircle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparkle most in the dark, shewing that love, like a clouded star, shines lightest in the night of misfortune.

Gent. *Well sir, I am obliged to your courtesie, to receive it, and since you please to confer so rich a gift on my unworthiness, I will wear it for your sake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert, for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me, above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed, with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

Gent. *I must acknowledge your bountie, and my self your servant, in bestowing on me so rich a gift.*

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me so much to wear it on your finger.

Gent. *I promise that, and more, acknowledge my self infinitely beholding to you.*

Aym. You have said too much concerning so poor a Present; Yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I shall ever bless my own happiness.

To woo a coy, scornfull Maid.

Aym. *LEt not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection by declaring unto you how much I honour your perfection; pray at last be mercifull, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.*

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerful language, but I am none of those young ones; you are deceived, if you think that fine musk words can sweeten me up to betray my self; and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that; it suffices me without commendation.

Aym. *Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.*

Maid. Sir, Wiſe men admire nothing, for if I were beautiful, what is beauty, but a fading flower blaſted often, with too much breathing on, and cannot grow ſafely upon the ſtalk of Virginity, becauſe every one wil be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuſe me, if I prevent ſuch a danger, for love & I are quite faln out.

Aym. *Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaſte love; there is no greater happineſs then the ſacred union of hearts, eſpecially, when long and humble ſuits conquer diſdain; and ſo I hope, perſeverance will at laſt crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my deſire with a mutual affection.*

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may ſpend it to better purpoſe; for you may intimate your deſires, and make tedious diſcourſes. But in a word, I ſhall never love you.

Aym. *O ſay not ſo, you know not how much miſery thoſe few words would bring upon me; for hope, grounded on your gentle diſpoſition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint ſhadow, whileſt in my chamber I am like a mourner with a taper by me, watching my own funeral, and I will dwell there in a miſt of ſighs, and all this for your ſake.*

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuſe me of your death; pray ſhake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindneſs, in ceaſing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wiſdome: that will cure all diſtempers.

Aym. *Yet while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will viſit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiſs, ſeal my tranſport to* Eliſium, *and I am gone.*

Maid. Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolute, I will ſtrive to give you a better anſwer at your next return.

Aym.

Aym. *In confidence of that happineſſe, I will preſume to viſite you again, and live to be your ſervant.*

A jeſting diſcourſe with a maid.

Aym. COme, why will you be an enemy to your ſelf, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. *You are very kind, but I like my preſent eſtate. Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poor ignorance, doſt thou talk of happineſs? I tell thee, until thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of no account.

Maid. *O Sir, You are deceived; our hearts, free from the paſſion of love, retain a world of happineſſe, being exempted from any wanton knowledg; for Maids dying in their preſent condition, do all go to heaven.*

Aym. You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead Apes in hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kinde while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your ear——you underſtand.

Maid. *Take heed Sir, leſt while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle a real fire. I hear too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a baſe ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth; I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have ſtarted at a bold word.

Maid. *Nay, farewel.*

Aym. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wiſe and witty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love, which I onely deſire; and though I did appear raſh and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affections.

To contract privately ones ſelf, and tie the knot of Marriage.

Aym. *NOw our love hath arrived to a happy concluſion, the ſtorms raiſed by your diſdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a ſoft and gentle harmony, which the ſoul can only diſcern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the ſight of heaven, & all good Angels, marry & contract my ſoul to yours, & give away my ſelf wholy to be at your diſpoſing, til the ceremonies of the church confirm my promiſe*

Maid. With as true an affection, I do give my ſelf over into your poſſeſſion, and freely beſtow on you my love, which ſhall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and conſtant to you; it is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will, according to your promiſe, and till then we muſt remain only contracted in our affections.

Aym. *Heaven, I beſeech thee, bear witneſs to our private agreement, and may I never know one day of comfort when I break my promiſed vow; let me now embrace you with the arms of affection, and thus with a ſoft kiſs, ſeal the obligation of our loves.*

To ſalute a friend newly arrived from a journey.

Alex. *SIR, When firſt the news of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earneſt deſire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the firſt tender of my ſervice: That as my love towards you doth exceed theirs in true perfect ſincerity: ſo it might in place obtain priority, and ſhew how ambitious I am of your favour.*

Aym. Sir, You ſtill continue your former nobleneſs, making it your chief aym, to exceed others in perfection of mind; otherwiſe I had intention to viſit you; but it is your deſire and happineſs, to overcome others in kindneſs; for which, I can but return you thanks, and acknowledg you a worthy friend.

Alex.

Alex. *Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption; but it is held, that friends have but one soul in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my self; besides, after long absence your company must needs be more precious, so that I had both love & reason on my side, to perswade me to come & visit you.*

Aym. Sir, I want words to express my mind, or to argue a case in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: But to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affairs: I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?

Alex. *Sir, some of them have undergone change of fortunes, & therein declared an invincible strength of mind; but heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you, are living, and in health.*

Aym. Sir, I am wonderfull glad to hear of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance; I hope I am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. *Sir, travell hath not wrought much change in you; but I detain you too long, I fear, from your rest.*

Aym. Sir, were I tired with travel, as I am not; yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex. *Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you; but to morrow I will wait on you again.*

To entertain a friend who is come to visit one.

Alex. SIr, I am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aym. *Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit, and to be happy in your society; for in the general I do find none that can suit my disposition, so well as your self.*

Alex. Sir, say what you please of me, I am vowed to your service; and your loving visitation is an

addition to your many other kindneſſes.

Aym. *Sir, all that I acknowledge, is a will to do you ſervice; but I have been ſlow in producing the effects, hereafter I will ſtudy to deſerve.*

Alex. Sir, It is your ingenuous goodneſs, to decline the acknowledgment of your own virtue and deſerts, far ſurpaſſing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your ſervant.

Ay. *Sir, it is I that am obliged to you by many ſtrong tyes of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſ-ingage me; but I have treſpaſs'd againſt manners, pray take the chair.*

Alex. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit firſt, for it is an honour for me to wait your pleaſure.

Aym. *Sir, I am provided, but if it may not appear too much boldneſs, what was the adamant that drew you, or occaſion that made you ſo kind to viſit my lodging?*

Alex. Sir, ſhall I tell you? I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but only to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by a viſit and ſome conference.

Aym. *Sir, you have choſen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends; beſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex. Sir, I will chuſe ſome other time to wait upon you.

Aym. *Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and hour, where to meet you.*

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. *Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you.*

Alex. Sir, I am your ſervant.

Aym. *Sir, I am the ſervant of your ſervants, pray remember my reſpects to all my friends.*

A. Sir, I will be yours, in that, and all other ſervices.

To

To woo a fair young Gentlewoman.

Aymwel *Pardon me, Lady, if I presume to speak what I have hitherto with much affection concealed from your knowledg.*

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty; and with his judgment clearly discerned your virtues, the ornaments of your mind; these have produced in him strange effects. so that in spite of his own reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compell'd to speak truth.

Penel. Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happiness, to speak and hear truth.

Aym. *Do you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your own expressions. For if it be a happinesse to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I do truly tell you that I have placed my affection wholy upon you, or as they commonly say, I do love you.*

Pen. Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love; I know your birth & person may deserve one of greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexspected novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame; let your wisdome then suppress it, lest your love become fruitlesse in the event.

Aym. *I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appear to you so strange a matter, that I should be taken with your beauty, which others admire; though it be my fortune onely, to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.*

Pen. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation; Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of natural desire; but I finde in my self no inclination to entertain your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your

your ſuit which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impoſſible to love; for if you would believe that I bear a noble and conſtant affection towards you, you would ſoon overcome this difficulty, and encline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not ſeeking under a fair and colourable pretence, to betray me; I cannot force my ſelf to conſent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuſe me till time and conſideration ſhall enforce me to anſwer your deſire.

Aym. *I am comforted that you have not utterly denied my ſuit; I hope at my next viſit to receive more encouragement, till then I take my leave, and preſume onely to breathe my heart upon your hand, or if you pleaſe your lip, deſiring you to remember me in my abſence.*

When one meeteth a friend in the ſtreet.

Alex. GOd ſave you, Sir, You are moſt happily met. How fare you?

Clor. *Sir, I am the better to ſee you well and luſty; why will you not do me the honour to viſit me at my chamber?*

Alex. Sir, I muſt confeſs, I have often broken promiſe therein, but my buſineſs would not permit me, otherwiſe I had long ſince waited on you.

Clor. *I ſhould rather account my ſelf obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours, eſpecially for the laſt courteſie you did me, in matter which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindneſs, to preſent my reſpects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. Sir, if ſhe be honeſt, I am ready to go on your errand; I hope you will not put me upon a diſgracefull piece of ſervice.

Clor. *I hope you have no ſuch bad ſuſpition of me; for ſhe is both a fair and virtuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit; but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.*

Alex. Sir, It is you whom *Mercury*, the god of wit, hath adorned with a gentle amorous ſpeech; but I will ſpeak in your behalf, in as good moving effectual terms, as I can remember.

Clor. *Sir, You ſhall do me a moſt perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing ſervant, & that the power of love hath given her my heart; which I will come to fetch, in hope ſhe will give it me back, and till then keep it warm in her own boſome. But what need I inſtruct you, who are all love and courtſhip?*

Alex. Sir, I will perform your command, though not in ſuch words as you would deſire, yet ſo as my ſudden *Genius* ſhall prompt me; but I have heard it ſaid,

That in way of love and glory,
Lovers beſt tell their own ſtory.

Clor. *Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I do intruſt with this buſineſs; I am aſſured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull manner, eſpecially to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. Sir, It muſt be my love to you that will inſpire me; for I promiſe you, I will ſtrive to ſpeak my beſt.

Cor. *Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Miſtriſs, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of ſervice, and reſt, yours obliged.*

Alex. Sir, it is but my duty; I am happy to be imployed in any ſervice that concerns you, ſuppoſe this done.

To Court a Gentlewoman in the way of marriage.

Eugenius. MIſtriſs, I doubt not but that you will judge me as raſh as bold; but I beſeech you by your divine beauty which gliſtereth in

in your fair eyes, to excuſe my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldened me to come and preſent unto you, my moſt humble and moſt affectionate ſervice.

Calia. *Sir, I am very ſorry that I have not the honor to know you; and I marvel that you will offer ſervice to me, that of all am moſt unworthy.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, it is the ſweetneſſe of your natural goodneſſe, that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelf.

Calia. *Pardon me ſir; I ſpeak nothing, but what I know to be moſt clear truth.*

Eugen. Lady, The ſingular modeſty which I have heard you expreſs in your language, gives me a hope that you will entertain my intentions, not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhall obtain your grace and favour.

Calia. Sir, *if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelf.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe then chaſte and virtuous, and that I never had any other end then honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſign prejudicial to your honours? I had rather loſe my being, then entertain any ſuch thought; ſo firm is my reſolution for ever, to continue your faithful and moſt obedient ſervant, as the effects ſhall make evident, whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

Calia. *I humbly thank you ſir, with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble ſervant.*

Engenius. Lady, it is I that am ſo deeply engaged to you

you, that I am dis-inabled to quit my self of the obligation; and therefore (most fair Mistris,) I beseech and conjure you, to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shal judg me capable to serve you: And in the mean time, after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you, as an hostage and pledg of fidelity and constancy.

Calia. *Farewel sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.*

Eugen. I hope to see you again, and very speedily, where for the present I must leave you.

Calia. *Sir so far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawful, you shall alwaies find the doores open; and also to Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability, and in that regard, you shall not ofner come, then be welcome.*

Eugen. Lady, I do assure you, that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of melancholick darkneſſe: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this sad absence, will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the houres dayes, and the days will be ages, unless it be so, that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arm me with a resolute patience.

Calia. *You speak strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewel sir, till our next meeting.*

Eugen. Mistris, You do wrong to your beauty, and to my love, which is faithfull and loyall; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; & seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted into my soul. And so

so Lady adieu till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have alwayes had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you, and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small testimony of my love, desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, *This is an addition to your other many favours; you are mindfull of me above my merit, how shall I make you requital?*

A. Sir, Your acceptance is the chief aym of my desires; but be pleased to conceive, that true love uses by dumb signs and tokens to express it self.

A. Sir, *Believe me, so rich a gift as this, hath a most powerfull language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have been above my merit; I must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my self farther.*

A. Sir, It is your worthiness that makes it appear so worthy: but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare, in what ties of observance I am bound unto you; your acceptation gives it more lustre and richness, than the gift doth deserve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, *I beseech you do not extenuate your own goodness, nor this benefit.*

A. Sir, This is but the emblem of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. Sir, *It is easie to perswade to the receit of a thing of such value, but I will embrace it as the oblation of your love.*

A. For

A. For that high eſtimate of yours, I muſt remain eternally your conſtant faithful friend.

A. *Sir, I am yours, in all reſpectfull ſervices to be commanded.*

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds, I am all yours.

To intreat a courteſie of a friend.

A. SIR, as neceſſity hath no law, ſo it hath no ſhame; for contrary to my diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate ſuiter unto you.

A. *Sir, Name it, it muſt be ſomething more then I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modeſt in your requeſts.*

A. Sir, I fear I ſhall give you occaſion to report the contrary; I will deſire you to lend me your horſe, to carry away a little treaſure by Moon-ſhine.

A. *I do not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelf and diſguiſe not your meaning.*

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpenſe with me in a matter that concerns me near; I am to bear away the Uſurers daughter, and carry her where ſhe ſhall remain private, till ſtorms be blown over: Pardon me, that I have no ſooner made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

A. *I will be ready to aſſiſt you; and ſince your fortune may receive addition from any ſervice of mine, my horſe, were he the Muſes* Pegaſus, *he ſhould be your ſervant, it is but to carry away a piece of live Veniſon, that's a mean treſpaſs*; Cupid *hath enough in his Park.*

A. Sir, I am glad you are ſo pleaſant, and do ſo well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, leſt my purpoſe being known, which was manifeſt in me to deliver, I ſhould have ſuffered repulſe, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. *No Sir, I do account it in you, a bravery of mind, that you dare aſpire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of* Heſperides, *watcht by the old Dragon, the uſurer. But I would not have you loſe time in talk; I will bid the Groom prepare my horſe ready for your employment.*

A. Sir, The whole ſervice of my life cannot requite your kindneſſe; for ſince you have granted this requeſt ſo willingly, I ſhall own my good fortune to your favourable aſſiſtance.

A. *Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be proſperous, for I ſhall rejoyce in your happineſſe, as much as in mine own: Therefore my beſt wiſhes ſhall be your good* Genius, *to wait on you, while my prayers ſollicite Heaven for your happy ſucceſſe.*

A. Sir, You have expreſt your ſelf a noble friend; and when this buſineſſe is paſt, all the ſtudy of my life ſhall be, to ſhew my thankfulneſſe to you.

A. *Sir, I wiſh nothing, but that you may obtain your deſires.*

A. Sir, Next my intended purpoſe, my chiefeſt glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

upon his abſence.

Eugenius. *I proteſt to you, my faireſt, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been ſo miſerable; for I dare ſwear to thee by thoſe fair eyes, the ſtars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiency and ſorrowes, till I ſaw you.*

C. It is impoſſible Sir; ſurely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. *Miſtriſs, I beſeech you to believe it, if you pleaſe; for I aſſure you that I could no longer endure, nor ſupport the violence and troubleſome tediouſneſſe, which I endured in the time of your long abſence, the object of my good, and ſole content, being removed.*

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you ſeem very paſſionate in your expreſſions.

Eug.

Eugen. *I proteſt that it is impoſſible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aſpect of your rare form, and moſt excellent beauty.*

C. It pleaſeth you to tearm it ſo; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the leaſt glimpſe of beauty in her ſelf.

Eugen. *wherein, my deareſt, ſhould you conceive ſo of me; I do aſſure you with the better part of my ſoul, that I ſhould be miſerable, did I not really ſpeak what my affections ſuggeſt as truth: Know, Lady, that you ſee a man that is wholy yours, and deſires not to live, but for you, & to do you ſervice: But that which troubleth me moſt, is, That of neceſſity, I muſt abſent my ſelf from you upon a very urgent occaſion; but I beſeech you to believe & conceive ſo of me, That whitherſoever I go, I ſhal carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I ſhall not live, but by the* Idea *of your beauty, with perfect reſolution of obeying you; & therefore, my ſweeteſt, adieu, for a while, and for the preſent have me excuſed, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your moſt deſired company, but muſt take my leave ſo abruptly.*

C. Sir, I infinitely thank you, and bid you alſo farewell, wiſhing you a ſafe return.

A merry, but civil Diſcourſe, between Rowland, *and* Suſan, *ſitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, *Suſan*, that I ſhould now diſcover my mind unto you; we have long been ſervants together, and ever ſince my firſt coming, I have born you good will, which I would deſire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Suſan. *For that you muſt pardon me; for I do not intend to marry, and therefore let that ſerve for an excuſe, ſince I would be loath to diſcourage you, and ſay, I cannot love you.*

Row.

Row. I hope you will not; for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Sus. *You know affection cannot be compel'd, therefore I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto born; but as for your love I cannot accept of it.*

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Sus. *I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would be an endless misery: the Bryer and Honysuckle cannot well agree.*

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer; but I will with all humility put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree of favour, for I protest, I love you intirely.

Susan. *The utmost I can do for you in requital of your love, is to give you thanks, and counsel, to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any farther in this suit, which at last will become fruitless.*

R. I shall be sorry then: By this kiss, which I presume to take, none hath power over me, but your self I love you all over, & if you would licence my hand to stray about, how happy should I be.

Susan. *Nay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer, lest my absence out of my Mistriss Chamber may breed some suspition.*

R. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my arms, and if you will get your freedom, you shall yield me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shadows of that substantial happiness which you could afford me.

Sus. *Nay pray be not rude, nor give me cause to suspect that your love is dishonest: I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.*

R. Par-

R. Pardon me, if love hath made me offend in ſome boyſterous actions

Suſan. *Come pray let me be gone, I ſhall be angry, if you hinder me.*

R. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy deſire, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

An interchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very ſorry that my affairs do compel me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in many ties over to ſerve you; neither have I any way left to ſatisfie my ſelf in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledg them far above my requital, and to deſire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething, whereby I might expreſs how much I honour your deſert.

Sir, *I cannot chuſe but grieve that you muſt now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet ſince he loves himſelf better then his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good; I am content in that reſpect to loſe your company a while, wiſhing you a proſperous journey, and that in your abſence, you would remember me, who wil alwaies in my daily prayers ſolicite heaven for your ſafe return, deſiring to be excuſed for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you deſirous to be gone.*

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my deſert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you, make not ſo great haſte to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your companie; but the wind ſtands fair for

France

France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, *Since you must dispence with your departure, do us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your safe arrival in France.*

Sir, Be assur'd I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I intreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, *I am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any imployment in your absence, I will perform your desire.*

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

Sir, *I am happy to serve you in any thing, God send you a prosperous voyage.*

Sir, I doubt not, but I shall arrive in safety, trouble your self no farther, since I cannot remain with you to requite your kindness.

Sir, *Since you would needs have it so, I will bid you farewel, with all the affection of a constant mind.*

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. *PRay let me prevail so far with you, to entreat your company to dinner.*

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thank you for your courtesie; but my business will not permit me; therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. *Nay good Sir, let me not be denied, I must confess indeed, your cheer will not be worthy of your stay; but you shall be heartily welcome.*

Clorin. Sir, I should willingly obey your desire, but I fear to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, You shall be most welcome, you shall command in my house, as in your own.*

Clor. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in

in ceremony; but you will draw upon your self many inconveniences.

Alex. *Sir, You will find but course fare; but such as it is, pray esteem your self most heartily welcome to, in a real manner, without complement.*

Clorin. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your self to excuse your chear, whereof there is so great abundance, that unless you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's* Ark, I know not how it could be exceeded.

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it: if I had bin certain of your honoring my house with your presence. I would have made better preparation for your entertainment*

Clorin. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldness, in putting you to so much trouble; you may perceive that I think my self welcome by my liberall feeding; I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are took away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. *I beseech you, spare not; I am glad to see you so pleasant; and to increase your mirth, I will drink to you a health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.*

Clorin. Sir, they say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never so deep.

Alex. *I thank you for doing me this piece of justice, I pray see if you can make up a Dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.*

Cl. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledg your exceeding bounty & courtesie.

Ceremonies at sitting down at the Table.

Alex. GEntlem. Pray ye take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash

Gent.

Gent. *Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

Alex. In this matter, Ceremonies are needless; but you will do nothing without my example, and therefore I will begin.

Gent. *Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

Alex. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gent. *Sir, we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.*

Alex. Come, Master *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gent *By no means, that is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.*

Alex. Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule so far.

Gent. *Sir, I should be loth to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.*

Alex. Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gent. *Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgress the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.*

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony, for the Appetite loves good dainties, better then Complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent *Sir, We will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespass on you.*

The Feasters excuse to his friend after dinner.

Alex. SIR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare, & slender entertainment, whereunto I have pre-

preſumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this onely to enjoy your company and ſociety; for your good diſcourſe is to me a feaſt far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. *Your reall kindneſs hath been ſuch, and ſo unexpected that I cannot give you ſufficient thanks for your courteſie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promiſe, that I will ſnatch an opportunity to expreſs my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholeſome to ſtir ſuddenly after dinner. Let's diſcourſe; you are converſant abroad, what news do you hear?

Fr. *Pardon me,* Sir, *the world runs round about me, whileſt I ſtand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties; it may be you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have ſo many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us ſome good intelligence.

Friend. Sir, *I deſire you to excuſe me, for I hold it fruitleſſe imployment; but to ſatisfie your requeſt, if I knew any freſh news, that were not yet in print, I ſhould be bold to acquaint you with it, ſince you deſire me.*

A. I will not importune any further, but deſire your pardon, that I ſhould impoſe on you the office of an Intelligencer; excuſe my intent therein, ſince what I deſired, was to paſs away the time while we ſit; but now, if you pleaſe, we will riſe.

Friend. Sir, *then I moſt really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer service to a young Maid.

AYM. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

Maid. *It is more then I desire or deserve; and it would appear boldness in me to accept of a strangers company: For it is not for me to entertain all shews and offers of kindness; I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far distant from mine own home.*

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in some discourse, resolve me one question, were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to answer one question with demanding another; yet I will presume to ask you, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Fair one, from thence springs my unhappiness. I am too forward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more then the rest, to conquer my affection; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maie. *Pray speak in plain tearms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I desire you then, know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not scorn my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me entreat you, to think that heaven hath appointed our strange accidental meeting, and gave me boldness to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. Sir, *I know not in this case how to give an answer that may procure you content, but I desire you to importune me no farther; but grant me time to consider your motion, and this is my fathers house, whither if you please to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhal only languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures for maintaining with you ſuch unuſuall familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you, honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a Widow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. *I would entreat you (fair Widow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and virtuous carriage, in your husbands life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table-book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain, to inform me that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay,* Widow, *I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband, but will you alwaies puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the World, and do but onely live, to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodnes is gon with him, but for my part, I will be your loving active servant; come, come put off grief and false imaginations of honouring of the dead: for if his soul were capable of any knowledg concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to see you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, so he would desire that you might be supplyed in the same kinde after his death.*

Wid. You speak unhappily, but pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters I am satisfied, but your love is the mark whereat I aim: why would you thus strive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleasures, which are yet fresh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your self so dull of apprehension; I am come to offer service in the right kinde, and therefore you are very much to blame, to refuse the tender of my respects.*

Wid. You speak mysteries: but I desire if you love me, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your suit; for I must tell you plainly, it will prove fruitless, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe but that I shall be more fortunately happy to obtain your favour; words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.*

Wid. Perswade your self to it, but I shall never give you cause to think so, yet I will ever respect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courtesie.

Aym. *Well I thank you that I have so far thrived in my suit; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a false foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held discourse so long with you; I must leave your company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave, and seal a kiss*

kiſs upon your lips until I viſit you again; for no mortal widow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come again with the more reſolute affections.

To excuſe ſome offence done to a Gentleman.

Aymwel. I Muſt acknowledg I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſs from you, in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, It was ſo great a treſpaſs, and ſo directly aymed againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſs; or if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyn me ſome penance, as great as your anger, whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry I am for committing ſo raſh an offence.

Penelope. *Nay, you may enjoy that kiſs violently took from me before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſs it was my raſhneſs, but if you will that I repay it back again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you never to offend your patience in the like kinde.

Pen. *Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew unfeigned ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never again to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedence, ſince your words are a Law, which I dare not tranſgreſs; for I am in all things your obſequious ſervant.

The Lovers farewel.

Leonora. ALaſs! Sir, is this the hour that the ſevere rigor of your abſence muſt eclipſe my dayes of their bright beams? O how this ſad

news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a merciful eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan. *Miſtris fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life will give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me; do me onely this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you would be pleaſed to render me ſome reall promiſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you Lady, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other then the Sun and Moon.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; heaven it ſelf be my witneſs.

Floreſt. *If, Miſtris, you love me thus, let your minde be confident of an equall truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledg, and my heart for ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept of this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but only as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you; it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beſeech you alſo to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhall not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you ſweeteſt; the gift truly is pleaſing*

ſing to m', but the giver much more.

Leonora. But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me in ſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkneſſe, and bring upon me (poor ſoul that I am) a thouſand grievous deaths.

Flor. *Miſtriſſe, I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſſe, to depart hence.*

Leon. O, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent vent to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighes and tears, for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom onely I breathe.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I ſwear to you, my heart is alike touch'd with ſuch ſtrokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breathe for grief of it, and do already ſee I have loſt my ſelf, in the loſſe of the ſight of your ſtar-like beauty. For I am ſure, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject of grief and ſorrow. However, ſince it will not be otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice; and ſo farewell dear Miſtriſſe, live ſtill happy and content, whileſt I languiſh unfortunate, though conſtant: let not then my remoteneſſe alter your minde, more then it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made to live and dye yours; as for mine own part, I ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farewel; Sir, you poſſeſſe my ſoul; and I do even leave it in your power; conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon then this of parting; and in the mean ſpace have pity of all the bloody griefs, which the mere apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already

feel so vehemently, for I think it very strange to leave you, whose company is dearer to me then my life. But to make an end of this discourse, I do beseech you *Sir*, and let me conjure you by the sweetnesse of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in respect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your absence: for in reading of your Letters, I shall perswade my self that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

Floreſtan. *I vow to you, Mistriss, I will give you so many Letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I beseech heaven to make you the happiest alive; even as the Divine Creatour hath made you the faireſt and most accomplished: that he also make you so pitifull to retain me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continually to witnesse, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lad. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you: and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not entreat you to pity my martyrdome; and that whereſoever you are, to be mindful of mé. And so once more I entreat the Deities, to grant you such prosperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

Flor. *Rest assured,* sweet Mistriss, *to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit, to which height it is impossible my affection should raise it self.*

A Discourse betwixt *Mounsieur Device*, and his humorous Lady; upon the Fancies of the Ribbans he wore in his hat.

Mouns. LAdy, the pleasures of this sweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleasant hours I wish to you: but why so like a fore-horse Sir; what mean those Hieroglyphicks on your Bever, those Ribbans of variety of colours?

M. They are several fancies, Lady, which I'le decypher to you: here is an Azure and a Peach; Azure is constant, the Peach is love, which signifies my constant love. Yesterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Isabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is absent, & Isabella is beauty: which put together, expres, that I wither and languish for your absent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reason for these distinctions?

Moun. O yes: for example, your Folimot is a withered leaf, which doth moralize decay; your yellow is----

Lad. I will inform you, Sir, of that colour, by sad experience, tis jealous.

Moun. You are mistaken Lady, it is your Lemmon colour that is jealous, a pale kind of yellow; your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk-white is innocence, your Black is mourning, your Orange is Martiall, a most orient colour in Heraldry: your Flesh-colour is lascivious, your Maidens-blush is envyed, your red is defiance, your gold is avaritious, your Straw is plenty, your Green is hope, your

Grass-green is youth, your Sea-green is unconstant your Violet is religious, and your Willow forsaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in, Mounsieur, you are so exquisitely phantastical, that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

Moun. You are your self all wonder, these are but Ensigns of that beauty your servant fights under.

L. The heavens smile upon you, farewel, and be victorious.

M. Your humble servant, and most constant Martyr.

The Gentleman Vshers Grammar.

FIrst, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledg and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his clothes, from head to foot: neat in his Office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificial memory, to relate how his Lady and other Ladies do: how they slept, how their Physick wrought, how many visits they have had, with other circumstances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving and marshalling of dishes, performances which require his most graceful demeanours.

Fiftly, he must be vers'd in his several postures and congees: more particularly, he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnish'd with his Spanish shrugs, his French smirks and faces: all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined language and resplendent habit, thus prepared & instructed, through his

his diligent and obedient attendance he may quickly start up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman-Usher, for the temper, or stateliest carriage of any of the *Strand*, or *Coven-Garden* Ladies, and by putting himself forwards, he may do something, and dare much more, provided that he be not dasht out of any thing, sooner then discountenanced, untill his preferment stumble upon him.

The Love-sick Picture-Drawer.

OR

The perfections of ever-to be admired *Clarinda*, represented and limmed forth by her servant, as with his youthful eyes he admired, and sharpest fancies delineated her super-excellent features.

On her face.

HER face is loves-copie to read won
She cannot put her face in suc
must like it.

Her lively face disdains all adultero
A perpetual spring of beauty dwels
hers.

Fairer then *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vailed with a robe of darknesse,
clearer through it, then the eye of the day.

The fairest ever Nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face is to live.

Whose looks would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whose beauty, is like a singular Musician to a sweet instrument.

Care-

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lillies and blushing Roses of her cheeks.

Her face refresheth my sight like to the glosse of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and most radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expels the night more then a thousand stars.

On her hair.

In those twining curls *Cupid* is taken prisoner.

Her hairs, those golden Ensigns, those snares of love.

On her brow.

She hath a lofty brow, where love doth sit in triumph.

nau r Brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

Sc

On her Fore-head.

head to e-head full of Majesty and stateliness.

pace, in h ly Fort from whence the god of Love dis-

Thirdly, rtillery.

relate how l

On her Eyes.

slept, how t dding a firmament of light.

they have ha Eyes from which this little world bor-

Dogs, Monk it has.

Fourthly like eyes.

his carving nding eyes.

which reg l of grace and quicknesse.

Fifl eyes those surfeits of delight.

She cannot close her eyes, but the sad world's benighted

Her eyes the sphears of Love, and load-stones of affection.

Liquo rous rolling eyes.

On her Smiles.

I am blessed with her immortal smiles.

Just so the Western-gales bring on the Spring.

In

In that ſweet dimple, when ſhe ſmiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her Lips.

Life-breathing Lips.

Her Lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her Cherry-Lips.

Such a Lip the morning gathers bluſhes from.

A thouſand *Cupids* call me to taſte her lips.

Thoſe lips would thaw a man into a ſpring, though he were more frozen then the Alps.

To riſe to her lips at firſt is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth ſit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permitted me to make an impreſſion, or dimpled print on my *Clarinda's* lips.

Her lips *Adonis* Garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather ſtill.

To ſuck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are rubies of an infinite value.

For to taſte thoſe lips one would forſake Caſſia or Violets.

Her lips, Loves ſweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continual ſacrifice.

On her Kiſſes.

The unreproved kiſſes of chaſt *Clarinda.*

Her kiſſes ſpeak her Virgin, ſuch a baſhful heat at everal tydes doth ebb, and flow, as it were afraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiſſe from her would warm the chilleſt bloud.

By the Law of Arms, faireſt *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiſſe.

To take a wanton kiſſe on Loves fair lips.

On her Cheeks.

Her Cheeks ſhine like ſparkling ſtones.

No ſadneſſe dwells upon her Cheeks, to blaſt the tender Roſes.

Her

Her Checks are like to Punick Aples.

Her Cheeks are ſpread with Spices and Flowers.

Her Cheeks of pure Carnation, inameled with white.

Her Cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.

The bloud in her Cheeks looks like the bluſhing *Sabin* Maids ſurprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth ſcent of Amber.

Her Mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred her: her breath is all perfumes.

Her breath diſſolves one, and he that taſts it, is pleaſed as with ſweet Violets.

Her breath is like to the Weſtern wind, when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes Gums and Spices.

On her Voice.

Her Voyce is adorned with graceful accents.

Her Voyce above the ayres of chirping birds.

The well-tuned harmony of her pleaſant voyce.

On her Language and Diſcourſe.

She knows no Barbariſm in her Expreſſions.

Her beauty ſet forth with ſuch ſweet Language, cannot want an advocate.

Of a moſt diſcreet Diſcourſe, rich in Language.

Powerful of ſpeech and behaviour.

On her Neck.

Her neck is poliſht Ivory, white as the ſilver Dove.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts are a pair of Maiden-unconquered Worlds.

Her breaſts are the ſoft Pillows of Love.

Her breaſts are twins where Lillies grow.

Living Springs flow from her breaſts.

Her breaſts, two Ivory Balls of laſting pleaſure.

Betwixt the amorous beds of her two ſwelling breaſts,

breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts as soft and tender as the Pelicans.

Her breasts are *Leda's* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

upon her Hands and Fingers.

A small Spider-finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wondring eye invites.

Her Lilly-hand lay under her Rosie Cheek, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kisse.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

On her Armes.

Who can do otherwise then imagine that those fair branches of my *Clarinda's* Armes were made to take the great men of the world her Prisoners.

A Girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her Belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium.*

Her Navel the seal of loves impression.

The valley of affection is not far from her Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her Womb.

Her Womb the Mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her Womb, that wanton dwelling house of Love.

On her Waste.

Her Waste as slender as a Wand.

About her Waste *Joves* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her Thighes.

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthful Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veines.

Her Veines swelling in blew branches.

The Skye hath so much blue as from her Veins.

On her Legs and Feet.

Her Legs as ſtately and firm as Marble pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautiful.

On her Chamber and Bed.

Her adorned Chamber, and bed perfumed, with bruiſed Spices, fruits, and odoriferous Flowers.

Her Chamber for ſweetneſſe envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun then her own beautiful beams to ſhine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of Jeſts.

On Clarinda's *Looking-glaſſe.*

Her ſmiling glaſſe is an antidote againſt the Sythe of time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every thing becomes her exactly well, into which whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions upon the flames of Love, and Captivity of the ſervants of Venus *and her blind Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

OUT upon this Love, what Apes, Dogs, and Cats, it makes men look like? How heavy and dull-ey'd Lovers Miſtriſs ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhaddowed to him in a dull ſable Cloud.

Love a fair Lady; but love her ſo, that you may find room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover that with his proteſtations, and tedious Complements waſtes his lungs.

A Lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtris.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſighes, his ears ſwoln bigger then his eyes.

A Lover that diſtils his thoughts into his Miſtriſſes ears.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes eyes.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walks forth, acquaint every Grove with his tel-tale love, then ſits croſſe-armed, hangs his head over a Chryſtal Brook, and weeps till it ſwells to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angelical; lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the devices, and love-ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtriſſe, and be a profeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſſe.

No better could the ſilly Swains then this.

What would *Hercules* with his five Miſtreſſes have ſaid to a *Platonick* love-ſick Heretick?

By the power of Love all things were made, and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſome of *Venus*.

Love that divine quinteſſence, that finds ſuch a ſympathy in beauty.

Luſt doth but uſurp the name of Love; for love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from Reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire.

Love is a fiery Froſt.

Love, though blind, beholds beauty; and though naked, feels no cold.

Cupids Bark will sail with every wind.

Love keeps his revels, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawful means do make love lawful.

Love is most true, when he doth most faign.

Shew Passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy breast.

A new School of Love, with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is love?*

A. It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. *How comes it to pass, that many times we love those we never saw?*

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seem fairer far off, then near at hand, and it is the reputation of what is absent, as concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do Lovers fall out, to agree the better?*

A. Since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. *Who is more constant in love, a man or a woman?*

A. Experience confirms that, we see more women deceived by men, then men by women; they know their own unworthiness, and therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do women love those so intirely that they delivered up Virgin purity to?*

A. In

A. In acknowledgment of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world then men?*

A. Women are exempted from the war, and in nature the worst things are most plentiful.

If women were as little, as they'r good.
A Peas-cod would make them a gown, and hood.

Q. *What is the greatest recompence a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveal to him her secrets, and make him lord of her body.

Q. *How must a man behave himself amongst Ladies?*

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Q. *Why is love painted blind?*

A. Because the actions of Lovers cannot be hid or dissembled.

Q. *Why be the secrets of love so easily kept?*

A. For the sweetness of that modesty that men find in them.

Q. *Why do some mens hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their heat; Females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do some lisp?*

A. Their sinews are putrified with flegme, or their brains are more moist, but their lips, according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *Why doth a Lover often keep in the expression of his tongue?*

A. By reason of his passions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a shriller voice then a man?*

A. There is a difference in the composition of the Veins and moist Arteries; and the passage where their voice is framed is narrower.

Q. *Who are most secret in the sports of love?*

A. Women, since it so neerly concerns them.

Q. *What*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighes and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their grief.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion and fears of mind.

Q. *Why is* Cupid *pictured with wings?*

A. The desires of Lovers for the most part tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistrisses?*

A. Poetry is the friend of love.

Q. *Why hath love been esteemed a god?*

A. Because he makes the Coward valiant, the illiterate Eloquent, the melancholly merry, his cheerful divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford love so much pleasure?*

A. For the preservation of mankind.

Q. *Why do Lovers spend whole nights in love?*

A. Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resign themselves up to them.

Q. *Why do Lovers so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A. Because there is no part of the body that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the minde, as the eye.

Q. *Why are Lovers forsworn?*

A. *Cupid* laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are lovers the better friends for their falling out?*

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it that many times love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?*

A. Since

A. Since the Eye, the informer of the intellectual part, no sooner presents the object, then at the same instant it discourses to the heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. VVhence is kissing so esteemed of Lovers?

A. From the first celebration of the *Trojan* Wives, who to keep their Husbands from the danger of more Voyages, fired their Ships, and for their pacification used this Ceremony of the Lips, which with the novelty of their embraces quencht the fire of their displeasures.

Q. Who are more enclined to pleasure, men or women?

A. Women, for men being of a better temper are drier and stronger.

Q. VVhy are women more craftily revengeful then men?

A. By reason of the weaknesse of their natures; what they cannot do by force, they maintain by subtilty.

Q. VVhy is it naught to lye on the back?

A. It causes Diseases, disturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night-Mare.

Q. VVhy have women thicker blood then men?

A. By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. VVhy is Venery bad for melancholly and lean men?

A. Because it dries them too much, which are too dry of themselves.

Q. VVhere are women of best use?

A. In *Thalamo, in tumulo,* in the bed, in the tombe, as one of *Marcions* Scholars answered.

Q. VVhy do young men naturally decline widows?

A. They would not drink in those waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. VVhat waters of all other are most deceitful?

A. A womans tears.

Q. VVhere-

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more tickliſh then others?*

A. Becauſe their skins are more looſe, ſoft, and delicate.

Q. *How cometh it to paſs that women newly married, the firſt night, are ſo loath to go to bed, yet riſe the next day ſo luſty and joyfull?*

H. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themſelves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiſs the eyes of them they do affect?*

A. Becauſe they were the firſt beginners of love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A. By reaſon their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why ſhould not we place our loves on thoſe that are ſo young?*

A. Becauſe they are ſo inconſtant, and evermore curious of new ſervants.

Q. *How comes it that he that is ſoon taken with love, doth as ſoon forget it?*

A. He is like to one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *Why do men ſay that love is a perfect Muſician?*

A. Becauſe he turneth and maketh harmonious the ſpirits that had before no agreement.

Q. *Why is there ſuch delights in the ſports of* Venus?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanneſs of them.

Q. *Why do ſome women love the white, ſome the black complexion?*

A. Some delight in black as hot, and more agreeable to their conſtitutions; ſome in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *What quality hath the ſanguine?*

A. He is fair, ſmooth-haired, he is ſecret, ſhame-faced,

faced, spirited, Musically given, a lover of Learning, liberal and courteous.

Q. *What properties hath the Phlegmatick complexion'd man?*

A. They are sleepie, moist, fearful, covetous, weak in venerie.

Q. *What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?*

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little sleeper, a lover of the society of women.

Q. *What is the melancholly mans qualities?*

A. His Complexion is brown, his Veins small; he eateth little, hath a bad digestion, his dreams are confused, he is timorous and incontinent.

Q. *Wherefore is it that we tickle not our selves?*

A. Because our touch is natural and familiar to us.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that amongst all kind of Animals the Females are most subtile; and scape more cunningly and craftily from the embraces, then Males?*

A. It is for the most part that they being more weak then the Males, Nature to repair the defect hath given them a more wilely craft for the conversation of their lives.

Q. *What is the reason that women in the winter go thinner cloathed, and endure more cold then men?*

A. Every like is least affected with his like; and women, because they are cooler by nature, feel the less cold.

Q. *Why do learned men often beget sottish children?*

A. Because their contemplations are higher raised then to mind such beastial pleasure.

Q. *If beauty failes, doth love decrease?*

A. Too often, for love is no other thing then a desire of beauty.

Q. *Why do a certain Northern people seeth a stone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lie with the night before they enjoy them?* A. To

A. To know whether they retained their Virgin purity, for it forceth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

Q. Do you think love is so blinde as the Poets would make us believe?

A. Why not, when the faireſt dote ſo often, as we have daily experience, upon the moſt foul and deformed.

Q. What woman thinketh her ſelf moſt worthy to be beloved, the fair, or the deformed?

A. Before I return you an anſwer, ſhew me a woman that doth not think her ſelf to be beautiful.

Q. Why have men ſuch diverſity of opinions in their cenſures of beauty?

A. Becauſe all fair and beautiful things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Q. Who is more conſtant in love, the man or the woman?

A. The man, being both in body and ſpirit more firm, and more conſtant in his perſwaſions of love affairs.

Q. How comes it that he that truly loves is moſt commonly requited with the like reſpects of love again?

A. Becauſe our ſpirits cannot alwaies reſiſt thoſe true and amorous looks and glances that are continually darted at us.

Q. What is the trueſt aſſurance we can give of our love?

A. Perſeverance.

Q. Why are lovers ſo unconſtant?

A. Becauſe youth aboundeth with heat, and is ſubject to divers and many thoughts, and ſo cannot ſtay it ſelf.

Q. Can Charms work love?

A. Your Magitians, and thoſe that write of Nature conclude ſo. *Q. Why*

Q. *Wherefore have women leſs liberty to place their affections on many, then men?*

A. Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Q. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A. Out of an anger which forceth the blood, till the ſpirits are quieted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Queſt. *Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready in bad things?*

A. 'Tis according to that rule of Philoſophy, that a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwaies miſchief.

Queſt. *Why do women love fine clothes, better then men?*

A. Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they ſtudy the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Queſt. *VVhy do we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

Anſw. Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there.

Q. *What is the greateſt pleaſure that a true lover can feel?*

Anſw. To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtris.

Queſt. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring-time, then in other ſeaſons?*

A. Becauſe then the humors do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Queſt. *Wherefore are the angers of lovers of ſo little continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Queſt. *Wherefore do the ancients picture love with*

flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other.

A. To shew that Love is lord both of Sea and Land.

Q. *Why are men rather amorous then women?*

A. Because they are of better complexions, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Q. *Wherefore are all joyes of lovers uncertain.*

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q. *Why is it that secret love is more burning, then that which is discovered?*

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q. *Wherefore is it that women and children weep often, and with more facility then men?*

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture, with tears.

Quest. *Why did Nature rather make the brain cool then hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve in stead of a Fan to cool it.

Quest. *Wherefore is it said, what is a woman but her tongue?*

A. Because anciently they had no other defence or weapon but that, but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth and nails.

Q. *What kind of people are those that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Q. *What is the reason that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glasse wherein the mind doth shine; Nature her self as it were being a second conscience.

Q. *Why*

Q. *Why do those look pale that are much grieved?*

A. Because nature flieth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. *Wherefore have lovers feeble voices?*

A. Out of the fear they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that a man being toucht with love cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?*

A. Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certain admiration windes him into the nets of love.

Q. *Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?*

A. Because by nature they are fearful, suspitious, jealous, and alwayes troubled.

Q. *Why be women so prone to yield to love?*

A. Because dame nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, with Complexions, hot and moyst, things most requisite, for the creations of *Venus*.

Q. *What do lovers chiefly delight in?*

A. Tranquility and abundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, Plays, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreams.

Q. *What creatures of all others are most wanton?*

A. Insatiate women, according to the old Verse:

One Cock sufficeth twice ten Hens,
Scarce one lew'd women thrice five men.

Q. *What think you, do the eyes most betray that a man would keep secret?*

A. Love and Drunkenness.

Q. *From whence is derived the power of feeling?*

A. As the root of life, it spreds it self through every part of the body, by sinews, which descend from the head to the foot, like a net cast over the body.

Q. *What are the three first members formed in the womb after conception.*

A. The Heart, the Brain, and the Liver.

Q. *When a man dyes, which is the last part of him that stirs, which of a woman?*

A. The last part of a man is his heart, of a woman, her tongue.

Q. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A. To a woman, or a shadow, for seek it, and it flyes you, and so a woman, according to the old Poet:

Follow a shadow, and it flyes you,
Seem to flye it, it will pursue you:
So court a woman, she'll deny you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Q. *What was the Philosopher so thankful for?*

A. For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of *Socrates*. 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian*. 3. That he was a man, and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Q. *What birds are shortest lived?*

A. Sparrowes, which for their salacity and wantonnesse eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. *Why is love compared to a labyrinth?*

A. Because the first entrance into it is easie, but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. *Why do the amorous send forth so many sighes?*

A. Love is like a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have vent; it sendeth forth, in respect of its continual thoughts, all the heat of the heart, from whence of necessity it cometh, that they that are in love must often respire and breathe, from which respirations sighings arise.

Q. *Wherefore was* Paris *desirous to see the three Goddesses naked?*

A. That

A. That he might give the better judgement by viewing the proportion of their bodies; O, how many ſeem fair and beautifull to the outward appearance, which ſtript of their crimſon and rich attires, would appear like fleyed Cats!

Q. *Why did the Poet call love a Tragedy?*

A. Becauſe 'tis always accompanied with heavineſs, complaints, and many interchangeable myſteries and events.

Q. *Why are the angers of lovers of ſo ſhort continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Q. *Is there any ſenſual pleaſure above that of Venus?*

A. No, for that it cauſeth an univerſall delight throughout all nature.

Q. *Wherefore do men eſteem women to be evils, like the fire and the ſea?*

A. Becauſe from them proceed infinite and unſpeakable misfortunes.

Q. *What would a lover do being afar off, when he ſees a ſhip wherein the Lady of his life is in danger of drowning?*

A. He would make ten thouſand vows to love, and with tears and prayers beg heartily for her, though it coſt him a taper as big as the Maſt of his ſhip, his godhead ſhall be promiſed fair to have it.

Q. *Wherefore do young women love perfumes ſo well?*

A. They are of *Venus* train; and the Greek Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a ſcent behind them.

Q. *Why is beauty compared to a flower?*

A. Becauſe it ſo ſoon fades away.

Q. *Wherefore is it that maids having paſt the age of ripeneſſe, and loſing that time of marriage, become pale-coloured and yellow?*

A. By reaſon of the retention of ſuperfluous humours, which are evacuated by the conſummation of Matrimony, and thoſe corrupted within them viciates the blood, and ſprings them into great and dangerous diſeaſes, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. *Wherefore is it that Celeſtial influences are neceſſarily concurring to the generation of man?*

A. Becauſe, as Philoſophers hold, man and ſun beget man; *Aſtra regunt homines, ſed regit aſtra Deus.*

Q. *Which be the nobleſt hearts?*

A. Thoſe which love diſdains not to warm with his ſacred heat.

Q. *Why is love painted naked?*

A. Becauſe the actions of love are ſuch as ſhould not be diſſembled.

Q. *Wherefore did* Apelles *paint* Cupid *with theſe words writ in his forehead:* Spring-time and Summer?

A. To ſhew, that in love are proſperities and adverſities.

Q. *Why did Painters draw on the borders of* Cupids *robe, Life and Death?*

A. To ſhew that love remains, both in life, and after death.

Q. *Why was* Cupid, *drawn by* Zeuxis, *in a green robe?*

A. Green ſignifies hope, to expreſs that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Q. *What ſecret device haſt thou to avoid diſcovery, yet ſend thy mind to thy Miſtriſs?*

A. To write with the juyce of Lemons, or Onions, which appears not, till held to the fire.

Q. *Which is the moſt voluptuous ſeat of pleaſure in the Female?*

A. The Navel, moved with ſoft touches of pleaſure.

Q. *Wher-*

Q. *Wherefore do lovers delight to wear their Miſtreſſes Favours?*

A. The better to expreſs how conformable they are to their deſires and wils.

Q. *Why do lovers ſeek the dark?*

A. Becauſe they go about that which they ſuppoſe not to be very handſome.

Q. *Why is it, that when lovers talk with their Ladies, the ſpittle increaſeth in their mouths, and when they dance their breaſts ſeem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with ſuch force?*

A. The firſt is cauſed from the heat of the tongue, whoſe motions reſolve into ſpittle; the ſecond is from the neer neighbour-hood that the heart hath to the Pap, from which all the vital ſpirits do proceed, whither as it were retiring, it cauſeth ſuch motions.

Q. *Why doth an earneſt view or beholding of beauty, make a man amorous?*

A. Becauſe the eyes are *Cupids* Meſſengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themſelves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Q. *Whereof cometh it that lovers do delight ſo much in Muſick.*

A. Becauſe Muſick is laſcivious, and they take pleaſure in the effeminacy of it.

Q. *Why is it that young women in love are never ſatisfied with dancing?*

A. Becauſe the immoderate exerciſe of dancing is venerial.

Q. *What are the chiefeſt cauſes of the union and conjunction of lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celeſtial influences.

Q. *Why is love pictured, ſtanding between ſlothfulneſs and hatred?*

A. Becauſe idleneſſe doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

Q. *Which were it beſt to ſerve, a maid, a married woman, or a widow?*

A. The love of the maid is moſt conſtant, of the widow more pleaſant, of the married wife, ſlanderous and hurtful.

Q. *Of two lovers, which ſhall we eſteem to be moſt favoured, him from whom his Lady ſhall take away a Noſegay and put it into her boſome, or him to whom ſhe ſhall give a Noſegay that ſhe her ſelf did wear?*

A. The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore ſhe loves him beſt, to whom ſhe gives the Noſegay.

Queſt. *Of what colour ſhould a woman be moſt deſired.*

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint Virtue, which is red, but moſt men love the paler complexions.

Queſt. *Of whom have women learnt to ſtop their ears againſt love?*

A. Of the ſerpent *Aſpis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Q. *Who enjoyes moſt pleaſure, the Bridegroom or the Bride, when they embrace?*

A. The Bride, as you may perceive by her cheerful looks the next morning.

Queſt. *The eyes of the Lady, have they ſuch force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A. Queſtionleſſe they raiſe a ſpring of affection, if love darts them.

Q. *Falling into the hands of a pitileſſe woman, is it better to abſent thy ſelf, or to have her continually before thine eyes?*

A. To get far enough from her.

Q. *What are the ordinances of love?*

A. That

A. That affections be equal, that between a lover and his Mistrisse nothing be conceal'd.

Q. *How is it that they which are dim sighted are most given to love?*

A. Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soon as others.

Q. *Do Curtizans love, or do they seem to do so?*

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have dyed for it.

Q. *Is love the cause of good or evil?*

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. *Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honour, may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath served her a long time?*

A. I dare not affirm the lawfulnesse of the act, or say, It is not without prejudice; but questionless she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease, that hath for a long time faithfully served her.

Q. *Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?*

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with falshood and treason.

Q. *Who is most jealous, the man or the woman, or which of them hath the most cause?*

A. The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Complemental and amorous *Poems.*

Encomions on the beauty of his Mistrisse.

BRighter then inside Barks of new-hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter then flames of fire perfum'd with Myrrh,
And comlier then the silver clouds, that dance
On *Zephyres* wings, before the queen 'oth spring;

'Tis

'Tis she doth reach those Torches to burn bright:
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in the Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for Love more dear:
So doth a Snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistris, o'er her fellow shows.
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t'have moved,
The chaste *Hyppolitus* for to have loved.
In sum, her parts are white as Milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silk.
O! who can her perfections tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her hair.

Her hairs reflex with red streaks paint the skies.
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes.
Whil'st that those golden threds play with her breath,
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

On her Locks.

Her locks being platted like a piece of wool,
Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her Forehead.

Her stately front was figured from above,
Majestick, fair, well polisht, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her Face.

Her Face like *Cynthia's*, when in the full she shineth;
And blushing to her Love-mates bower declineth.
Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun-shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and Cheeks.

Each Eye brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either Cheek a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another.

Another on her eye-brows and breath.

Her bright brows drive the Sun to Clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath.

On her eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids;
Whose wincks each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

Her eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty Sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides,
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others, yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice,
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks like ripened Lillies steep'd in wine,
Or gorgious Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her Cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora-like, new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her Nose is straight, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her chin.

Her Crystal chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves Pavilion, and the boys delight.

On her ears.

On these Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-washt with dew,
Do by their breath, their beauties still renew.

On her lips and neck.

Her lips more red then Coral ſtone,
Her neck's more white then aged Swans that mone.
O! who thoſe ruddy lips can miſſe,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelves do kiſſe.

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth that ſend'ſt a muſick-roſied breath,
Whoſe very word darts me a living death.

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her breath.

She breathes forth flowers, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the ayr, and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

Her words do fall like Summer dews on me.
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

Her lips ne're part, but that they ſhow,
Of precious Pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſopy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſs ſtain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her neck.

Her neck is an Ivory ſhining tower,
Or like delight, that doth it ſelf devour.

On her ſhoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſſe the hate-ſpot Ermaline.

On her armes.

Her twin-like arms, that ſtainleſſe pair,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her hands.

Her azured veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moyſt Pearl, warm Snow, ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lye.

On her fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the ſavage Tygers mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great cluſters of ripe Grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly wine.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts thoſe Ivory globes circled with blew,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two fair Apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets, love ſucks his Summer time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindful breaſt perfumes with Frankincenſe,
And ſweeteſt odors every fainting ſenſe.

On her waſte and ribs.

Fitly ſo named, ſince it doth waſte
Mens lives, until it be embrac'd:
Her ribs with white allarmed be,
Compact with curious ſymmetry.

On her skin and fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh is ſoft as wool new dreſt.

On her navel.

Here love delights the wandring thought,
Whileſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite,
In curious circles buſie ſight.

On her belly.

Moſt beautious ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pity 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſenſe my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis intitled *Cupids* hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her womb.

Her maiden womb the dwelling houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he, may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her thighes.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fit,
The genius of an *Ovids* wit;
Whoſe hanches ſmooth as in the glaſs,
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſs paſs.

On her knees.

Theſe knots of joy, and Gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her leg.

Mark well how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave calves like Cryſtal skies.

On the ſmall of her leg.

View but her *Atlas ſmalleſt ſmall*;
More white then whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort, and ſlender little round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taſte of his Miſtreſſes perfections.

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The Concluſion.

Thus every part impairs a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Loves moneth.

May is not loves moneth, *May* is full of flowers,
But dropping *April*, love is full of showers.

Definition of love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire, it self discovers.
And love that is conceal'd, bewrays poor lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart;
And Lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Loves Lottery.

The world's a Lottery, a Lovers prize,
Is such a Girle that's fair, that's chaste, and wise.

The quality of love.

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

What love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.

Lovers delight to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their loves, if needs they must have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unblind us,
And Vows made ignorantly can nere bind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two Maiden-lovers meet.

Impossibility of concealing love.

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd, betrayes poor lovers.

On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are love-sick.

The errours of lovers.

All men do erre, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtil influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments, disputing still,
For sense 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

What love is.

Love is a blinded god, and angry boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy;
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very sea of lust.

Another definition of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grief,
A breach of Reasons Law, a secret thief,
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain.
'Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The effects of love.

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind, by wounding of the heart.

Cruelty of love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books,
But love from love, toward School, with heavy looks.

A maxime of love.

'Tis folly by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Loves wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The conſtancy of lovers.

Once learn to love, the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learnt, is never loſt again.

The force of love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

Of muſick and love.

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No muſick's kindly without love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hope, doth now ſhine fair,
I and my Love in love united are.

Love finds an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldom fail to find an opportunity.

Offers of love, not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's winged, and ever flyeth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns once being paſt.

Patience of lovers.

One may endure; for when the pain is paſt,
Reward though long it ſtay, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrows of lovers.

Sighes are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech, when ſorrow wanteth words.

To his Mistris on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiss.

If that I must such penance do,
I'le bow unto no Saint but you.

On the Tears of Lovers.

In sighs the lover speaks his secret pains,
Tears are his Oratory, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Atturney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate of his suit.

Of true and false love.

True love's a Saint, so shall you true love know,
False love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in show.

Love breaks all silence.

What Fish so dumb, what beast so dull of heart,
That hears love sing, and will not bear a part?

No business like that of love.

The fair, the false love can
Admit, all but the busie man:
He that hath business, and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man should wo.

The perseverance of a lover.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear sinking where such treasure lies?

The beginning of love.

Fair beauty is the spark of hot desire,
And sparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the lovers adversity.

As the Stars in darkest night,
So love by suffering shines more bright:
For like unto a hidden flame,
It will at last break forth again.

On lust.

Lust makes oblivion, beateth reason back,
Forgetteth shames pure blush, and honours wrack.

On

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A cruell Miſtris.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty, doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

Another.

Fair words, and power-attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and deſpair, attend a lover ſtill,
Hope for to ſave, deſpair to kill.

On jealouſie.

Where jealouſie in baſeſt mindes do dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan*'s Cyclops ſent from hell.

On pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to cheer our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been,
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which Innocents adorn,
Th'ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſte her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

A chaſte vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of ſervice.

I have vowed both love and duty,
To your vertue, and your beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* ſons reſort,
Where ſhines their father, but in *Jove*'s great Court?

On her delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy,
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On his deſires.

What can be ſaid, that lovers cannot ſay?
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven ſeals that faith which firmly ſtands, (hands.
And joynes our hands with hearts, our hearts with

On misfortunes.

The man that ſtill amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrows ſlave, and bound in laſting bands.

On fate.

They fall which truſt to fortunes fickle wheel,
But ſtaid by virtue, men ſhall never reel.

On diſdain.

In high diſdain love is a baſe deſire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expoſitions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread,
The one's wiſe, the other truſty:
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife;
The one's peeviſh, the other luſty.

On the power of tears.

Tears tye the tongue of an excuſers grudg,
And ſofts the rigor of the ſterneſt Judge.

On Muſick.

Muſick can hardly ſolace humane ears,
When ſtrings are broke, and eyes are fill'd with tears.

On

On continued grief.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling wears it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates, then when wives they are.

On pleaſures and grief.

Pleaſures like poſting gueſts, make but ſmall ſtay,
Where griefs bide long, and leave a ſcore to pay.

On Youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knows what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirel pent-houſed under his tail;
Even ſuch is my Miſtriſs face in a vail:
Or like a Carp that is loſt in mudding,
Nay more, like to a black-pudding.
For as the pudding the skin lyes within,
So doth my Miſtris beauty in a taffity gin.

On a modeſt fair one.

Beautie's a begger, fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelf-ſufficiency is had;
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire to adorn ſweet modeſty:
If modeſty and women once do ſever,
Farewel our fame, farewel our name for ever.

On his Will.

It lyes not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſſe of Virginity.

Jewels being loſt, we find again, this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruel in their kinds,
But Women meek, and have relenting minds.

On

On coy Dames.

Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treason in their bosome lies.

Another.

Suppose thy Mistris fled from thee,
As *Daphne* from *Apollo*:
Yet she at last changed will be,
If thou the chase do follow.

On the unconstancy of women?

They melt with words, as wax against the Sun,
So weak are many womens modesties:
That what sometimes they most would seem to shield,
Another time, poor souls, unaskt they yield.

Another on the same.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, Hell is in their smile.

On Lust.

Lust never takes a Joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden strings fair women are,
Which lying long untoucht, will harshly jar.

Another.

Virginity's a Rose, which from the stem,
All fain would gather, gathered they contemn.

On the modesty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their stern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On a womans tears.

A womans tears are falling Stars at night,
No sooner seen, but quickly out of sight.

A constant woman.

Constant in love, who tries a womans minde,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth finde.

On

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passions doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A lovers grief.

As if my self, my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of beauty.

The faireſt flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the freſh Lilly in the Sun-ſhine day.

Another on the ſame.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and conſume themſelves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lyons loſe their ſterneſt might,
If of a beautious face they once get ſight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never,
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy 't ever.

On a beauty cloyſtered up.

Things much retain'd, do make us moſt deſire them,
And beauties ſeldom ſeen, make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed, that features ſhall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed.

Never were Cheeks of Roſes, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live, impriſon'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made beauty like her ſelf to view,
Not to be locke up in a ſmoky mew,
A roſie tinctur'd feature is Heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man, that else would be a beast.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do move the hardest heart.

The effects of Beauty.

Beauty in heaven and earth, this grace doth win,
It supplies rigor, and it lessens sin.

To his coy-Bride on the Bridal night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda*? ar't not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymeneau* twine
Power to contract our natures? Must I be
Still interpos'd with needless modesty?
What though my former passions, made me vow
You were an Angel; be a mortal now.
The Bride-maids are all vanisht, and the crue
Of virgin Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our selves, loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy.
Come then, undress, why blush you? prethee smile,
Faith, I'le disrobe you, nay, I will not spoyl
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: Here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruel thing,
Not to remove it. O! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*, yet the sweetest straits
That ere made voyage happy: Here's a Lace,
Me thinks should stifle you, it doth embrace
Your body too severely, take a knife;
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It shall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off: Come, I must needs pull down
This Rose Peticoat; why should this cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I'm priviledg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aym: what means this light?

Thou

Thou ſhalt be *Eve* i'th Garden: We are alone,
Come let's to bed; why look you ſo, here's none
Sees you, but I; be quick, or by this hand
I'le lay you down my ſelf; in faith you ſtand
Too long i'th cold, why do you lie ſo far,
I'le follow you, diſtance ſhall never bar
My arms from your embraces: ſo, 'tis well, and now
I'le let thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; Marriage beds
Never deſtroy, except be Maiden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauty in a proſperous heir.
Come then, let's kiſs, let us embrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waſte, breſt, a belly; ſweeteſt, why
Do you remove ſtill further, if thus ſhye,
You'l make me ſtrive, I think you know
I have a warrant for what I am to do,
And can commit no treſpaſs, therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A return of the lie to his Miſtriſs.

You ſay I lie, I ſay not, judg you whether:
But if I needs muſt lie, let's lie together.

To his Miſtriſs.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kind,
And much, becauſe it much delights my mind:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.

A clowniſh court-ſhip.

Excellent Miſtriſs, brighter thon the Moon,
Then ſcowred Pewter, or the ſilver Spoon;
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the Morning-Star,
Dainty fine Miſtriſs, by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I am an honeſt man, I love thee dearly.

Loves prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong,
With thinking ſtill you are too young;
The roſie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flouriſh, and a ripening ſeek:
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhew loves Mid-ſummer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, ſoft, and ſweet,
Proclaim thoſe joyes lovers do meet.
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

How to woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat muſt ſhun the ſhade;
When *Flora*'s Gardens are i'th prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time*;
There where the Sun doth ſhine birds ſing,
Let them two both kiſſe and fling:
Till Summers faireſt Carpet ſpread,
Yields them a green and pleaſant bed;
If lovers there would ſtrive together,
Chaſtity would not weigh one feather.

On an incomparable kiſſe.

Give me a kiſſe from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the firſt kiſſe be the ſeconds brother,
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more,
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before,
Let us begin whileſt day-light ſprings in heaven,
And kiſs till the Meridians mask'd with th'Even,
And when the modeſt Secretary, night,
Diſcovers all, but thy heaven-flaming bright;
We will begin revells of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orb, where ſilent pleaſures move,

In

In high new ſtrains of unſpeakable delight,
Wee'l ſpend the dull hours of the drouſie night,
Reſiding 'twixt thoſe breaſts that are ſo white,
Where I ſhall know an innocent delight:
Embracing ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being ſpent, we ſhall embrace no more.

A vow to his ineſtimable Miſtris.

By thoſe ſweet roſie bluſhes, that did move
Your dainty Cheeks, when I firſt receiv'd my love;
By thoſe fore-running ſighes, whoſe gentle calmes
Perfum'd the ayr, ſweet as the Indian Balmes;
By thoſe ſweet Ruby Portals, that diſcloſe
Two Hemiſphears of pearl, contriv'd to poſe
The yet amaz'd beholder; by your eyes
Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flies
Over Arabian Mountains, e're his heat
Doth cauſe the tiring rural *Negro* ſweat
Under his preſſing burthen; by your hair,
Which pardon, ſweeteſt, if I term a ſnare,
To catch a *Cupid* in; next by thoſe breaſts,
Moiſt banks of Lillies, your Lover thus proteſts,
With regiſtred vows of love ſeal'd in this kiſſe
Of truth and zeal, that Deities want ſuch bliſſe?

To his Miſtris.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

On the paucity of the fair.

Number the dayes, the cloudy and the clear,
And thou ſhalt find more fair then foul i'th year;
But womens beauties, if thou ſo compare,
The greateſt number are more foul then fair;

But he that takes a foul ſlut to his wife,
Doth penance daily, yet ſins all his life.

To his Miſtris, on the frailty of Beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but beauty's frail:
It ſooner fades, 'tis ſooner done,
Then ſummers rain, or Winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, whileſt it is moſt clear,
'Tis gone, whileſt you but ſay 'tis here.
That time will come, when cheek, chin, noſe,
Shall be deflour'd o'th Lilly, and the Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe which you now your ſervants call,
Like ſwallows, when the Summer's done,
They'l flye unto ſome warmer Sun;
Then ſeek amongſt the multitude
Of Lovers, that dare to intrude
Into your favours, One that may
Love for an age, and not a day:
One that will quench your youthful fire,
And feed in age your hot deſire.

Diſdain for diſdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chaſe,
But now at other game doth flye;
Green-ſickneſs ne're ſhall ſpoil my face,
Nor puling heigh-hoes wet mine eye.

To his Miſtriſſe.

Ask me no more, whether doth ſtray
The golden Atomes of the day;
For in pure love the heavens prepare
Such powders to enrich your hair.
Ask me no more, whether doth haſte
The Nightingale, when *May* is paſt.

For

For in thy ſweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note;
Ask me no more, where *Jove* beſtows,
When June is paſt, the fading Roſe;
For in thy beauties orient deep,
All flowers, as in their cauſes ſleep.
Ask me no more, where thoſe Stars light,
That downwards ſhoot in dead of night:
For in thine eyes they ſet, and there
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.
Ask me no more, whether Eaſt or Weſt,
The Phœnix builds her ſpicie neſt:
For unto thee at laſt ſhe flies,
And in thy fragrant boſome dies.

On his Miſtris kind expreſſions.

Thy words ſo cheer up this faint heart of mine,
'Tis briſker now, then when 'tis glad with wine.

An invective againſt women.

Oh heavenly pow'rs! why did you bring to light,
A thing call'd woman, natures over-ſight;
That ſlave-born tyrant, ſhop of immunity;
That gilded weather-cock, trunk of miſery.
Why? what is woman? She is ſuch a creature
As nature ſeeming to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honeſt; this is ſhe
That firſt did pluck from the forbidden tree;
From which ſhe then began to fall
From bad to worſe, from worſt to worſt of all:
And therefore thus I will define a woman,
To be a ſpeculative thing, that's good for no man:
A woman can do more then any devil;
Man God made good, but ſhe hath made him evil;
And theſe fond women, which we moſt men cheriſh,
Are the efficients why the wiſeſt periſh.

On his Mistris walking in the Sun.

I saw *Clarinda* walk alone,
When feathered-rain came softly down:
Then *Jove* descended from his tower,
To court her in a silver showr:
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like litale Birds into their nest:
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garments hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

On Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the Dye
Of Maids affection doth by fancy flye;
And if you take such pleasures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not.
But being a Gamster, you may safely venture
When that your point is opposite to the center.
And watch your play, for now and then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

A description of true love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes
One tongue, one heart, where love ne'r dies.

A Reprieve for a love sick mind.

Thoughts do not vex me whilst I sleep,
Grief do not move me.
Smile not false hope, whilst I weep;
She cannot love me:
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as she, had I been Ice,
And she as I, now burning.
Tears flow no more from my swoln eyes,
Sighes do not so oppress me;
Stop not your ears at my sad cries,
Oh! but release me;

Were

Were you as ſad as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very grief would make you die,
At leaſt leave off your ſcorning.

A Reſolve.

Shall I be ſlave unto a womans will,
Or fear her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
Shall I pour out my thoughts to ſuch a one,
That cannot reſt till ſhe hath made them known?
Oh no, Ile hate your Sex, yet hate I'le ſmother,
Becauſe I know a woman was my mother.

A whimſie to his Miſtriſs.

Venus naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep then *Mars* in Armour.

Her Reply.

If ſuch an enemy you fear,
Look to it, ſee you come not there.

The Lovers Ghoſt.

Go reſtleſs Ghoſt, tell that proud Fair,
She was my cauſe of dying,
And if ſhe will prove coy to hear,
Importune her with crying.
If angry looks ſtill threaten war,
Oh then tell beauties jewel;
Though Angels are leſs fair by far,
Yet Tygers are leſs cruel.
Tell her thoſe eyes that wrought my ill,
Never gave them power to kill
The heart that ſo adored them:
Tell her it comes to beg of her,
What cannot be prevented,
Upon my grave to drop one tear,
And I ſhall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
Hand, heart, and all thou haſt is mine.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love! are all thy arrows gone
That shot chaste fire?
Or is it my poor fate alone,
To feel desire,
Whose ends do fright us to begin.
And makes it though of love a sin?
Break heart: what strong affection
Will it prove,
This is not lust? yet none
Dares call it Love;
I'le gaze no more on her
Bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there
In every place:
For my enchanted soul, alack she drowns
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns;
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
That pleas'd or angry, still are murderers:
For if she dark like lightning through the air,
Her beams of wrath
she kils me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

On the Complexions and Constitutions.

The fair to folly is easie to be led,
The long are lazie both at board and bed;
The little for the most part they are curst,
The black are proud, so from the cradle nurst;
The fat are frolick, unto mirth enclin'd,
The lean with sadness are like famine pin'd;
The red are subtile, and their browes are sure
Both to their friend, and to their wedlock pure;
The fearful and the peevish pale and wan,
The black, a woman-lover more than man.

In

In fine, my friend, for thy more quiet life,
Too far truſt no complexion with thy wife.

Upon Clarinda's *begging a lock of hair.*

Divine *Clarinda*, ſhe whom truth calls fair,
Begged my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, ſaid I, how ſhould I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give;
For that, leſt thieving Love ſhould ſteal away,
Diſcretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key:
As for the lock of hair which lovers uſe,
My head laid on her knee, I prayed her chuſe:
Taking her Sciſars by a cunning art,
Firſt pickt the lock, and then ſhe ſtole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce Bulls when *Venus* ſtings incite,
Loud bellowing for their Heifers ſight
The jealous Hart not then enclin'd
To fear, dares combat for his kind.
If Beaſts theſe bold attempts dare do,
VVhat is't I will not venture to?
I'le climbe up rocks my love to pleaſe;
And do much more to give her eaſe.

Clarinda's *Picture to be drawn thus.*

INgenuous Artiſt, teach thy Penſil how
To paint a goddeſs; I would have thee know
I have a Miſtriſs thy admired art
Muſt limme like my deſcription do not ſtart,
If I command a work above thy skill,
And ſend thee once more to *Pernaſſus* hill,
To hear *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you ſeen
The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen?
Her cheeks reſemble ſomewhat, though each Roſe
In hers ſeem'd pluckt, but my *Clarinda's* growes.
Yet may they paſſe, the Lillies that do ſtand
Upon her breaſts, tells you my Miſtreſs hand.

As pattern to the whiteneſſe of her eyes,
Nor want that heavenly virtue to ſurprize
Onely my heart; Let them be lov'd by none
Whoſe glories are to captive every one:
'Tis onely my ambition for to be
Fit for my Miſtriſs, here's juſt jump for me:
But to my firſt deſcription, for her hairs,
Let them be ſuch as chaſte *Diana* wears;
And let the fore-head not inferior be,
To that which ſhews great *Juno's* Majeſty.
Let thoſe two roſie portals, that I call
Her rubie Lips, be but ſo magical,
As is her own, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy made;
Sure I ſhall leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade:
If you think theſe Enigmaes, and that I
Strive but to poſe you with my Poetry:
Making an argument you never ſaw,
Such goddeſſes feigned by Poetick law:
I anſwer, ſuch divine parts you ſhall ſee,
Get ſuch a Miſtriſs, and but love like me.

On an ugly woman.

Kate doth not only hide her privy ware,
But breaſt and neck, where coyeſt Maids go bare;
Yet there is one foul unbeſeeming place
Uncover'd left; What call you that? Her face.

To his Miſtriſſe.

Deareſt, thy twin'd hairs are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I behold
Thy Lips for rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes, nor thy dugs of Ivory;
Thy Skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath,
Nor Alablaſter is, nor doſt thou breathe
Arabian Odours; theſe the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth.
Such then are other Miſtriſſe; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

upon

Upon the withered Roſes of his quondam Miſtriſſes cheeks.

DOſt ſee how unregarded now
That piece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone,
But mark the fate of faces.
That red and white works now no more on me,
Then if it could not charm, nor I not ſee.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf-ſame fleſh and blood
As apt to melt,
And ſulter from ſuch fires.
Oh, ſome kind powers, riddle where it lyes,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her power then, or my will
What is the myſtery?
Sure beauties Empire, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.

SInce I muſt needs into their School return,
Be pitiful, O Love, and do not burn
Me with deſires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page:
But gentle *Cupid*, give me, if you can,
One to my love, whom I may call a man,
Of perſon comely, and of face as ſweet,
Let him be ſober, ſecret, and diſcreet:
VVell practis'd in loves School, let him within
VVear all his beard, and not upon his chin.

To his Mistrisse.

A constant heart within a wōmans brest
Is Ophir gold, within an Ivory chest.

Her answer.

Of such a treasure then thou art possest,
For thou hast such a heart in such a breast.

A back-side Complement.

Mistris believe me, for I tell you true,
I cannot but disgorge to you,
The quezy maw of my o're-cramb'd affection,
Suckt from your magazine of full perfection.
The comely spreading of your twelve-siz'd feet,
Made me enamour'd when we first did meet.
Those ill-matcht twins, then your columnious leg,
Gramercy short-coat, screwed up the peg,
From love to admiration; sure said I,
The Fabrick's arch'd with monstrous rarity;
What's underneath, should one but dare to see,
'Twould cast him straight into a Lethargy.
Keep close I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-such (most egregious stuff.)
Your hand so like the fair paw of a puttock,
Your face the Effigies of my Grannams——
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipse:
But O the fulness of your well-hang'd lips!
Your Gnomon nose; oh how it doth me please!
'Twould serve me for an Ephemerides:
To precipitate my satiated sense,
With its illustrial opal influence:
VVho travelleth the craggie Alps ne're seeth
More choice variety than in your teeth.
All dainty Virginal-Jacks how they do chatter,
And make sweet Musick on each tinckling platter,
Your neat composed bundle, to be brief,
Is of all Pack-horse carringes the chief.

But

But what needs praiſes? I'le ſay no more but thus,
Thou art a pretty ugly durty pus.

Another.

Fair Madam, thee, whoſe every thing
Deſerves the Cloſe-ſtool of a King:
Whoſe head is fair as any bone,
White and ſmooth as Pumice ſtone:
Whoſe natural baldneſs ſcorns to wear
The needleſs excrements of hair;
Whoſe fore-head ſtreaks our hearts commands,
Like *Dover* Cliffs, or *Godwin's* Sands.
While from thoſe dainty Glo-worm eyes,
Cupid ſhoots Plum-pudding Pies.
While from the Archers of thy Noſe
A Cream pot of ſweet Nectar flows:
Fair dainty lips, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſlick,
And truly Alablaſter cheek?
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
That ſuch pretty Mill-ſtones eat.
O let me hear ſome ſilent Song,
Tun'd by the Jews-Trump of thy tongue.
O how thy chin becomes thee well,
VVhere never hairy beard ſhall dwell;
Thy Corral neck doth ſtatelier bow,
Then *Jo's* when ſhe turn'd a Cow.
O let me, or I ſhall ne're reſt,
Suck the black bottles of thy breaſt,
Or lay my head, and reſt me ſtill
On that dainty Gogmagog hill.
O curious and unſadomed waſt,
As ſlender as the ſtatelieſt maſt;
Thy fingers too breed my delight,
Each wart a natural margarite:
O pity then my diſmal moan,
Able to melt thy heart of ſtone.

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I lament and houl,
Snort, condole, look ſad and ſcoul:
Each night ſo great my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,
Thy Petticoat to pitty moved;
Then let thy Lover mercy find,
To kiſs thee once, though it be behind.
Sweet kiſs, ſweet lips, delicious ſence,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blows from thence?
Bleſt Petticoat, moſt bleſt her ſmock,
That daily buſſeth her Buttock;
For now the Proverb true I find,
That the beſt part is ſtill behind.

A wooing fit, in verſe.

HE. Much ado I have, god wot,
I would love, but thou wilt not:
SHE. Reaſon, Sir, men are not true,
HE. VVhy, was any falſe to you?
Sweeteſt I have lov'd thee long;
SHE. Yet, Sir, Love ſhould do no wrong.
HE. Prethee ſweet, come kiſſe me then,
SHE. No, Sir, Maids muſt kiſſe no men,
HE. I the heavens for witneſs crave,
SHE. They will ſhine clear, though you'r a knave.
HE. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men do not alwaies ſpeak the truth.
HE. By all thoſe vows that Lovers uſe,
SHE. Thus they proteſt, yet do abuſe:
And full oft maids are deluded,
VVhen with kiſſes love's concluded.

Love Queries.

BEL. VVhen will love be void of fears?
TEL. VVhen jealouſie hath neither eyes nor ſears:
BEL. When is love moſt male-content?
T. When lovers range and bear their brows unbent.

BEL.

BEL. Tell me when love is best fed ? (bred.
TEL. When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath
B. When is Lovers time ill spent ?
T. When Love doth farm and take no rent.
B. When is time well-spent in Love?
T. VVhen deeds ensue, and words work Love.
B. VVhat call'st thou Love, I prethee tell,
T. It is a fountain, and that Well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is a work on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May.
B. I prethee fair one, do not fain,
T. It is a Sun-shine mixt with rain,
It is a tooth-ach, or like game:
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray.
B. Come, come, I'le hear no more, away.

A parley betwixt a Frier somewhat lascivious, and a fair Nunne.

FR. Since both our age, our sex, and all do move,
Why doth not thy respects, requite my love ?
N. Thy habit pleaseth not, others love black,
The white that's in my eye best fits a Lovers back.
Fr. Under this robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou do'st exclude, let whiteneffe in.
N. To chastity Fryer thou know'st thou art wedded
And that black robe is whiteness to thy vow. (now,
Fr. My vail I'le cast aside, if that hath bred
Any dislike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.
N. Thy vail though thou forsake, thou art the same,
Or is my sin the lesse, or less thy shame ?
Fr. A fault I do confess it, but a small,
And if a sin, sure 'tis but venial:
N. To Violate Chastity is the great'st of crimes,
But as a Votress, more a thousand times.

F. Sure

F. Sure I can ſhrift thee for thy greateſt ſin,
If thou wilt not conſent, let's both walk in.

Another ſhort wooing fit.

I. SWeet ſoul, to whom I vow'd, I am a ſlave,
Let me th'enjoyment of my wiſhes have.
M. Sweet Sir, let not a wretch that is ſo poor,
Expect to hoord up treaſure for his ſtore.
I. Yet ſtill take heed, leſt thou thy ſelf ſubmit,
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit,
I. Prethee be ſilent, beauty takes in rent;
M. But folly bought, is worſe then money ſpent.
I. Well, for this once, I'le take thee as thou art,
M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own ſweet (heart.

The fears and reſolutions of two Lovers.

D. WHat wouldſt thou wiſh? tell me dear Lover.
S. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
D. If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me with ſighs, would'ſt thou be dying?
S. Thoſe words in jeaſt to hear thee ſpeaking,
For very grief this heart is breaking.
D. Yet would'ſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that doth excel me?
S. O no, for how can I aſpire
To more then to my own deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I do ſwear't, you'l not believe me.
D. Imagine that thou doſt not love me,
But ſome beauty that's above me.
S. To ſuch a thing ſweet do not will me,
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
D. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears:
S. I do forgive, witneſſe theſe tears.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

R. THe cauſe, my ſweet, thou doſt deny,
R. Becauſe thou doſt not pleaſe my eye?

R. Thy

R. Thy reason why to me impart.
M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart.
R. There is no heart so fierce and hard.
M. Nor person of so small regard.
R. The reason doth thy love control.
M. Thou do'st torment my very soul.
R. O remedy my loving smart,
M. I'le keep such dangers from my heart.
R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keep?
M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weep.
R. My passions dost thou mock at too?
M. Farewel, Sir, without more to do.

The Lover and his Mistris.

HE. I say I love, and if you ask how well,
My tongue replies to thee, no tongue can tell.
SHE. You say you love, be sure you do,
For lying will not profit you.
HE. Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lie unless with you.

A contention between a wife, a widow, and a Maid.

Wife. If to be born a maid, be such a grace,
So was I born, and grac'd by nature too;
But seeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a wife, as others do.
W. And if the maid and wife such honours have,
I have been both, and hold a third degree;
Most maids are Wards, and every wife a slave:
I have my livery sued, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,
And were not constant to continue so,
The falls of Angels did encrease their sin,
In that they did so pure a state forgo.
Wife. Why marriage is an honourable state.
W. And Widow-hood is a reverend degree;
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like Majesty it self must sacred be.

Wife. The wife is Miſtriſs of her family.
W. Much more the widow, for ſhe rules alone,
M. But Miſtriſs of my own deſires am I.
When you rule others wills, and not your own.
Wife. Only the wife enjoys the virtuous pleaſure,
W. The widow can abſtain from pleaſures known;
M. But the uncorrupted maid prefers ſuch meaſure,
As being by pleaſures woo'd, ſhe cares for none.
W. The wife is as a Diamond richly ſet.
M. The maid unſet, doth yet more rich appear;
W. The widow, a jewel in a Cabinet.
Which though not worn, is ſtill eſteem'd as dear.
W. The wife doth love, and is belov'd again.
W. The widow is awak't out of that dream.
M. The maids white minde hath never ſuch a ſtain.
No paſſions trouble her clear virtues ſtream.
W. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitleſs bay.
M. And what's a widow? but a Roſeleſs bryer.
And what are wives, but wood-binds which decay,
Yea, ſtately Oaks, which by themſelves aſpire?
W. Wives are as Birds in golden Cages kept,
W. Yet in thoſe cages cheerfully they ſing,
W. Widows are birds out of thoſe cages lept,
Whoſe joyful notes make all the Forreſt ring.
M. But maids are birds amidſt the woods ſecure,
Which never hand could touch, nor yet could take,
Nor whiſtle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themſelves, do Muſick make.
W. The wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
W. The widow as the widow-Dove alone,
Whoſe truth ſhines moſt in her forſaken ſtate.
M. The maid a Phœnix, and is ſtill but one.
W. The wife's a ſoul unto her body tyed.
W. The widow a ſoul departed into bliſs.
M. The maid an Angel which is ſtellified,
And now unto fair heaven aſcended is.

W. Wives

W. VVives are fair houses kept, and furnisht well.
W. VVidows old Castles void, but full of state.
M. But maids are temples where the gods do dwell.
Wife. An office well supply'd is like a wife.
W. The widow like a gainful office void.
M. But maids are like contentment in this life.
Which all the world hath sought, but none enjoy'd.
M. Go wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.
W. Go gentle maid, and lead thy Apes in hell.
Wife. Go widow, make some younger brother rich;
And then take thought and dye, and all is well.
Wife. Alas, poor maid, thou hast no help nor stay.
W. Alas, poor wife, that nothing dost possesse.
M. Alas, poor widow, charity doth say,
Pity the widow and the fatherlesse.
Wife. VVe wives have children, what a joy is this?
W. Widows have children too, but maid have none.
M. No more have Angels, yee they have more bliss
Then ever yet to mortal earth was known.
Wife. The wife is like a fair manured field.
W. The widow once was such, but now doth rest.
M. The maid like Paradise, undrest, until'd,
Bears crops of native virtue in her breast.
Wife. VVho would not dye a wife, as *Lucrece* did?
W. Or live a widow as *Penelope*.
M. Or be a maid, and so be stellifi'd,
As all the virtues, and the graces be.
Wife. Wives are like apples serv'd in golden dishes.
W. Widows good wine, which time makes better.
M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes much
But that they grow so high as none can touch.
W. I have a daughter equals you my girle.
M. The daughter doth excel the mother then,
As pearls are better then the mother of Pearl.
Maids lose their value when they match with men.

A maid's the perfect'ſt of created things,
The pureſt gold that ſuffers no Allay,
The ſweeteſt flower that on earth's boſom ſprings,
The pearl unbor'd, whoſe price, no price can pay;
The Chryſtal glaſs that will no venome hold,
The mirrour wherein Angels love to look,
Diana's bathing fountain, clear and cold,
Beauties freſh Roſe, and virtues living book.
Wife. Maids cannot judge, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joyes in marriage be.
M. Yes, yes, though bleſſed Saints in heaven do dwell,
They do the ſouls in Purgatory ſee.
wife. There never was a wife that lik't her lot,
W. Not widow, but was clad in mourning weeds.
M. Do what you will, marry, or marry not;
Both this eſtate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Miſtris.

L. Whilſt thou didſt love me, and that neck of thine
More white and ſoft than Roſes ſilver'd down,
Did wear a neck-lace of no arms but mine;
I envied not the King of Spain his Crown.
M. Whilſt of thy heart I was ſole Soveraign,
And thou did'ſt ſing none but my beauties praiſe,
Which now poor maid, thou doſt ſo much diſtain,
I envied not the Queen of Englands fame.
L. What though I ſue to thee again for grace,
And ſing thy praiſes ſweeter then before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me again, and love me more?
M. Thou ſhalt be then again my morning Star,
Though lighter yet then floting Cork thou be;
And then the Iriſh-Sea more angry far;
With thee I'le wiſh to live, and die with thee.

A Lovers diſcourſe with his heart.

SHe's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree?
Not nature now, but love doth govern me.

L. What

L. What if her heart be hard, she stops her ears.
H. I'le sigh aloud, and make it soft with tears.
L. Why then despair, go pack thee hence away.
H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A discourse between a Lover, Death, and Cupid.

L. COme gentle death. *D.* who cals? *L.* on's oppreſt.
D. What is thy will? *L.* That thou abridg my wo,
By cutting off my life. *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas, why ſo?
D. Thou wantſt thy heart. *L.* who ſtole that ſame away?
L. Love, whom thou ſerv'ſt. *L.* Entreat him if thou may
L. Come *Cupid* come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſal true, whom thou ſhouldſt know by right.
C What makes thy cry ſo faint? *L.* My voice is ſoft,
Quite broke and ſpent with crying day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? *L.* That thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteal the ſame no more,
And thou, O death, when I poſſeſs my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. *D.* Alas, why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart return, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from froſt it never will deſire,
To reſt with me, that am more hot then fire.

The Curſe.

May that man whom thy embrace
Would make happy in my place,
By thy example prove
As falſe to thee and Love.
And e're thy amorous ſheets invite
Him to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee ſee
Meduſa in his face; that he
With every lock of hair
May teach thee to deſpair.
Yet reſt not there, but be more fond to know
Whether thy heart be ſtone or no;

Till of those doubts to be releast,
Thou strik'st a wound upon thy breast:
So bold, so great, that I
May be assur'd that thou wilt dye:
Thus offer'd up a sacrifice to me,
I may at last forget thy perjury.

A Vapour.

Give me a breath of thunder, let me speak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with their noise obstreperous; I will warble
Such bouncing notes shall cleave obdurate marble;
Upon mount Caucasus heavens knocking head
Boreas shall blow my trumpet, until I spread
Thy fame, grand Patron of thrice-three Sisters,
Till Envies ears shall hear it and have blisters.

Praises on her singing.

The Grashopper chaunts not his Autumn quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the Chimney fire.

On her Dancing.

Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a flea?
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper,
Dancing a measure, o're a Ladies smock,
With motion quick, and courtly Equipage;
So trips my Mistris, o're the flowry stage.

On her sleeping.

Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale,
Through a Grove of Syeamores; the soft spring
Chides not the peebles that disturb his course
With sweeter murmur: Let *Amphions* Lute
That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:
Orpheus shall break his Harp, and silent be,
The Reed of *Pan*, and Pipe of *Mercury*.
Yea, though the spheres be dumb, I care not for't,
No musick such as her melodious snort.

On her Spitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees
Diſtil, or honey of the labouring Bees;
Like morning dew, that in a pleaſant ſhowr
Drops Pearls into the boſome of a flower:
Cupid with Acorn cups, cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a Bowl of Sack with Roſes Crown'd,
Fil't to the brim, Ile have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frolick it;
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
Ile chant *B. Johnſons* praiſe, that ev'ry line
Shall prove immortal, 'till my moiſtned quill
Melt into Verſes, and Nectar like diſtil:
I'me ſad, or dull, till bowls brimfil'd infuſe
New life in me, new Spirit in my muſe;
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chil'd bloud, kindle ſuch active fires,
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmooth as *Hebe's*; youth and beauties grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh bloud and ſpirits bring,
Warm as the ſummer, ſpriteful as the Spring:
Then all the world is mine, *Cræſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he's rich that asks no more;
And I in Sack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth and liberty:
Then have I conquer'd all. I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pelean youth compare.
Him I will equall, as his ſword, my Pen,
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men:
Then fill my bowl, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out liv'd my ſorrow.

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before, but when I ſaw
The quaint preſumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richneſs of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Author fails not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord how the Painter look'd! her face he ſpy's,
And her fair face does make his colour riſe:
He was amaz'd at firſt, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art,
Came out to view him, as he thought, and ſhow
How he and's piece muſt to the pattern owe.
He queſtions miſpent time, and ſwears he had
Great injury when he firſt learnt the trade;
For had he ſeen you then, and known you too,
His ſervice had been prentiſe unto you:
To you, in whoſe moſt perfect figure ſhine,
What Painters call moſt rare, Poets divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what I ſee,
Thou mak'ſt the Picture, and the piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou do'ſt it well, for I have ſeen
Thee, when th'aſt often lim'd out beauties Queen,
Not to have ſhewn ſuch curious workmanſhip,
Either in eye or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou do'ſt it well, I ſay, but yet, good Sir,
Allow moſt credit of the work to her:
Did not ſhe ſhew thee, when ſhe ſweetly ſmil'd,
How to paint *Venus*, ſending of her child
About Loves powerful errand? one may know
By th'caſt o'th eye to whom her heart doth go.

On two Lovers playing for kiſſes.

My love and I for kiſſes play'd,
She would keep ſtakes, I was content;
But when I won, ſhe would have pay'd,
This made me ask her what ſhe meant?

Prethee

Prethee since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vain,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

On a Mistris two learned for him.

One profer'd me a Wife, was fair and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latine Tongue*.
I thanked him, But I will have none such,
For I think one tongue for a wife too much:
Why, love you not the learn'd? yes as my life,
A learned Scholar, not a learned wife.

On his Mistris sick of a Calenture.

And must she languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kinde god help her, or pity us?
Is Justice fled from heaven? Can she permit
A foul deformed ravisher to sit
Upon her virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
The Rose-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To spred cold paleness in her lips, and chase
The frighted Rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his scorching flames a floud
Of dissolv'd Corral running in her blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light 'gainst course of nature cease
In her fair lips, and yet the flames increase?
Must Favours shake this golden tree, and all
The ripe fruit from her fairest branches fall;
Which Princes have desir'd to taste? must she
VVho hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
From every mans aspersions, now at last
By Agues and Diseases be imbrac'd?
Forbid it holy gods, or else who shall
Pay vows, or let a drop of insence fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bless
No better this your zealous votaress?
Haste thou O maiden goddess, to her ayd applyed,
And let not thy saving medicines be deny'd?

O rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the god of muſick with ſtill charms,
Her reſtful eyes in peaceful ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe;
Cupid deſcend, and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
Fanning the cool air with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreſhing wind,
And let thy mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold,
Hang like rich pearls upon a chain of gold:
Her leſſer locks as they embroidered lie,
Shall ſpred themſelves into a Canopie;
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, and from a Calenture;
And if ſhe freez with Ice of chaſte deſires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle Nuptial fires,
And when at laſt death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On love.

How ſhall I do to be reveng'd on love,
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'll ſteal his arrows, and I'll head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'er flie true.

A lover on the day break.

Wherefore peep'ſt thou envious day,
We can kiſs without thee:
Lovers hate that golden ray
That thou bear'ſt about thee.
Go and give them light that ſorrow,
And to Saylor's flying.
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleaſures eying.

On Maids.

VVhen *Phœbus* first did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cauſe; the cauſe ſaith ſhe
Is, I have vow'd virginity.
Then *Phœbus* raging ſwore, and ſaid
Paſt fifteen none ſhould dye a maid.
If maidens then chance to be ſped
Ere they can ſcarcely dreſſe their head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Then that a god ſhould be forſworn.
Yet ſilly they, when all is done,
Complain mens wills have their hearts won;
When 'tis for fear leſt thy ſhould be
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree:
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a tree, if ſhe could chuſe?

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits do lye,
To bury thoſe ſlain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with Roſe and Lillies ſpread,
Methinks 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I die.
When I behold your lips again
Recover thoſe your eyes have ſlain
With kiſſes, like that Balſam pure,
Deep wounds ſo ſoon as made, can cure.
Me thinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health like ſuch a wound;
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.

VVhen in your boſome I behold
Two hills of ſnow, yet never cold:
And lovers whom your beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing up thoſe hills.
Me thinks there's life in ſuch a death,
That gives new hopes of future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I die.
Then ſure one death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes are near;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whoſe life you do ſuſtain:
That I no more ſuch deaths ſurvive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In place unknown, ſeeing that I
Can dying live, and living dye.

On women.

VVomen are dainty veſſels fine,
Both tender, neat and ſoft:
They muſt be ſometimes born withal,
Since they do bear ſo oft.

Againſt proud women.

Breath of *Pandora*'s box, thou female ſex,
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex
Poor lovers: O that it had been ſo,
That man without thee might be man, we owe
His birth to thee; but as of trees we ſee
A skilful Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an ayd, and alſo here a Date
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate;
And there adopt into a Crabtree ſtock,
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach,
A Plumb, a Cherry, and a velvit Peach.
Or as the Phœnix in her funeral flame,
Springs from her Aſhes, and returns the ſame;

Who

Who whil'ſt ſhe makes her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe ows not to the female womb;
But boaſt not weaker ſex that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem.
Or as a Roſe pluckt from a ſpiny thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn.
So ſang and wept *Philander* as he ſate,
Bewailing to the woods his cruel fate,
And *Phillis* tyranny: a Chryſtal ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whil'ſt the birds with tuned wing
Sate liſt'ning round about to hear him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale, or Thruſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Cony, and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondring at his note;
Fountains wept tears, the Echo wrought this Song,
The Rocks, the Brooks that run along,
Wiſht to be glaz'd to Cryſtal, and to ſtay,
To hear him tune his grief to *Phillis* lay;
Who whil'ſt he ſate and mourn'd, and ſung, and wept,
Kockt with the murmur of a River, ſlept.

On a ſhepherdeſs dying for love.

Cloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept,
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
O had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſty.
And then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cry'd,
Amyntas twice,
And then ſhe died.

On a Gentleman dying preſently after his Miſtris.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and tryed
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dyed.

On

On the praise of his Mistris.

What would any man desire ?
Is he cold ? then she's a fire,
Is he hot ? Shee'l gently school him,
Till he find that she doth cool him:
Is he sad ? then she's a pleasure,
Is he poor ? then she's a treasure.
Love's he musick ? here's the choice
Of all sweet sounds in her sweet voice.
Doth he hunger ? she's a feast
Whereat a god may be a guest;
To taste Viands, if he thirst,
She's Nectar for him, since the first
Of men that was for sin a debtor,
Never any tasted better:
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To hear, to taste, to smell, or feel.

On his Mistris.

My Mistris is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine:
Full oft she's strucken to the wall,
But strucken under line.
He that will win my Mistris will,
Must strike her in the hazzard still.
My Mistris is a Tinder-box,
Would I had such a one:
Her steel endureth many knocks
Being struck against the stone.
But if you strike the tinder much,
The match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poor credulous and simple Maid,
By what strange wiles art thou betray'd ?
A treasure thou hast lost to day,
For which thou canst no ransom pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin,
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within;
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake and Whitſon-ale
Will talk my ſhame; break, break ſad heart,
There is no medicine for my ſmart.
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſs you meet again to morrow.

On women.

All you that women love,
and like the amorous trade;
Come learn of me what women are,
and whereof they are made.
Their head is made of raſh,
their tongue is made of ſay:
Their love like ſilk, ſilk changeable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mockado is
of durance in their hate;
The food they feed on moſt is Carp,
their gaming is check mate:
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather:
Their beauty is, ſtand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtriſs being let blood.

Fools that believe that clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that thy pure unſtained floud,
can any foul diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
that cryſtal caſe wherein it lies:
Know that her bloud doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony nor cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains:

And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt dart of love expels.
But thou reply'ſt, Behold, ſhe bleeds,
Thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The myſtick knot whence it proceeds:
How lovers in each others grow.
Thou ſtruck'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, ſe't all the ſmart.

Lackwits *Ironical praiſe of his Miſtris.*

Her hairs they are but thin, in all but three,
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſurmounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw;
Her lips like two blew Figs, of Liquoris kiſſing;
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing;
Her forehead flat, pleighted with lovely folds,
Her eyes like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck;
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the heavens on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec'd out with nails.
No waſte at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her legs like arms, her feet ſo broad they are,
Like two Colloſſes fixed on the ground:
But what may not be nam'd, I hear omit,
So large a mark, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

On Muſick.

When whiſpering ſtreams with pleaſing winde,
Diſtil ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtrain we finde
Our pulſes beat and bear a part:
When threats do make
Our hearts to quake,
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.

When

VVhen unto heaven joyes we fain,
VVhat e're the ſoul affecteth moſt;
VVhich only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
VVhoſe lays we think,
Make ſtars to wink,
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming ayr,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wooll thy fallings are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Grief who needs fear,
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering die,
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her ſuiter that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why didſt thou ſue
For thy affections, e're Nature had her due:
Loves fruits are legal uſe, and therefore may,
Be only taken on the marriage day;
Who for ſuch intereſts doth too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principal.
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper autumns thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No husband, but a raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he's wed,
Whores a chaſte wife, and cuckolds his own bed.

A Lovers reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkind,
Thou mayſt as well impriſon the North-wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billows, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track,
In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack.
My love's a torch turn'd downward, and the same
Desire that nourisht it, put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my brest,
False in thy Vows, and traitress to my rest.
Henceforth all tears shall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution sent:
For ever shalt thou my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future blisses dwel:
This is my firm resolve, my last farewel.

A health.

To her whose beauty doth excel
Story, we toss these Cups, and sell
Sobriety a sacrifice,
To the bright lustre of her eyes,
Each soul that sips here is divine,
Her beauty deifies the wine.

On an ignorant lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whose splendent rayes
Gain'd heav'ns high wonder, & the earths best praise.
Thee *Thirsis* met, who fair and lovely too
Did like her well, but knew not how to wo;
They arm in arm, into the garden walkt,
Where endless riddles they together talkt;
Her speech and actions wisely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to see his youth no better taught,
To gather him a Posie he her besought;
With that her light green gown she up tuckt,
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him she pluckt;
Which when she brought, he took her by the middle
And kist her, but he could not read the riddle:
Go fool, quoth she, and thus burst into laughter,
Blusht, run away, and scorn'd him ever after.

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes.*

In *Clarinda*'s face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautiful, her lips or eyes;
We, ſay the eyes, ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wounds the hardeſt adamantine hearts;
But from her lips withal proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which lovers reap by kind words, and by kiſſes.
Then wept her eyes, and from thoſe eyes did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a ſhowr;
Whereat her lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlockt their Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judg, whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda*'s face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſtar clad in Logick-breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Cat,
Or like the Moon-calf in a ſlip-ſhoo hat,
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gon,
Or like a thought that ne're was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crab-louſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding,
Or like the brainleſs brains of a Butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quaffing diſh,
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.
Like to the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like to Rithm and Verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the humbles of a tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound and hath the pox,
Or like a hobnail rogue in ſingle pence,
Leſt it ſhould want its preterperfect-tenſe.

Even

Even ſuch is man who dyed, and then did laugh
To ſee theſe ſtrange lines on his Epitaph.

De Origine Mulieris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this ſecond childe, the Female chit:
He pranckt it up, with farthingales and busks,
Powdrings, perfumes, with paintings and with musks,
VVith Shaparoons, Rebatoes, and with wires,
VVith Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it born, and bred; this puppet Baby,
Is the ſame thing we now do call my Lady.

Upon a Kiſſe.

AMong thy fancies tell me this,
VVhat is the thing we call a kiſs?
I ſhall reſolve you what it is.

2.

It is a creature born and bred,
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love and warm deſires fed,
And makes more ſoft the Bridal-bed.

3.

It is an active flame that flies
Firſt to the Babies of the eyes,
And charms it there with lullabies,
And ſtills the Bride too, when ſhe cryes.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It friſks, and flies, now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near,
And here, and there, and every where.

5.

Hath it a noyſing virtue? yes,
How ſpeaks it ſay, do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeak your kiſs,
And this loves ſweeteſt language is.

6. Hath

6.

Hath it a body? I, and wings,
With thousand more incolourings;
And as it flies it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the green sickneſſe.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale ſiſter, beauties field,
VVho there diſplaying round her white
Enſigns, hath uſurpt thy right,
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou ſhoul'dſt rule alone.
And on the cheek (where natures care
Allotted each an equal ſhare)
Her ſpreading Lilly only grows,
VVhoſe milky deluge drowns thy Roſe.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſally of a bluſh,
Upon thy ſiſter-ſo, but ſtrive
To keep an endleſſe war alive.
Though peace do petty States maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty raign.

Seeing her face in the water.

STand ſtill ye ſtreams, do not deface
that Image which you bear;
So Votaries from every place,
to you ſhall Altars rear.

2.

No winde but lovers ſighs draw nigh,
to trouble theſe glad ſtreams,
On which no Stars, nor the worlds eye,
did ever dart ſuch beams.

3.

To Cryſtal then in haſte congeal,
leſt thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy bliſs;
And to my cruel ſhame reveal,
how hard, how cool ſhe is.

4.

But if the curious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorned,
And hide the ruder windes to tear
That face with thee adorned.

5.

Then rage and foam amain that we
Their malice may despise;
When from the froth we soon shall see
A second *Venus* rise.

Upon a Lady that wore in her Breast a wounded heart, carved in a precious heart.

1.

WHen on my *Celia* I did spie
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry
That heart was sure mine own:
But when I saw it came inthron'd,
In her celestial brest,
O! it no longer then I own'd;
For mine was ne'er so blest.

2.

Yet if in highest heavens doth shine,
Each constant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make room for mine,
Which for her sake doth smart.
Where seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded it shall live;
Death enters not in Paradise,
That place true light doth give.

3.

Yet if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye,
Bathe my deep heart in one kind tear,
Then would I never die.
Sleight Balms may cure a sleighter sore,
No medicine but divine.

Can

Can ever hope for to restore,
A wounded heart like mine.

Upon flowers in his Mistrisses bosom.

YOu fragrant flowers, transported from the earth
When first you grew into this second birth;
Render your odors as my sacrifice
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eyes.
Who having view'd the best of *Cupids* store,
Burnt out his eyes, and vowed to see no more:
Because the like elsewhere could not be seen
In Milk-maid, Lady, Fairy, Nymph or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in those plains,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and azure veins,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a grave,
And *Venus* would her sacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy shrine,
Most blessed tomb, I would it had been mine.

Complemental and amorous Letters.

1. *A Letter to renew Affection.*

ALthough I am assur'd I cannot die
In your remembrance, yet I fear lest I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And so can yield no pleasure to the sight.
Letters are *Cupids* bellows, that do blow
Lovers affections, until they do grow
Into a flame; these do let Lovers find
The absent bodies pleasures by the mind.
O let me then within your thoughts revive,
And though we are far distant, let us strive
To meet in soul, let love convey me to you,
But in a dream, that I may sit and wo you.

Till

Till I do meet again by Fates direction,
With you the Mistris of my hearts affection.

2. *A Letter to perswade one to be constant.*

COnstant love and virtue are
In their qualities alike;
Both in darkest nights shine fair,
Like to stars which shoot and strike
Through the skies; so love will be
Most known in sad adversity.
Therefore fair one keep still one mind,
To instruct the world how for to love,
Though nature doth new changes find,
Like a Center never move.
But while misfortunes do run round
About thee, be thou constant found.
Love's like a sacred flame,
VVhich quench'd can hardly be renewed,
'Tis evermore the same,
Then let thy constancy be shew'd.
Virtue sets upon a square,
And constant friends still constant are.
Remember all our oaths and vows,
The bonds which I on thy lips sealed,
Heaven no perjury allowes,
False hearts shall be at length revealed.
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true loves knot are ty'd.

3. *A Letter to a Maid, from one that expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty, fairest, not the wealth
Your father means to give you, but your self
That I do court, you have a stock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me most humble duty.
You have a smiling eye, whose brighter beams,
Excels the glistering sands of Tagus streams.

You

You have a moiſt, ſmooth, tempting cherry lip,
From whence great *Jove* himſelf may Nectar ſip;
Such a freſh colour in your cheeks is ſpred,
That Roſes bluſh for anger, yet look dead,
To ſee themſelves excell'd; white Lillies grow
High colour'd, to think nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright luſters but eclipſed are.
Since thy fair cheeks are but by theſe ſet forth,
This pale, that bluſhing at thy admired worth:
A brow ſo high, ſo fair, thence day doth break,
When you do wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeak,
The ſpheres ſtand ſtill, liſtening to hear
Thy voyces harmony, ſo ſweet, ſo clear,
That they do mend the tunes thereby,
To bear with thee a ſympathy.
Let wretched Miſers then their treaſure lock
Within their Cheſts; I love thee in thy ſmock:
Nay, wer't thou wrapt in a linnen blanket,
Thy naked ſelf could all my ſenſes banquet;
Which to confirm, let but thy love be mine,
Hee'rs heart and hand to witneſs, I am thine.

4. *A letter to excuſe the not viſiting of a friend, at ones departure out of Town.*

GOod Sir, aſcribe not this my forc'd neglect
Of viſit, to want of due reſpect:
But to the violence of my affairs,
That do tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence think I do remain
Your ſervant, till I do return again,

Yours, J. G.

5. *To a Sweet heart far abſent in the Countrey.*

THe Countrey now is happier then the City,
Injoying thy ſweet face which is ſo pretty,

That

That hobnail fellows staring do gaze on thee,
As if thou wer't some new-come Deity:
Methinks I see thee look beneath a hat,
Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what,
In market is the price of this and that,
Then tripping home, thou steppest o'er each stile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to smile.
O still think I, thou wer't in happy case,
If thou hadst my eyes, or I had thy place:
Then coming home, putst off thy clothes again,
And mak'st thy bed, most happy to contain
Thy pretty limbs, and then I wish to be
Your bed-fellow, to bear you company.
Farewel my sweetest, and my lovelicst Lass,
That do'st in features Ladies far surpass.

6. *A complemental Letter sent to a Lady.*

MAdam, since that you are both great and good
More noble by your virtues then your blood
Whose titles onely are the badg and seal
Of the souls worth, which affections best reveal:
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That scorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferior orb below the sphere,
Where fair resplendent *Venus* shines most clear,
Doth thus advance, and raise it self to find
Beauty and virtue both in one conjoyn'd:
And since that my affection stands thus fair,
Built on a noble ground, and on the square
Of virtue, this alone implies, I am
No dung-hill born, but a true Gentleman,
For never can a narrow mind possest
With the opinion that low thoughts are best,
And easie in obtaining, hope to mount
His love unto an object of account.
Man doth not frame his own mind, nor compose
Those soft affections which from beauty flows.

Love

Love hath no golden arrow, but the beams
Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy means
To shoot at Rovers, and since it chanc't that I
Stood in the way, whil'st that his shafts did flye:
Sweet Lady, look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Physicks art
Did heal those Pilgrims, whom Religion drew,
To take great journeys, holy Saints to view:
This superstition made the world a Baby,
But I am confident in you, fair Lady,
That you can hear my prayers, and also cure
The wounds of love, whose tortures I endure:
Then since that you can hear my just complaint,
I'll be a Pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman, on a sigh.

FAirest, you desire to know,
Why I so often sigh, Hi, ho.
It is not to cool loves fire,
Every sigh doth raise it higher.
Nor is it to blow my flame,
Thereby to encrease my pain:
But to shew the reason better,
In my sigh mark every Letter.
The first *H.* stands for your hard heart,
The *I.* stands for your eye my smart.
The other *H.* my heart doth show,
The *O.* the vowel is your no.
Thus your hard heart, and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my suit deny,
Are the cause, why I do break
My heart with sighs, which only speak
In a language known to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reason why
I do so often, Hi, ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuſe the abrupt taking of a kiſs.*

IF that I did offend, and do a miſs,
In forcing from you a conſtrained kiſs:
Pardon my love that thus did think to plead,
And in my own behalf did intercede.
Which if it hath offended, at the Bar
Of mercy, kiſſes to be pardoned are.
Faireſt with others let your creature ſue,
Intreat and beg, that you would mercy ſhew,
And whil'ſt my kiſſes beg, happy were I,
If I might but ſo rich a begger die.

9. *A Letter to requeſt a courteſie.*

THe knowledge of your virtue makes me bold
Upon your favor, thus for to unfold
My own deſires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honeſt courteſie,
Since the requeſt which is made to a friend,
Should have a juſt aym, at a noble end.
Such is my ſuit, for I ſhould bluſh to own
A thought, which being to my ſelf made known,
Should move his anger; therefore let me finde
A true expreſſion of your generous minde,
Adding this courteſie to many more,
Till back again I can the like reſtore.

10 *A Letter to a beautiful Gentlewoman, that was reſolved to live and die a Maid.*

ARe you ſo young, ſo handſom, and ſo pretty,
And yet reſolve to die a Maid? 'tis pitty.
Nature did give you beauty, not to ſhow
Unto the World, but that you might beſtow
It on ſome others, and raiſe up your like.
Hath *Cupid* not one arrow left to ſtrike
Your gentle bloſom, or elſe will you dwell
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit ſin by a wanton ſpeculation:

Look

Look on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are milde and chaſte, yet both do love;
Look on the Eglantine and Woodbine-tree,
Circling the Elm, and ſuch a Maid ſhould be;
Who ſhould with ſweet embraces gently winde
About her lover, while he proves as kind.
And doth faſt hold her in his loving arms,
Whileſt true affection both their ſoft hearts warms:
Then do not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divineſt creature;
That I being come into the pleaſant fields
Of love, may reap the harveſt that love yields;
For if to love you live, not you are dead,
Then live, and love, and loſe your Maiden-head.

11. *A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.*

MY unkind fate deſerveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your beſt company.
And thus my thoughts ſeem to ſuggeſt and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelf away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtain in contemplation,
Of my long abſence; how I ſigh and grone,
And oftentimes do play upon the Drone
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits;
You would then pardon me, who now do live
Forlorn in ſorrow, and do ſigh, and grieve,
To think on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burn the more, the further from the fire;
As flowers in winder hide their drooping head,
And all their beauties are quite vaniſhed:
When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
And leaves the world deprived of his ſight.
So I like to a flower upon the ſtalk
Wither, whileſt I in diſcontent do walk,

Wanting

Wanting those beams of comfort, which proceed
From your fair eyes, that do both warm and feed
My cold distressed heart, for how can I
But droop, deprived of your company?
I have no essence now, for I did hold
My life from you; I gave away and sold
My self unto your service, still to be
Your constant Martyr, and your Votary;
And though I must be absent some few hours,
Yet know, dear love, my heart is sealed yours.

A Complemental Letter.

HEaven blesse my love, in whose sweet favour,
I desire alone to thrive,
Let fickle minds seek change and waver,
To be constant I will strive.
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my love,
But down to you 'tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above;
You are my heaven here of content,
Whether my thoughts do aspire,
This life is but a kind of banishment,
Till I enjoy my hearts desire.
Therefore before my winged soul hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the sphere of love our souls may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. *A Maids Letter, fearing a growing shame.*

BLame not a maid, if she doth thus discover,
What she doth blush to tell her faithless lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy suit;
Who loves the tree, when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your vows, and false temptation,
Let former love move your commiseration:
This Paper will not blush while it doth tell,
That former pleasures now make sorrows swell.

You have enough undone me, do not be,
For too much kindneſs, cruel unto me.
Think of the ſtory of the *Trojan* Queen,
In whom my picture may be lively ſeen.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelf the feaſt,
To entertain *Æneas* her falſe gueſt,
He hoiſted up his ſails, and ne'er would view
The Royal Queen, whom his unkindneſs ſlew.
Poor ſilly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was o'ercome, our ſtories have relation.
I do entreat you then, if you would have
A happy life, and find a quiet grave;
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,
But in the Paradice of my maiden-head.
And had I ſo continued, I had been
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſs, clear from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion.
Reſtore the ruins of my maiden honour,
And think thus with your ſelf, ſhall I go from her,
That was ſo kinde to me, that ſhe would venter,
On promis'd marriage, to ſeal loves Indenture?
O hear thy conſcience that would thus inform thee,
And for my loving folly do not ſcorn me.
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence whereof my thoughts do reſt.

A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman for ſome kind favour received.

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know
All merits are cry'd down, as fat below
Your favours, which you do moſt freely leave
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, that therein I find
All the divinities of a worthy mind,
That on the pooreſt and unworthieſt ſpirits,
May let fall bleſſings, far beyond all merits.

For

For with ſuch bounty you excite and move
My ſoul to wonder, and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo fair do ſhew,
That the endeavor of my life will be
Too mean requitals of your courteſie:
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor by ingratitude a fruitleſs Land,
That doth deceive the Husband-mans deſires,
And both his limbs and expectation tires.
But all my powers ſhall labor with much ſtrength
Of thankfulneſs to pay your love at length.
And may I ne'er know comfort, if I prove
Ungrateful to the merit of your love.

15. *Miſtris* Penelope. *Natures Maſter-piece, the Lover expreſſes his flame of affection.*

WOnder of beauty, in whom I do repoſe
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection burn. Let not your ſcorn
Increaſe my ſorrows, ſo to make me mourn,
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and do blaze higher,
And my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I do not alone (thrown.
Dote on thoſe beams which from your eyes are
Nor on your cheeks, which are the nuptial bed,
Where Roſes are with Lillies married.
Nor on your lips, which cloſed ſeem to ſmother
Their beauty, and do only kiſs each other.
Theſe pieces of your beauty with a ſmile,
May ſeem to build up a ſweet funeral pile
For common lovers, but my fancy took
Another courſe, for it doth dare to look
Into your ſoul, which crown'd with virtue ſits
Govern'd by reaſon, not by paſſionate fits.

And

And wears a powerful charm, that both inſpires
All hearts with holy thoughts and good deſires,
For virtue hidden from the common ſight
Shines out in you, as gliſtering ſtars by night
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and ſee
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
So that I am afraid here to deſcribe
Your ſweet Perfections, leſt they ſhould be ſpy'd
By Angels, who dreſt in ſome mortal ſhape,
Would from the heavens make a ſwift eſcape,
To court you in a dream, and ſo ſhould ſtay
With you on earth, forgetful of the way
Back into heaven, whil'ſt that they did prove
Rivals ro me, in ſeeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are
Ingenuous, and not like the common ſnare
Of love, which is plac'd onely in the bloud:
For though I burn, my pain is underſtood
By ſuch a Character as may be given,
Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,
Kindled from a ſmall ſpark that here doth ſhine
On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O ſweet *Penelope* ! thy beauties be
But a fair abſtract, or Epitome
Of brighteſt luſtres, or a ſtream doth lead
Me on unto the pureſt fountains head:
Then let me burn ſtill, with a flame moſt clear
From ſinful dregs; ſo that my love appear
An imitation of divineſt love:
And if my flames too violent do prove,
This ſhall at laſt be my concluding prayer;
Let Heaven and *Penelope* both ſhare
Of my poor heart, which thus conſuming lies,
Being her martyr, and heavens ſacrifice.

16. *To Miſtris* E.B. *ſent her with a ring.*

ROund is the world, and ſo is love;
No art can find out the beginning.

Of circles, thoſe on ſeas do move,
Come round again, by natures bringing;
And thoſe that travel in Loves ring,
From one point do at firſt begin
Of affection, and having found
Love for love, are then come round.
So this Ring ſent ſhall be
Loves compaſs both to you and me,
By which we to ſail may venture,
Till we meet both in one center.

17. *To a pretty witty ſcornful Gentlewoman being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the Green-ſickneſſe.*

IF I were young as you are, would I prove
A tyrant unto all that ſought my love,
To flout them? and to hear *Narciſſus* cry,
Echo, O Echo, for thy love I dye,
And periſh in the fountain of thy face;
What art thou gone, and leav'ſt me in this caſe?
I'le walk away, and my ſad ſtory tell,
Unto the Ghoſts that in Eliſium dwell.
Thus might I play the mad-man, but my dear,
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appear
Glorious perfections; tell me, would you have
Me dye for love, or weep into my grave?
And give my body to the worms to eat,
Their legacy on one is womans meat;
Oh no, your knowledge will inſtruct you fuller,
And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller
Then it was uſual, death it ſeems hath ſtruck
A paleneſs in it, and away hath took
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcornfulneſs to me.
Death ſaies, that you this choice ſhall only have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

18. *To a weeping widow, wiſhing her to wipe away teares with the conceit of a ſecond husband.*

ENough of teares, their date expires,
Do not three daies raiſe freſh deſires
In you, or have you all ſenſe loſt?
Is your bloud turn'd to a froſt?
A widows grief ſhould alwaies be
An out-ſide of formality:
Or like a herſe-cloth that is laid
Upon the coffin, which convey'd
Into the grave, the mourning black
Is folded up, and ſo ſent back.
Your ſorrow like the cloth laid on
The herſe, ſhould not be convey'd home
With you. VVhy ſhould you vex your ſelf
With fruitleſs ſorrows? can your wealth,
Or tears, which from your eyes do rain,
Call your late ſpouſe to life again?
O would you do him ſo much wrong,
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this world, to be
Bleſt with the *Angels* company,
Should back again return to give
Comfort to you, and here to live
A ſecond pilgrimage; would you wiſh
Him for you, to leave heavens bliſſe?
Be comforted, and let not ſorrow
From your face ſuch beauty borrow;
But make it lovely, black becomes
Onely funerals, and Nuns.
There is no muſick in the grave,
Though one be loſt, ſtill you may have
Another husband; and I am bold
To ask you whether you can hold
A good opinion of my love,
Which in theſe characters doth move

As active to give you content,
You know sweet widow, what is meant,
By active; you do never blush
At words, nor yet once pish or tush,
As maids do use in modesty;
Who will their own desires deny:
For widows with a better apprehension,
Should know the secret thoughts intention.
Then fair one, if this Letter woo you,
Let it not be unwelcome to you,
But when you do rip up the Seal,
And read what this sheet doth reveal
Unto your knowledg, let your blood
Inform you, that the lines are good,
Touching the quick, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fit;
For Letters unto widows sent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from City or Court,
To play a prize at *Cupids* sport.
But you will say, that I do jest,
And do maintain within my brest
A wanton flame. I cannot mourn
With you, nor yet with sorrow turn,
Like *Niobe*, into a stone; but live
I would, that I might comfort give
To you sweet widow; then be content
To make me yours, *sans* complement.

19. *To a young Maid.*

COme thou fairest master-piece
Of Natures work, her golden fleece;
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade
If not refresht, die not a maid.
Let us agree to appoint a day
To gather flowers, why should you stay

So

So long a Virgin? what have you done
To Nature and your self? a Nun
Deserves not beauty, it is a mate
Makes *Cupids* darlings fortunate.
Since youth and beauty then invite
You thus to play for your delight,
Let Loves tables opened be:
Fear not, you are well matcht with me,
Stake your maiden-head, you shall chuse
Whether you will win or lose;
Or if you lose, I do believe,
You will not for your loss once grieve.

20. *To a young Gentlewoman that disdained her Lover.*

ONce more I have presum'd to ease my grief,
With these sad lines, in hope of some relief.
O wretched I! that suffer in the flame
Of love, yet dare not of my love complain;
Nor sighs nor tears will I in this case use,
Nor thee my love, will I at all accuse:
Since 'tis my cruel fate that I must be
Martyr'd with love, and only dye for thee:
Yet let me ask one question, are they least
Rewarded with true love, that do love best;
Or is it but in me held an offence
To love you, since that the sweet influence
Of one fair smile from you, renews lifes flame,
And one sad frown can put it out again;
Like a third sister, if you love deny,
You cut my thred of life, and I must dye.

21. *A Complemental Letter, to a beautiful young Gentlewoman.*

FOr me to praise your beauty, would appear
A flattery; for when the Sun shines clear,
All do admire his beams; even so your eyes
Are like to stars, that shine in beauties skies,

And have a kind of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you ſhow.
Your cheeks are roſes, and your hair is amber,
The odour of your breath perfumes your chamber.
Your lips are like unto the reſpaſſe-berry,
Or like unto a full ripe ſwelling cherry:
Your brow is *Cupids* bow, moſt ſweetly bent,
From whence loves golden arrow ſtill is ſent:
Your breaſts are like a pair of mountains,
Not yet reſolved into Nectar-fountains,
Till love a pleaſant moiſture to them brings,
And raiſe upon them two happy ſprings:
But there below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,
And to behold it ſeemed much aſham'd,
He bluſht, and ſo this valley is unnam'd.
Yet howſoever it be not expreſt,
Lovers have fancies to conceive the beſt.
Thus I acknowledg you, divineſt creature,
To be a model of a moſt ſweet feature.
Then ſince that nature hath adorn'd each part
VVith ſuch perfections, I do hope your heart,
Is of ſo ſwee ta tem.qer, to let fall
Pitty on him, who doth not know at all
The heart of complements; for love is beſt
When it is naked, with plain words expreſt;
Yet if you pleaſe to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection
Unto your ſervice, I ſhall repute of this,
As eatths chief happineſſe, and heavens bliſſe.

22. *A Gentleman to his Miſtriſſe proteſting ſervice.*

THink not, dear love, that I'le reveal
The hours of pleaſure we did ſteal,
No eye ſhall ſee, nor the Sun,
The things that thee and I have done.
The god of love himſelf, whoſe dart,
Firſt wounded mine, and then thy heart. He

He shall not know that we can tell
VVhat sweets in stoln embraces dwell.
This onely means may find it out,
If when I dye Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true.
Rip up my heart, oh then I fear,
The world will see thy picture there.

23. *To a Gentlewoman disfigured by the small pox.*

WHat though your face with pock-holes spangled be
As though it were disgrac'd? me thinks I see
A heavenly constellation in thy looks,
Like unto golden Characters in books.
Sure they are *Venus* snares, so plac'd like stars,
Men should not know them from so many stars;
Each star a guide to lead blind men to sin,
Or else so many gins to catch me in.
Your beauty was divided thus in sunder,
To make so many signs, and every sign my wonder;
Thus hath thy beauty so regain'd it's light,
My heart is double slain whilest I indite.

A Moor to her fair Boy.

WHy lovely Boy, why flyest thou me,
That languish in these flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true, and so is night,
And love doth in dark shades delight;
Nay, do thou once but close thine eye,
The world will seem as black as I:
Or op't again and see the shade
Which by thine own fair body's made,
Which follows thee where ere thou go,
O who aloud would not do so!
Let me for ever dwell so nigh,
And thou shalt need no shade but I.

25. *The fair Boyes answer.*

BLack Maid, complain not though I flye,
Since fate forbids antipathy.
Prodigious would that union prove
Where night and day together move:
And the conjunction of your lips
Not kisses make, but an Eclipse,
Where there is mixed black and white,
Portends more terrour then delight;
But if thou wilt my shadow be,
Enjoy thy deerest wish; but see
Thou keep my shadows property,
That flyes away, when I come nigh;
Else stay till death hath blinded me,
Then I'le bequeath my self to thee:
This sable which on white is laid,
Expresses well thy lustful shade.

26. *A down right Suiter to his Sweet heart.*

FAith wench I love thee, but I cannot sue,
And shew my love as silken Courtiers do.
I'le not carouse a health to honour thee,
By such deboist and beastly courtesie;
And then strait eat up the carousing glasse,
In glory that I am thy servile asse.
Nor will I wear a rotten Barbers lock,
Like some scorn cocks-comb spending all my stock;
Well featur'd Lass, thou know'st I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake I'le take no cuff of th'ear,
Nor hang thy dirty silken shoo-strings there;
Nor for thy sake, will I once gnaw a brick,
Or some pide-colours in my bonnet stick:
But by the smock of *Venus*, for thy good,
I'le spend my deerest thrice-concocted blood.

27. *A Welch-man to his Mistriss.*

SHentle, modest, fair, and kind,
Being the mirrour of her mind;

Shentle,

Shentle, modeſt, when I ſee
The fair looks her makes at me,
And the fine Ring that her did ſend
When her did come to ſee her friend,
Her could not chuſe by what's above
But be entangled by her love:
Her was oftentimes about
To ſpeak her loſe, and put her out;
But her was think it great deal better
To wrap her loſe within a Letter,
Hoping her not exception take
At her, for her countries ſake.
What if her be Welchman, what then?
Taffies was all ſhentlemen,
Born from *Venus* that fair Coddeſs,
And many other ſhentle bodies;
Part humane, and part deſine,
We are deſcended from *Jove's* line.
All this truth her dares not mince,
Being the iſſue of a Britiſh Prince;
Yet ſhould her with *Shenkin* drink a quart of wine,
Her would think her fortune fine;
And her would tell her ſuch a tale in her ear,
That all the world was never hear.
Then ſhentle modeſt let her move,
Honeſt *Shenkin* will her love,
Though her was very filthy fit,
That driyes poor Welchman out of her wit;
And if her will not pity her pain,
Her will never loſe again.

28. *To his Miſtriſs.*

READ here my heart in Verſe, yet know I ſcorn
To flatter you, and ſay the beauteous morn
Gives not ſo bright a glory, for with thee
There is a beauty mixt with modeſty.

Which I should wrong, such praises needful are
To them that want a blush to make them fair.
I might extol that arch, the lovely brow,
Whence *Cupid* from your eyes his darts doth throw.
Those christal eyes where smiles a naked boy;
The picture of your hope and future joy;
Your tongue tipt with such fire and powerful art,
As might enflame the most rebellious heart.
But these are talks must not be ventured on,
But by a wit as happy as your own:
Your musick, I confess, I would not hear,
Though it might ravish the most curious ear:
Even those sweetest strains did I revile,
Lest they should hinder you from talk a while.
Nay more, the softness of your hand was such,
I fear'd it might be hurt with every touch.
Now pardon these rude lines, no grace they have,
But what your goodness in the reading gave;
Yet if one word of praise you please to spare,
My fame shall never find a sweeter air
To flie in, than your breath; and so I rest,
Until my fortune with your self be blest.

29. *To his fair Mistris, incensed upon a mistake.*

HEaven knowes my love to you, fed on desires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the bright beams shot from the Sun,
At its full height; and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her first robes appear
Whiter then our affections, it did flow
Like frost forc'd out of flames, or fire from snow;
So pure the *Phœnix* when she would refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But my day's o're-cast, for I have now
Drawn anger like a tempest from the brow
Of my fair Mistris, those her glorious eyes,
Which I was wont to see like day stars rise. Threat

Threat like revenging Meteors, and I feel
My torments, and my guilt dubling my hell:
'Twas a miſtake, and might have venial bin
Done to another, but it was made ſin;
And juſtly mortal too, by troubling thee;
Slight wrongs are treaſon, offer'd to Majeſtie:
Enjoyn me penance, and the ſtricteſt one
That wit and cruelty can think upon;
I will a faithful penitential prove
Through all your puniſhments, but not to love.
Oh all you bleſt ghoſts of deceaſed Loves,
That now live Sainted in *Elyzian* groves,
Mediate for mercy for me, at her ſhrine,
Meet with full quire, & joyn your prayers with mine;
Conjure her by your mutual hope and fears,
By all your intermixed ſmiles and tears;
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings, and your preſent bliſſes,
To ſeal my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walk my guardian Sentinel,
My ſouls ſafe Genius, that ſhe needs not fear
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe Rebel there.
But what needs that, when ſhe her ſelf ſits there,
Sole *Angel* of that Orb in her own ſphere;
Alone ſhe raigns, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions, onely ſhe
Can give the Balſam, that can cure this ſore,
And the ſweet *Antidote* to ſin no more.

30. *To his Miſtris, on the ſeal of her Letter.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was crown'd,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound
I knew the heart was mine.
A bounty of a ſtrange conceit,
To ſend mine own to me:
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate
Then it was ſent to thee.

Oh heavens how wouldſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt been unkind to that,
Which ſo much honoured thee!

31. *A Letter to his unkind Miſtriſs, that looks a skew on him.*

TO thee cruel fair, that turnedſt thy face away,
Of purpoſe to benight the day
Of my ſad eyes; without all reſt
Obſcured, and wounded like my breſt.
The torch of the day dares not to ſhine,
His world's turn'd Ægypt too like mine;
Eclipſed with ſorrow how he pries
To ſee thy fairer Sun ariſe!
'Twas no creation till the day
Diſtinguiſht how the Chaos lay;
Nor doth the glorious Spring appear,
Till the warm god begets it here;
Then fair one draw *Sols* curtains by,
With light the Hemiſphere ſupply;
Take heed leſt Natures frame like me,
Diſſolve for want of Sun and thee,
Forbid it *Cynthia*, wounded hearts
Live by the rayes that *Cupid* darts;
Earths happineſs my Girl to me;
Without thy clearer flames is miſery:
And though thy brighter beams do burn,
And me Loves-Martyr into aſhes turn;
Yet in any Sepulchre of night
Thine eyes ſhall yield a purer light;
Then turn not thy fair face away,
Thy ſplendor makes my night a day.

32. *A Letter of Proteſtation.*

INdeed I will not ſteal a kiſs from you,
Nor wring your fingers hard; I will not ſue
To thoſe bleſt pair of ſweeteſt ſtars for ſmiles;
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles. And

And pretty wanton divings ſhall to me
Be ſtrange, I onely to your chaſtity
Will be devoted ever, that ſhall bind
Our hearts like Ivy twin'd
About a well-grown Elm; and none untie
Loves knot, but fatal deſtiny:
Believe me ſweeteſt, if I entertain
An unchaſte thought, may I ne're think again.

33. *A Letter to a Lady.*

Madam,

WHen Art and Nature both agree
To ſum their all in your Epitome,
When the perfection of both Sexes are
Lockt in your female ſtore-houſe, who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture to unwine
In cloſer numbers what heaven doth inſhrine
In one rich breaſt; dazled invention, ſay,
Canſt thou unbowel either India
In one poor Rime, or can thy Torch-light fire
Shew to the Sun, or any Stars that's higher:
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame
Do it in admiration, but diſclaim
Thy power to raiſe thy ſenders wiſhes; bear,
And be the Herald of the new-born year;
Wiſh that each riſing Sun may ſee her more
Happy then when ſhe roſe the morn before,
And may when ere he guides the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the feaſt.
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her virtues; Poetry,
Thou art too low, canſt thou not ſwell a ſtrain
May reach my thoughts? Good Madam, ſince 'tis vain,
And yet my Verſe to kiſs your hand preſumed,
Let it not for your ſacrifice be doomed,
And what it wants in true Poetick fire
Let the flame add, till ſo my muſe expire:

Thus

Thus Madam, your frail Poet doth confeſs,
He wants a Muſe worth ſuch a Patroneſs.

34. *A Letter of advice to his Lady too proud of her beauty.*

YOu whoſe pure and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, cheeks or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Do not inſult, for ſparks within,
That ſlowly burn will flames begin.
And preſumption ſtill hath been
As fond as an unfortunate ſin:
Then fair *Clarinda* be more kind,
Theſe lines implore to know your mind.

35. *A Letter of acknowledgment.*

FAireſt, what ſorrow's like to that which bends
It ſelf to pleaſe, yet ſtill offends?
Puniſh me gently Lady, Love's a child,
And childrens puniſhments they ſhould be mild.
What though I did aſpire,
To crown the hopes of my deſire?
VVhat if my bold love forward preſt,
To touch your ſoft limbs then undreſt?
'Tis known when maids do naked lye in bed,
Loves Arrows then are ſhot unto the head:
But I know no ſuch fault, but only this;
You gave me one, I took another kiſſe.

The Court of *Venus* Songs, of Love and Mirth.

The firſt Song.

IF I freely might diſcover
What could pleaſe me in my lover,

I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court then City;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Neither too easie, nor too hard,
All extreams I would have bard.

2. *A Song.*

YOung and simple though I am,
I have heard of *Cupids* name;
Guesse I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they do kiss:
Smoke can never burn, they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or fair,
To be proud, or to dispair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kisse them presse too hard,
As glad lovers use to do,
When their new-met Loves they wo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet me thinks a heat I find;
And thirsty-longing, that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side.
Oh! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not love.

If it be, alas, what then,
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown,
Grow lesse sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull.

Who shall not, I soon can tell,
Who shall, would, I could as well,
Yet I'me sure, what ere he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

3. *A Song.*

OH that joy so soon should waste,
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss,
Might not for ever last.
A sugry melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on Roses,
When the morn her self discloses,
is not so precious;
Or rather when I would it smother,
Were I to taste but such another,
It would be my wishing,
That I might die with kissing.

4. *A Song.*

WHy so pale and wan fond Lover,
Prethee why so pale?
If looking well, it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?
Why so dull and mute young sinner;
Prethee why so mute?
If speaking well it cannot win her,
Can say nothing do't,
Prethee why so mute?
Quit, quit for shame, this will not move her,
This cannot take her:
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

5. *A Song.*

AMongst the Myrtles, as I walkt,
Alone, I with my sighs thus talkt:

Tell

Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess.

Then fool, said Love, know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good, she is;
In yonder Tulip, go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.

In that innamel'd Pancy by
There thou shalt find her curious eye,
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud,
There waves the streamers of her bloud.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts an union,
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopt: said Love; These be
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
For as these flowers, thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those flowers, when knit together.

6. *A Song.*

COme, come, you goddesses of the night,
That in silent sports delight,
And see the wanton Moon-shine play,
To light us in our doleful way.
Come, come, come Ladies, come,
The night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.

Ladies, have you seen a toy
Called Love, a little Boy?
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind,
If he be 'mongst you, Ladies, say,
That he is *Venus* run-away.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongst twenty;
As his body is on fire,
And his breath our flames desire?
So being sent like lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.

If any here can but discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains shall have a kiss,
When or where her heart can wish:
But she that can but bring him to his mother,
From *Venus*, and her boy, shall have another.

7. *A Song.*

WHy should passion lead the blind,
'Cause thy Mistriss is unkind?
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupids* flight.

She cannot yet in height of pleasure,
Pay her lovers equal measure:
But like a Rose, new blown, doth feed
The eye alone, but yield no seed.

She is but in her spring,
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter season with his fire,
Which soon will kindle her desire.

Autumn will shortly come and greet her,
Making her taste and colour sweeter,
Her ripeness then will soon be such,
That she will fall even with a touch.

8. *A Song.*

LYe still my dear, why do'st thou rise?
The light that shines comes from thine eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.

Oh

Oh ſtay! or elſe my joyes will dye,
Or periſh in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day, what if it be?
Wilt thou therefore ariſe from me?
Did we lye down becauſe of night?
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?
No, ſince in darkneſs we came hither,
In ſpight of light wee'l lye together.
Oh let me dye on thy ſweet breaſt,
Far ſweeter then the Phœnix neſt.

9. *The Troopers ſong.*

FRom hunger or cold, who lives more free?
Or who leads a merrier life then we?
Our bellies are full, our backs are warm,
And againſt all pride our rags are a charm.
Enough is a feaſt, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.
Both City and town, and every village,
Affords us either alms or pillage;
But when the weather is cold or raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw.
In Summer together like Bees we do flock,
And tumble in the graſs, or in the hay-cock.

10. *A Song.*

SInce Love hath brought me,
And I have caught thee,
Here in this bower;
Nor ſhall thy faigning,
Nor thy complaining;
Thy cauſeleſs chiding,
Thy ſhort abiding,
Thy crafty ſmiling,
Thy quaint beguiling,
Thoſe thy ſtruglings,
With all thy juglings,

Can

Can make me leave thee,
No, no, thou ſhalt no more deceive me.

11. *A Song.*

HE that will court a wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peeviſh and antick,
Let him be careleſs to ſport and toy,
And as peeviſh as ſhe is frantick.
Laugh at her and ſleight her,
Flatter her ſpight her,
Rail and commend her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such girles will love ſuch men.

He that will court a wench that is mild,
That is ſoft and kind of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kiſſes plenty,
She'l take them were they twenty:
Stroke her and kiſſe her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such Girls do love ſoft men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will ſqueak and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kiſs and fling, till he make the houſe ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her:
Take her up and touze her,
Salute her and rouze her,
Then kiſſe her and pleaſe her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Mad girls do love mad men.

13. *A ſong.*

A Nymph, when as the Summers beams
made hot the colder ayr,
Into a fountains cryſtal ſtreams,
to bathe her did repair:
And by degrees ſhe boldly did at length,
thoſe parts unhide:
Which to be baſhful, nature made
ſo curious to be ſpyed.

Oft downwards would ſhe caſt her head,
and bluſhing look away;
Then twiſt her arms, and twine her thighes,
as fearful to betray
Her ſelf unto her fearful ſelf:
thus frighted ſhe at laſt,
Into the fountains ſwifteſt ſtreams,
her pureſt body caſt.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
and as ſhe waded in the ſilver-brook,
Seem'd not to cleanſe her as ſhe ſwome,
but from her purifying took.
And underneath the Cryſtal ſtreams,
as ſhe did gliding paſſe,
She ſeemed like a Lilly fair,
that's ſunk into a glaſſe.

And as ſhe did her dainty arms
in ſundry ſort diſplay,
Oft times ſhe would *Narciſſus*-like
with her own ſhadow play.
Oft would ſhe lie upon her back,
with legs and arms forth ſpred.
And imitate thoſe wanton joyes,
that women uſe in bed.

Women

VVomen their modeſty forget,
and often lay aſide;
This Nimph, that thought her ſelf unſeen,
was by a Shepherd ſpy'd:
Who raviſht with the ſight he ſaw,
no longer ſtaid to woo her,
But flung away his hook and ſcrip,
and boldly ſtept unto her.

She ſcreeching dived, thought to have hid
her ſelf, but all in vain,
The waters to preſerve her life,
did bear her up again;
The Shepherd caught her in his arms,
and laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
you know, or elſe may think.

1. *A Song.*

AMongſt the Mirtles ſate my Love,
With a more downy skin,
And tender breaſt then *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all ſin.

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,
Whoſe leaves ſhut with the evening dew,
I ſaid to her, riſe and behold,
What pretty riddle this doth ſhew,
Thoſe leaves ſhut in like to a cloiſtered Nun,
Will open when they feel the radiant Sun.

VVhat mean you by this riddle, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I pray expound it then; I thus began:
Know, maids are made for men, and men for maids,
Which ſaid, ſhe chang'd her colour, and look'd wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, ſo plain have told,
Be you my Sun, I'le be your Mary-gold.

15. *A Song.*

AS I travers'd to and fro,
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,
That secretly were talking:
The younger to the elder said,
Prethee, why dost not marry?
In faith, quoth she, I'le tell to thee
I mean not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen years of age,
Then I had suiters many:
But I a wanton peevish wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me,
And like a lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay down by my side,
And spread his arms upon me,
And I being 'twixt sleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me.
But he with all the power he had,
Did lye the harder on me.
And then he did so play with me,
As I was plaid with never,
The sporting boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.
And then me thought the world turn'd round,
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphes, and Goddesses,
About us two were tripping.
Then seemed *Neptune*, as he had pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us,
But *Boreas* wish his blustring blasts,
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus followed after him,
And swore she'd blow the bellows;
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack an apes,
And swore he would him smother,
Quoth *Cupid*, said I so to thee
When thou layst with my mother?
Juno then and *Jupiter*,
Came marching with *Apollo*;
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
And then began the hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himself,
And so of joyes bereft me;
For suddenly I did awake,
And all these fancies left me.

16. *A Song.*

I'll gaze no more on that bewitching face
Since ruine harbors there in every place;
For my inchanted soul alike she drowns,
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd, still are murtherers.
For if she dart like lightning through the ayr,
Her beams of wrath, she kils me with despair:
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excess of joy, and die.

17. *A Song.*

LOvers rejoyce, your pains shall be rewarded:
The god of love himself grieves at your crying,
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of the maids denying:
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say, we dare not,
For men are false, and what they say they care not.
All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men must be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers

Lovers rejoyce, what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweet hearts in your arms,
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and worth,
No more faint-hearted girles ſhall dream of harms,
And cry they are too young; the god hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid.
Then wiſe men pull your roſes, yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

18. *A ſong.*

HOw ill doth he deſerve a Lovers name,
Whoſe pale-weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in ſpight of abſence or diſdain.
But doth at once, like Paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love did never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled.
Nor ſhall my love dye when my bodies dead.
They all wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade:
My mercy aſhes in their Urn,
Shall like a hallowed Lamp for ever burn.

19. *A Song.*

Shepherd. TEll me deareſt, what is love?
Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above.
'Tis an arrow, tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call deſire,
'Tis a ſmile, doth beguile.
Shep. The poor hearts of men that prove:
Tell me more, are women true;
Nymph. Some love change, and ſo do you.
Shep. Are they fair, and never kind?
Nymph. Yes, when men turn with the winde.

Shep. Are they froward.
Nymph. Ever toward,
Thoſe that love to love a new.

20. *A Song.*

COme Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whil'ſt the gentle time doth ſtay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Thoſe dear kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleaſures, that would even
Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give Virgin blood deſire:
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

21. *A Song.*

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down, or air;
Nor to the ſtars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to the ſnow to teach you white.
Nor if you would Muſick hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear.
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or what's more worth:
Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you Nectar for your taſte.
Would you have all theſe in one,
Name my Miſtriſs, and 'tis done.

22. *A Song between two Boyes.*

1 THis Lady ripe, and calm, and freſh,
As Eaſtern Summers are,

Muſt

Muſt now forſake both time and fleſh,
To add light to a ſtar.
2 Whilſt yet alive each ſtar decay'd,
She may relieve with light;
But death leads beauty to a ſhade,
More cold, more dark then night.
1 The ſaucy faith of man doth blind
His mind, till it conduce
To deſtine all his abject kind
For ſome eternal uſe.
2 Then ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go,
Since knowledg is but ſorrows ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

23. *A ſad ſong to a Lute.*

YOu Virgins nine, from whence there flows
Words able to expreſs our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a ſigh each accent fill;
Infuſe my breaſt with doleful ſtrains,
Whoſe heavy note may ſpeak my pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with ſleep.

The pleaſing murmures of the air,
That gently fan each moving thing,
I being heard, ſtraight do repair,
And bear a burthen, whilſt I ſing
A heavy burthen, doleful ſong
The fathers grief, the ſubjects wrong:
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

The grieved *Flora* hangs the head,
Of every youthful plant and tree,

And flowry pleaſures are ſtark dead
At my lamenting melody
Then al my Muſes keep my ſtrains,
To reach the depth of bitter pains.
Oh let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Til night beguile mine eyes with ſleep

Me thinks I hear the ſinging ſpheres,
Tune their melodious ſtrains to mine,
The dewy clouds diſſolve in tears,
As if they grieved to ſe me pine
And all things joyn to help my moan,
Thus ſeldome come true ſighs alone,
Then let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

24. *A Song.*

My Miſtriſs loves no woodcocks,
yet loves to pick the bones,
My Miſtris loves ſome Jewels,
And other precious ſtones,
My Miſtriſs loves no hunting,
Yet loves to hear the horn.
My Miſtriſs loves not Iriſh,
Yet loves to ſee men born.
My Miſtriſs loves no wreſtling,
Yet loves to catch a fall.
My Miſtriſs loves not all things
Yet loves my Maſter withal.

25. *A Song.*

Ah me, thou never lov'dſt me yet,
Faith and troth are but a fit
But to try, if that I
Would deny, or comply
With thy falſe diſſembing wit
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art

To

To betray, as a prey for thine own.
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceive, and bereave
Of the hopes that it feeds upon.
Oh then wonder not at me.
If I find in thy mind such deceit:
'Twere more strange not to change,
But to yield in the field,
Where love doth so faintly beat.
Blush not then, thou hast found out the cause
Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:
'Tis suspicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to desire,
When Love inflames but so in part.

26. *A Song.*

STill to be neat, still to be drest,
as you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdred, still perfumed,
Lady it is to be presumed,
Though Art's hid causes are not found,
all is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
that makes simplicity a grace:
Robes sweetly flowing, hair as free,
such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th'adulteries of art,
they wound mine eyes, but not my heart.

27. *A song.*

FLow, flow, fresh Fount keep time with thy salt tears
Yet slower, yet oh faintly gentle springs,
List to the heavy part, the musick bears,
We weep out her division, when she sings.
Drop hearbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours.

O I could ſtill,
Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Natures pride is now a wither'd Daffodil.

28. *A Bridal ſong.*

HOld back thy hours dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too ſoon.
Young Maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day.
Stay, ſtay, and hide,
The bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings.
Stay and hide all,
But help not though ſhe call.

29. *A ſong.*

Streph. COme my *Dephnis*, come away,
We do waſte the Cryſtal day:
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What ſayes my love?
Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New chaplets to adorn thy hair.
Daph. *Strephon*, were I ſhut in this tree,
I'd break the bark to follow thee.
Streph. My ſhepherdeſs make haſte,
The minutes fly too faſt;
Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breaſts will ever ſtray.
Daph. In ſuch warm ſnows,
Who would not loſe his way?

30. *Chorus, Strephon, Daphnis, together.*

WE'll laugh and leave this world behind,
And *Jove* himſelf who ſees,

Shall

Shall envy us ſuch, but ne'er ſhall find
Such pleaſure in his Deities.

31. *A ſong.*

BAck again, fond man forbear,
Buy not a minutes play too dear:
Come with holy flames, and be
Welcome to virtue, and to me.

32. *Citizens ſong of the Courtier.*

COurtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Leſſon learn to thrive:
If to march it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſs in birth and ſtate:
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree.
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her ſervants, and thee honour.

33. *Courtiers ſong of the Citizens.*

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me,
To ſee thy wife firſt in thy ſhop;
A fair, kind, ſweet wife, ſets a poor man up:
What though thy ſhelves be ne'er ſo bare?
A woman ſtill is currant ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilſt thou art at the other end,
What ere thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ear,
And after ſupper, for her ſake,
When thou haſt fed, ſnort, though thou wake:
What though the Gallants call thee mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident, but will not tell,
Where ſuch a Citizen doth dwell.

34. *A ſong.*

LOve a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
And with Nectar boſomes filling.

Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us.
And whileſt we thy pleaſures taſte,
Inforce time it ſelf to ſtay;
And by the fore-lock hold him faſt,
Leſt occaſion ſlip away.

35. *A Song.*

THere was an inviſible Fox by chance,
Did meet two inviſible Geeſe:
He led them a fine inviſible dance,
For a hundred Crowns a piece.
Inviſible all but his head, he would go,
But when it came to be tride,
Not onely his hand which was left he did ſhow,
But a fair pair of heels beſide:
Inviſible ſince their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either;
Their wits and their crowns may return again,
Inviſible altogether.

36. *A ſong.*

IF Love his arrows ſhoot ſo faſt,
Soon his feathered ſtocks will waſte,
But I miſtake in thinking ſo;
Loves arrows in his quiver grow,
That he wants no artillery,
That appears too true in me.
Two ſhafts feed upon my breſt,
Oh mak't a quiver for the Reſt.
Kill me with love, thou angry ſon
Of *Citherea*, or let one,
One ſharp golden arrow flye,
To wound her heart for whom I dye.
Cupid, if thou beeſt a child,
Be a good boy, be more mild.

37. *A ſong.*

ROom for the melancholly wight,
Some call him the Willow-Knight,
Who theſe pains hath undertaken,
To finde out Lovers are forſaken:
Whoſe heads, becauſe but little witted,
Shall with Garlands ſtrait be fitted,
Speak who are toſt on *Cupids* billows,
And receive the crown of Willows:
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

38. *A Song.*

SEek not to know my love, for ſhe
Hath vowed her conſtant love to me.
Her mild aſpects are mine; and thou
Shalt only know a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtir deſire,
In me her kiſſes quench that fire.

Or I can to Loves fountain go,
Or dwell upon thoſe hills of ſnow;
But when thou burn'ſt, ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath, to cool thy air,
Thou ſhalt not clime thoſe Alps, nor ſpie
Where the ſweet ſprings of *Venus* lye.
Search hidden nature, and there finde
A treaſure to enrich thy mind,
Diſcover Arts not yet revealed,
But let my Miſtriſs live concealed.
Though men by knowledg wiſer grow,
Yet here 'tis wiſdome not to know.

39. *A Song.*

WElcome, welcome again to thy wits,
This is a Holy day:
I'le have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
But merrily paſſe the time away:

They are mad that are ſad,
Be ruled by me,
And none ſhall be ſo merry as we.
The Kitchin ſhall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no key to the Buttery door.
The Fidlers ſhall ſing,
And the houſe ſhall ring,
And the world ſhall ſee
What a merry couple,
Merry couple,
We will be.

40. *A ſong.*

LOve is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog,
Love is a clog, a great clog, and a cloſe clog,
'Tis a wilderneſs to loſe our ſelves,
Aud a halter 'tis to nooſe our ſelves;
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the clog i'th fire:
Keep in the Kings High-way
Sober, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no female elf,
The halter may go hang it ſelf.
Drink wine and be merry, for love is folly,
And dwels in the houſe of Melancholly.

41. *A ſong.*

THe bluſhing Roſe, and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty fruits, though ſweet, will ſower,
And rot in ripeneſs left untaſted;
Yet here is one more ripe then theſe,
The more you taſte, the more ſhee'l pleaſe.

Beauty though Inclos'd with Ice,
Is a ſhadow chaſte as rare;
Then how much thoſe ſweets intice,
That have iſſue full as fair.

Earth

Earth cannot yield from all her powers,
One equal for Dame *Venus* bowers.

42. *A ſong.*

FOnd fables tell of old,
How *Jove* in *Danaes* lap,
Fell in a ſhowre of gold;
By which ſhe caught a clap:
O! had it been my hap.
How e'er the blow doth threaten
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day,
And night to be ſo beaten.

43. *A ſong.*

CHant birds in every buſh,
The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
The chirping Nightingale,
The Linnet and the Wag-tail,
The Mavis and the Lark,
O how they do begin, hark, hark.

44. *A ſong on the Fairy Queen.*

COme follow, follow me,
You Fairy elves that be,
Come compaſs in this green,
And follow me your Queen.
Hand in hand let's dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.
When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſts,
Unheard, or uneſpy'd
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves,
Then if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,

Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
Then we pinch their arms and thighes,
None us hears, none us eſpies.
But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
For every night before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.
Upon a Muſhroom head,
Our table-cloath is ſpread,
A corn of Rie or Wheat,
Is the dyet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink.
In Acorn cups up to the brink.
The brains of Nightingales,
With unctious fat of Snailes,
Between two Muſcles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
Brains of Worms, and marrow of Mice,
Do make our feaſts of wondrous price.
The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtriſs high,
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-worms light us to our bed.
O're tops of dewie graſs,
So nimbly we do paſſe,
The young and tender ſtalk,
Ne're bends where we do walk:
But in the morning may be ſeen
The night before where we have been.

45. *A Song.*

SAy *Clarinda* while we prove
The mutual acts of bliſſe and Love;
Why weep'ſt, theſe are no maiden fears,
That bath our kiſſes in thy tears.
What faith hath taught thee to begin,
Repentance in the act of ſin?
Or do theſe grieved ſprings run o're,
Becauſe we did not meet before?
Or do thoſe ſilver fountains flow
In envy of thoſe ſilver pearls below;
Or ſorrow melt thy fairer eyes,
Becauſe my *Clare* would be too wiſe?
No, no *Clarinda*, I have found
Of all thy griefs the perfect ground:
And thou muſt needs be ſorry for't,
That ſport ſo ſweet ſhould be ſo ſhort.

46. *A ſong.*

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your ſouls of ſadneſſe;
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
All worldly care is madneſſe.
Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,
And Sectaries ſtill conjecture,
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation:
Phyſicians be fools, to fill up cloſe ſtools,
And cure men by Purgation.
Yet we have a way far better then they,
Which Gallants could never conjecture;
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead,
With a Cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with this liquor are warmed;
We dare out-face the Sergeant's Mace,
And Martial Troops though armed.
The Swediſh King much honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hector*;
Yet we can be, as valiant as he,
With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
Let the worlds ſlave his comfort have,
And hug his hoards of treaſure,
Till he and his wiſh meet both in a diſh,
So dies a miſer in pleaſure.
Tis not a fat farm our wiſhes can charm,
We ſcorn this greedy conjecture;
'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend,
This cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
The Pipe and the Pot, are our common ſhot,
Wherewith we keep a quarter;
Enough for to choak with fire and ſmoke,
The great Turk and the Tartar.
Our faces red, our Enſigns ſpread,
Apollo is our Protector;
To rear up the Scout, to run in and out,
And drink up this Cup of Nectar.

47. *A ſong on a ſcold.*

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together,
I could no longer keep her here
She's gone I know not whether.
Could I but gueſs, I do proteſt
I ſpeak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.
Her body is beſtowed well,
A handſome grave did hide her,

And

And ſure her ſoul is not in Hell,
The Divels would not abide her.
I rather think ſhe's ſoar'd aloft,
For in the laſt great thunder,
Me thought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds aſunder.

47. *A ſong.*

LOve not me for lovely grace,
For my pleaſant eye or face;
Or for any outward part,
No not for my conſtant heart.
Theſe may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I ſhall ever ſever,
Keep therefore a true womans eye,
And love me ſtill, and know not why,
So haſt thou the ſame reaſon ſtill,
To dote upon me ever.

48. *A ſong on Prince* Charles.

FAir fare the Muſes which in well-chim'd verſe
Our Princes noble birth do ſing:
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my King.
And thus I tell,
How every Bell
Did ſound forth *Englands* merry glee:
The Bonefires too,
With much ado:
It were great pity to bely her,
Made *London* ſeem as all on fire,
A joyful ſight to ſee.
2. The wiſeſt Citizens were drunk that day,
With Beer and Wine moſt ſoundly paid;
The Conſtables in duty reel'd away,
And charged others them to aid.
To ſee how ſoon
Both Sun and Moon,

And ſeven ſtars forgotten be,
But all the night
Their heads were light,
With much exalting of their horn,
Becauſe the Prince of *Wales* was born.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

3. The Dutch-men they were drunk ſix daies before,
And pray'd unto us to excuſe their joy;
The French-men vow'd ne're to be ſober more,
But drunk healths to the Royal Boy;
In their own wine,
Both brisk and fine,
The valiant Iriſh cram a cree,
It pleadged hath
In Uſque-bath,
And being in his jovial vain,
He made a bog even of his brain;
A joyful ſight to ſee.

4. The Scots their joy in bonny-Ale did ſing,
And wiſht this royal Babe a man,
That they might beg him, but to be their King,
And let him rule them when he can.
The Spaniard made
A ſhrug, and ſaid,
After my Pipe come follow me,
Canary-ſack
Did go to wreck,
Our Gentlemen with them took part,
The Papiſt drank it with one heart.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

5. The Welch for joy her Couſen Prince was born,
Do mean to change Saint *Davids* day,
Swearing no Leek hereafter ſhall be worn,
But on the twenty nine of May.

None

None so merry,
Drinking Perry,
And Methegling on her knee.
Every man
His crack and Can:
Thus arm'd the Divel they defied,
And durst tell Beelzebub he lyed.
A joyful sight to see.

49. *A Song.*

HE that will woo a widow must not dally,
He must make hay whilest the Sun doth shine,
He must not sue with a shalley, shalley,
But boldly say, Widow thou art mine:
'Tis vain to woo a widow over-long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive,
Widows are subtile, be they old or young,
They know so much they quickly can deceive;
Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind;
Or else she'l be as fickle as the wind.

50. *A Song.*

SHew me no more the Mari-gold,
Whose leaves like grieved arms do fold;
My longings nothing can explain,
But soul and body rent in twain.
Did I not moan,
And sigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I should believe my soul were gone from home.
She's gone, she's gone away, she's fled,
Within thy breast to make her bed;
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,
And sighes are all the breath I blow.
Then come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make me see,
Whether living thus alive or dead I be.

51. *A song.*

IF my mistriss bid me begin,
Shall I say no, no, it is a sin?
If she bid me kiss and play,
Shall I cold fool shrink away?
If she clap my cheek, and spy
Little *Cupids* in my eye,
Pinch my lips, and stroke my hair,
Shall I like a faint heart fear?
O no, no, no, no, I can't do so.

52. *A song.*

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more;
Let's carouse in *Bacchus* fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquour,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then me thinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in liquor swim.

53. *A song.*

NOr fate nor love can I accuse,
For that my love did me refuse,
But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume too mickle bliss:
Too mickle far for me to love,
A maid so like the Saints above;
An Angels face a Saint-like voice,
O too divine for humane choice.

54. *A song.*

WEre my love a silly shepherd,
I would be his shepherdess,
Or were he a poor neat-herd,
I would love him ne'er the less;
But he is one that is well known
To be a man in every part:
And he alone shall be my own,
For in faith I love him with all my heart.

55. *A ſong.*

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears ſhe knows not what:
Let her but a new object find,
And ſhe is of another mind.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.
And if I love the fair one, Why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
For her that's muſical I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a ſong;
And for the fair & ſmooth-skin'd dame
I flatter to appeaſe my flame:
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.
I give my fancy leave to range,
In every face to find a change;
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of variety:
I court you all to ſerve my turn,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burn.
Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.

56. *A ſong.*

HAve you a deſire to ſee
The glorious heavens epitome:
Or an abſtract of the Spring,
Adonis Garden, or a thing?
Here behold it open laid:
More full of wonder Natures ſhop diſplaid,
Hung with choiceſt pieces ſhe hath made,
Here behold it open laid.
Or elſe would you bleſs your eyes,
With a type of Paradiſe?

Or,

Or behold how Poets fain,
Jove to sit amidst his train;
Or see what made *Acteon* rue,
Diana 'mongst her Virgin crew.
Lift up your eyes and view.

57. *A Song on a Star falling over the Arbor where his Mistris sate.*

AS I beheld the quick descent
Of last nights falling star,
I ask't of many what it meant,
Or what it came down for?

Some said it was a Planet sure,
That wandring mist his way,
And finding there a heaven more pure
Would there be fixt, and stay.

Some said the gods were all o're-seen,
When they beheld thy feature;
They lookt on thine, and thought had been
Too fair for any creature.

Mars swore 'twas *Venus* his desire,
And to the gods did say,
Let's send a flame of *Vulcans* fire
To light her in her way.

But sweet if thou wouldst have me tell,
This my opinion is;
When the other gods had view'd thee well,
They needs would beg a blisse.

They sent this star to fetch new light
From thy more radiant eye;
'Twould grace the heavens in cleerest night,
And beautifie the skie.

But keep thy splendor still so rare,
And thou shalt shortly see

They

Thay will be forc'd to have thee there,
Or they 'l come down to thee.

58. *A song.*

GAther your roſe-buds whil'ſt you may,
Old time is ſtil a flying,
Thoſe bloſſoms which do bloom to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to ſetting.

That age is beſt that is the firſt,
When youth and bloud are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt
Which ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may, go marry;
For having once but loſt your prime,
You muſt for ever tarry.

59. *A ſong*

FIre, fire, Io here I burne in ſuch deſire,
That all the tears that I can ſtrain
Out of my empty love-ſick brain,
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean haſt with all thy ſtreams,
And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backwad flye,
And th'Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry

Come

Come heavenly ſhowers, come pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown.
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

60. *A Song.*

I Love a woman be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick, or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe have nothing of the Clown.
'Tis behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live.
Which though it cannot ſpeak her mind
It doth teach how to be kind:
If her tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done;
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamor me;
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yield although ſhe grumble;
If ſhe be ſtudious, and love books,
Learning hath a thouſand hooks.
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pity;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute;
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet not ignorant;
If her hair be black or white,
Colour hinders not delight.
As I began, I'll end my Song,
I love a woman ſhort or long.

61. *A ſong.*

VAin men, whoſe follies make a god of love,
Whoſe blindneſs beauty doth immortal deem;
Praiſe not what you deſire, but what you prove,
Count thoſe things good that are, not thoſe that ſeem.

I can

I cannot call her true, that's false to me,
Nor make of women more then women be.

62. *A Song.*

HAppy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhanted desart, most obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he rest secure:
Where when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless Robbin dwels, with the harmless Thrush.

63. *A Song.*

Aurora to blush have I seen,
I have viewed the leaves of the Rose,
By the new faln snow have I been,
And where the white Lilly grows;
Yet never saw in any place
Pure white and red, but in your face.

64. *A Song.*

HAve you seen the white Lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it,
Have you markt the fall of the snow
Before the soyl hath smutcht it;
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swans down ever?
Have you smelt of the bud of the Bryer,
Or the nard in the fire,
Or tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she.

56 *A Song.*

IS't for a grace, or is't for some mislike,
Where others give the lip, you give your cheek?
Some hold it for a pride of your behaviour,
But I do rather take it for a favour.
Wherefore to shew my kindness, and my love,
I'll leave both lips and cheeks, and kiss your Glove.

The

The reason is to make you full acquainted,
Your gloves perfum'd your lips, & cheeks are painted.

66. *A song.*

NOt wise enough to rule a State,
Nor fool enough to be laught at;
Not childish young, nor Bedlam old,
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold,
Not richly proud, nor basely poor,
Not chaste, yet no reputed whore;
If such a one I chance to find,
I have a Mistriss to my mind.

67. *A song.*

SLeep, sleep, fair Virgin, sleep in peace,
Pity thou dy'st without increase;
Strangers weep that do but hear
How good thou wer't, and how soon gone:
Well may the loser spend a tear,
That knew the joy of such a one.
To thy sweet memory shall be paid
A plenteous dew each morn and even;
Farewel for ever lovely maid,
A Virgin-Lamp on earth, a star in heaven.

68. *A song.*

IPrethee leave, love me no more,
Call home that heart you gave me;
I but in vain that Saint adore
That can, but will not save me.
These poor half kisses will me quit,
Was ever man thus served;
Amidst an Ocean of delight
And pleasure to be starved?
Oh *Tantalus* thy pains no're tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

69. *A ſong.*

LIke Hermite poor in penſive place obſcure,
I mean to ſpend my days of endleſs doubt;
To wail ſuch woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love ſhall ever find me out
Add at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gown of gray my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaff of broken hope, whereon I'le ſtay;
Of late repentance link'd with long deſpair,
The Couch is form'd, whereon my limbs I'le lay:
And at my gates, deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drinſt nought elſe but tears faln from mine eyes;
And for my light in this obſured ſhade,
The flames may ſerve, which from my heart ariſe:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

70. *A ſong.*

WOods, rocks, & mountains, and you deſart places,
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwels,
Hear a poor Maids laſt will, kild with diſgraces,
Slide ſoftly whilſt I ſing, you ſilver fountains,
And let your hollow waters like ſad bells
Ring to my woes, whilſt miſerable I
Curſing my fortune, drop a tear, and die.

71. *A ſong.*

SWeet golden ſlumbers kiſs your tender eyes,
Sweet ſmiles awake you, when you mean to riſe;
Sad care is heavy, therefore ſleep a while,
So ſhall ſweet ſleep thy ſad-fac'd care beguile.
Stay gentle *Morpheus* while ſhe ſleeps her fill:
And bleſs her with ſome ſweet illuſion ſtill:

Sleep gentle creature, sleep and ceaſe to cry,
While I ſit here and ſing thy lullaby.

72. *A ſong.*

1.

LEt her give her hand, her glove,
Let her ſigh, and ſwear ſhe dyes,
He that thinks he hath her love,
I ſhall never think him wiſe:
Then be the old love ne're ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

2.

One nail drives another forth,
Land muſt loſe when ſea doth win:
Next that comes, though leaſt of worth,
Drives him forth that firſt was in.

3.

Store of diſhes make a feaſt.
Shift of cloaths is ſweet and clean:
Change of paſture fats the beaſt,
Think you then ſhe will be lean?
Then be the old love nere ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

73. *A ſong.*

OH let me groan one word into thy ear,
And with that groan break all my vital ſtrings;
Thou that would'ſt never, now vouchſafe to hear
How *Leda*'s bird on ſweet *Meander* ſings:
So dying tapers have their fiery flaſhes,
Aud deadlieſt embers have ſome burning aſhes.
Thoſe were the looks that once maintain'd my
ſtrength,
Thoſe were the words that all my parts did cheriſh,
And what unkindneſs wilt thou gain at length,
If by the ſame I miſerably periſh?
That frown, that frown did in a minute ſtarve
That, which a ſmile did many years preſerve.

74. *A ſong.*

HEnce all you vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't,
But onely Melancholly:
Come folded arms and fixed eyes,
A ſight that piercing mortifies;
A look that's faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

75. *A ſong.*

GO ſpend thy time ſome other way,
Unthrifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what ſhe can,
She's at the beſt not worth a man.
Quench thy flames, and let them dye:
Reaſon bids thee, and not I.
She's a woman, go no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the ſight,
Glo-worm like, they 're beſt in night.
But if you needs muſt loving be,
Let it be no more a ſhe:
Love thy ſelf, and love thy friend,
Love thy Sack, and there's an end.

76. *A ſong.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was ſound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

2.

A bounty of a ſtrong conceit,
To ſend mine own to me,
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate,
Then when it came to thee.

3.
The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound,
But thou haſt ſent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.
O heavens! how wouldſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

77. *A ſong.*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his fatal dart;
Cloſe up thoſe caſements and but hear,
this Siren ſing,
and on the wing
Of her ſweet voice it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes, behold
the curious mold,
Where that voice dwells, and as we know,
when the Cocks crow,
And Sol is mounted on his way,
we freely may,
gaze on the day:
So may you when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

78. *A ſong.*

MAdam be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It fits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without Index.
Theſe bare ſigns do but bid us look
For unknown ſtuff in your two-leav'd book.

Sparia

Spartan Ladies ſome there be
Which to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breaſts let us ſee,
Which tells your hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*,
A bare breaſt ſhews an open———

They hang forth ſigns at common Inns,
That ſtrangers may know where to lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel-badge;
Theſe wanton ſigns direct men *gratis*.
The high-way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen,
Did horniſie *Actæons* creſt,
And the fair ſtript *Hebrew* Queen,
Her huſbands fore-head finely dreſt;
Shut up then Madam, flye mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flye, and fall,
For to encourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare; and all.
You with your fair breaſts would, belike,
Move even a heartleſs man to ſtrike.

Our grandame *Eve* before the fall,
Went naked, and ſham'd not a whit,
You not to one, but, unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for th' whole.

The maſk you wear upon your face,
Upon your breaſts would better ſhow,
By nature that's a naked place,
Then Madam uſe your Maſk below,

Leſt that ſome gazing fellow venter,
And ſo deſcend to loves low center.

79. *A ſong.*

HE that loves a roſie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeek,
Fewel to maintain his fires:
As old times makes theirs decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

2.

Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where there are not, I deſpiſe,
Loves cheeks, or his lips or eyes.

3.

Celia now no tear can win
My reſolv'd heart to return,
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And find nought but pride and ſcorn,
I have learn'd thine art, and now
Can diſdain as much as thou.

80. *A ſong.*

COme ſorrow come, bring all thy cryes,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes.
Burn out the living monuments of wo,
Sad ſullen griefs now riſe and over-flow:
Virtue is dead, oh cruel fate,
All youth is fled, all our lament's too late.
Our noble youth to thy ne're dying name,
Oh happy ſoul to thy nere dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this ſacred knell
Our laſt love rings; farewel, farewel, farewel.

An Ode.

BEauty clear and fair:
Where the ayr

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

3.

Where to live neer,
And planted there,
Is to live and ſtill live new,
Where to gain a favour is,
More then life, perpetual bliſs,
Make me live by ſerving you.

4.

Dear again back recall
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelf and all,
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and all the glory,
I am your ſervant, and your thrall,

82. *A ſong.*

FAir Maid, you did but caſt your eye ere while,
your ripening eyes,
Upon a bank of Camomile,
And ſtreight a bluſhing birth
of ſtraw-berries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth.
Would you have every harveſt here,
Still laſt, then do no more,
But kiſs your Sycamore,
That Myrtle or that Bay;
And Berries will appear
Not onely ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

83. *A ſong.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betrayes,
They whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſs, and her who ſports and playes,
He whom the country formed, and her whom the town.
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you,
Will it not ſerve your turn,
To do as did your mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would find out other:
Or doth the ſhame that men are true, torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but binde me not, and let me go:
Muſt I come to travel through you,
Grow your ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes alas, ſome two or three
Poor Hereticks in love there be,
Who think t'eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy.
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who are falſe to you.

84. *A Song.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good morrow Sir to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2. Good

2.

Good morrow to this Cow-slip too,
Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers this tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love was laid.

3.

Ah wo is me, wo, wo is me,
Alack and welladay,
For pity Sir, find out that he,
That bore my love away.

4.

I'le seek him in your Cities brave,
I'le seek him in your eyes,
Nay now I think they have made his grave
I'th bed of Strawberries.

5.

I'le seek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kisse,
By you Sir, to awake him.

6.

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knowes well who doth love him,
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of Balsam bind him,
And bring him back, but 'tis decreed,
That you shall never find him.

85. *A song.*

SEest thou those Jewels which she wears,
In that rich Carkanet,
And those on her dishevel'd hair,
Fair pearl in order set.
Believe young man all those were tears,
From sundry wooers sent,

In Bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of diſcontent.
Which when not warmed by her love,
By bold neglect each one,
Congealed to pearl and ſtone,
Which now the ſpoiles of love upon her,
She wears as Enſigns of her honour:
Wherefore young man beware, and thus ſurmiſe,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eyes.

16. *A Song.*

OH what a ſhow
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Thoſe garments appear.
How't does a man good,
And ſtirs the life-blood,
To touch and to take,
How the ſenſes awake:
How the whiſtling ſilk,
Our fancy doth milk,
How every thing ſhowes,
And how the waſte growes
From little to leſſe;
Oh I could gueſs,
But 'tis a ſaucy ſin,
Give me the luſty, luſty life within.

17. *A ſong.*

PReſerve thy ſighes, unthrifty girle,
To purifie the air,
Thy tears to thread inſtead of Pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The trumpet makes the Eccho hoarſe,
And wakes the talking drum,
Th'expreſſe of grief gains no remorſe,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb,

3. For

3.
For I muſt go where ſilken peace
Hath loſt her drowſie head,
And for the ſport of Kings, encreaſe
The number of the dead.

4.
But firſt I'le chide thy cruel theft,
Can I in war delight,
That being of my heart bereft,
Have no heart left to fight?

88. *A Sonnet.*

IT is not feature nor a face,
That doth my free election grace,
Nor are my paſſions only led,
By a well-temper'd white and red.
Could I enamoured be of thoſe,
The Lilly and the bluſhing Roſe,
United in one Stock might be
As dear unto my thoughts, as ſhe.
But I ſearch further, and do finde,
Far richer treaſure in her mind;
Where ſomething is ſo laſting fair,
That age nor art can it impair.
Hadſt thou a perſpective ſo clear,
That thou could'ſt view my object there,
Thou'ldſt wonder, and confeſſe that I
Had cauſe to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgment, not by ſence.

89. *A ſong.*

SO doth the early Lark ſalute the day,
So the young Birds do skip and play,
When the Suns cheerful beams ariſe,
Such is the precious luſtre of thine eyes,
For without that light,
With me 'tis endleſs night.

By them I live, I ſpring, I grow, and have
By their Eclipſe a mournful grave.
When our hard parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure
Great pain till it renews again:
But we will borrow from loves fire,
To kindle and enflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet not, we may
By that warmth think there is another day.
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more clear.

90. *A Song.*

AWay, away delights,
Away you follies all,
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud, and fear no fall,
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and deſie fair fame;
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh an endleſs ſhame.
A lovely face, and not a virtuous mind,
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpair behind.

91. *A Song.*

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire.
And old men worſe then you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And with the power of my inchanting ſong,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.

92. *A Song.*

WHen doth love ſet forth deſire?
In prime of youth men ſay.
And when again will it retire?
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweetneſs of love is,
The night comes not at Lovers call,
Being come, ſtayes not their leiſure,
Houres that are ſweet, are ſwift withall.
And attend not on our pleaſure:
Then you in youth that think of this,
Taſte what the ſweet of beauty is.

93. *A Song.*

SAd Sorrow put thy cypreſs Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Preſent thy ſelf, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou maiſt not force to ſleep.
And that his ſong if any yet dare ſing,
May be the fall, may be the fall, of ſome unhappy
King.

94. *A ſong of ſleep.*

FAir eyes let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Caſe up theſe ſparks ye gem of Lovers,
In calmneſs reſt,
Thy pillow ſhall be *Venus* breſt,
Lullabie, lullabie.

95. *A ſong of the Holy Buſh.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch,
Laſie ſleep we diſpatch
From hence as far as *Dedford*;
For your flock bed and your feather
We expoſe to the weather,
And hang all the ſheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the Furies of the night,
Scarlet Fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump browny louſe,
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is a ſouldiers fellow.

The Goblings and their Gig,
We regard not a fig;
Our fancies they cannot vary;
We ne're pity girles that do
Find no treaſure in their ſhoo,
But are nipt by the tyrannous Fairy:
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

Liſt, the noiſe of the chairs
Wakes the wench to her prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worſe then a witch in,
Back and ſides ſhe intailes
With the print of her nails,
She'l teach to ſnort in the Kitchin,
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

Some the night-Mare hath preſt,
With that weight on their breſt,
The returns of their breath cannot paſs;
But with us that tale is addle,
We can take off her ſaddle,
And turn out the Night-Mare to graſs.
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

Now no more will we hark
To the charms of the Lark,
Nor the tunes of the early Thruſh;

All

All the woods ſhall retire
And ſubmit to the quire
Of the birds of the holy buſh.
Chorus, then ſleep, &c.

While the Country Laſſe
With her Dairy doth paſſe,
Our joyes no tongue can utter;
For we Centries ſtand,
And exact by command,
The exciſe of her Lips and butter.
Chorus, then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet Fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny louſe
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is the Souldiers fellow.

96. A ſong.

PRepare thy hollow womb, O earth,
To take unto thy dead arms and embrace
A tear-dew'd hearſe, in death now do him graee,
O never was derived from humane birth
A King ſo lov'd, ſo honour'd, ſo renown'd,
Peace to thy ſoul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes, O thy dear name,
Stop tears, drop heart, never was wound
So deep, ſo deadly to a Land,
O cruel ſtroke, O fatal hand.

97. A ſong.

URnes and Odors bring away,
Vapours ſighs darken the day;
Our griefs more heavy look
Then dying youth too ſoon took,

Our

Our doleful chears
Be ſacred Vials fill'd with tears.
Our clamours through the wild air flying,
All ſad and ſolemn ſhowes of dying,
What evers ſerious, to mirth foes,
Attend upon our funeral woes.

98. *A ſong.*

ADverſe fortunes ever flye thee,
No diſaſtrous fate come nigh thee:
O worthy of worthieſt name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy Forces on, under wars martial ban-
Love and fortune may they ſtill, ner.
Be guided by thy noble will,
Arts and forces victory, attend thee nigh,
Whileſt fame ſings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on thee bleſt ſhowres;
Arms and Honours enrich thy ſtory,
To thy fames eternal glory.

99. *A ſong.*

FLow ſtreams of briny ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful obſequies;
My love is dead, he's dead, I muſt remain,
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memory,
A Sea of love; O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, I'le dye.

100. *A ſong.*

LOſe no time nor youth, but be
As kind to them, as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy cheeks, and purely ſhow,
The Cherry and the Roſe that blow:
If too long they hang, they'l waſte,
Winter comes which all will blaſt,
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy ſweets be gathered then.

101. *A ſong.*

AWay delight, go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I will bid farewel;
Falſe hope thy tongues is ever telling
Lye after lye;
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts,
Alas for pity,
Stay and ſire ſome other hearts
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not ſo, nor ſhall not be,
Never again deluding love ſhall know me,
For I will dye,
And all theſe griefs that over-grow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I reſt, whileſt poor maids cry
Alas for pity ſtay and let us dye,
That men may
But mock our clay.

102. *A ſong in praiſe of Ale.*

WHen that the chill Charocco blowes,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When Pies, and Daws, and Rooks and Crowes,
Do ſit and curſe in froſt and ſnows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a Saxon Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Alkin* prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the Poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.

Ale that the abſent battel ſights,
And ſcorns the march of Sweediſh drum,
Diſputes of Princes, Laws and rights,
What's done and paſt, tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale that the Plowmans heart up keeps.
And equals it to Tyrants thrones,
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And luls in ſweet and dainty ſleep,
The o're-wearied bones.

Grandchilde of *Ceres*, barlyes daughter,
Wines emulous neighbour if but ſtale,
Ennobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter,
Oh give me Ale.

103. *A ſong.*

A Liberal heart makes our Fiddles ring,
And a free-heart commands us to ſing,
The Steward is our tune and ſtring,
Heig ho now play any thing
Of *Dick* and *Tom*, he that vexes at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer ſtar reigned at his birth.

Such a Steward ever live,
To be merry and to give,
To be lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring,
That keeps the good march-Beer from ſowring.
He that vexes at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

Let us ſing time away.
Some drink, ſome laugh, whileſt we do play,
The Steward gives us wine and pay,
Heigho holiday.
The Steward is our tune and ſtring,
Strike up boyes, play any thing
Of *Gill* or of *Joan*——
He that vexes at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

104. *A ſong.*

FRom the temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden-head;
Wiſhing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleaſures that he can,
'Twixt a woman and a man.
So merrily, merrily, we paſſe along,
With our joyful, with our joyful Bridal ſong.

105. *A ſong.*

CUpid is *Venus* only joy,
But he is a wanton Boy;
He ſhoots at Ladies naked breſts,
He is the cauſe of moſt mens creſts;
I mean upon the fore-head,
Inviſible, but horrid;
'Twas he firſt thought upon the day,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

106. *A ſong.*

COme my hony, my douſe, my del, my dear,
We have neither houſe nor land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no cares for lands or rents,
We lye, we ſwear,
VVe ſport intents,
We rouſe betimes, and quickly ſteal our dinners,
VVe're ne're taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners.
At wakes and at Faires we couzen
Poor Country folks by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
Whileſt the other they pick their purſes,
VVhen thus out of uſe,
VVe cover our cloathes,

Our

Our boots, and our gingling rowels,
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with towels.
We dance and we friſk,
And merrily whisk
Our morrice unto the tabour;
The fools that would ſee
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their fobs for our labour;
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eaſes.
He that's a Gipſie,
May be drunk or tipſie
At any hour he pleaſes;
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle.
Then live with us, &c.

107. *A ſong.*

WEe all ſee how faith and fame,
Are followed by deſire and ſhame,
How that women wanton are,
Their follies foul, their faces fair;
Oh a handſome maid did moan,
Alas, for her maiden-head was gone;
For loſſe of which ſhe did ask all men, (den-head.
Till that ſhe were ſped, who 'twas had found her mai-
l'th City. Sir, we ſaw beſides the market-place,
A maid that cry'd, a handſome maid, gone it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you ſeen?
Did you hear what was her moan,
Oh her maiden-head was gone.
Maids that do loſe that Jewel amongſt men,
They know not how to find it, find it they know not when.

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love-Tokens, &c.

upon a Scarf preſented.

TAke this Scarf, bind *Cupid* hand and foot,
So love muſt ask you leave before he ſhoot.

upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your huſwifry betray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

upon a Looking-glaſs preſented.

Blinde fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you your ſelf may ſee.

Upon a Fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen,
Take then this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain gold-Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,
This plain gold-Ring to wed you to your will.

upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, your hands are fallen into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe Bracelets are.

On a Scarf preſented.

Faireſt, wear this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the wind defend;
For whatſoever breaths, this air will be
Deſirous for to kiſs thy lips like me.

On a Looking-glaſs preſented.

In this ſame Looking-glaſs my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou wouldſt ſhew
Her cheerful countenance to me.

But why do I accuſe thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a Fairing requeſted.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtris faith,
Bribe it with gifts, mine no ſuſpition hath;
It were a ſin of a deep ſtain for me
To think you falſe, as ſo my ſelf to be:
If to reward for that you have expreſt,
You may expect a Preſent, 'tis confeſt,
'Twere Juſtice from another; but I am
So poor, I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by ſtyle before,
He that beſtowes himſelf, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fayring from me then,
Give me thy ſelf, I'le give my ſelf again.

A Country-Clowns Preſent.

I ſend thee here a Ribbon, a whole yard,
I had ſent thee Garters, but the world's ſo hard;
If Ribbon will not pleaſe thee, then let ſhe
Hang in her old Garters, ſhall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this ſame Knife,
Elſe end my life.

On his Picture cut in ſilver preſented.

Pray take me kindly Miſtriſs, kiſſe me too,
The ſubſtance will do more for you.

On a twiſt of her hair.

When this about thine arm doth reſt,
Remember him that loves thee beſt.

On a pair of Gloves preſented.

Faireſt, to thee I ſend theſe Gloves,
If you love me, leave out the G,
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another.

Theſe Gloves I ſend for thy delight,
For to ſet off thy purer white.

On

On a ſilver Bodkin preſented.

My deareſt ſweet, like this is Love,
It muſt be thruſt in, and then it muſt move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Viol in the time of her abſence.

Mournful Tunes to her complain,
And now ſhe is gone, ſigh her diſdain:
When that ſhe gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her, as much.

On a Ropes-end preſented in Mirth to his Miſtriſſe.

Leſt our loves ſhould part or ſever,
Here's a Rope to tie us together.

Her anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new;
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

On his ſending a Handkerchief.

Here back to thee I do reſend thy clout,
Take away C. and then I ſend thee lout.

On a pair of Gloves ſent his Miſtriſſe.

With theſe love-bands,
I binde thy hands.

The Lover perſwades his Miſtriſſe to pin on her maſk, and preſents her with theſe verſes.

Thy Maſk put on, thy beauty's lighter,
This darkneſſe makes thoſe flames ſhine brighter;
The Sun gilds clouds, But from thine eyes,
A day through night more clear doth riſe.

On a Knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, ſince once your welcome hand,
With your warm touch did my new life command;
Vouchſafe the ſame hand ſtill, to ſhew thereby
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a Knife I give, your beauties charm
Will keep the edge from doing any harm;

Wooll

Wool duls the ſharpeſt blade, and will not ſuch
A weak edge turn, meeting a ſofter touch?

On the Letter of a wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The *I.* an everlaſting joy.
The *F.* a friend unto thy health,
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The Reply.

The *W.* is double woe,
The *I.* nought elſe but jelouſie,
The *F.* a fleeting flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Miſtriſſes Watch.

Go and count her better hours,
That more happy are then ours;
The day that gives her any bliſs,
Mak't as long again as 'tis;
The hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine art encreaſt to three;
But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be ſwift in ſuch an hour, and ſoon
Make it night, though't be but noon,
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty purſe.

Heaven's a place, ſome ſay, where Angels dwell,
My Purſe wants Angels, therefore call it hell.

A Parſon to his Miſtriſs.

My perſon is divine, my Parſonage large and fair,
Come joyn thy love with mine, we'l make a loving (pair.

Her Anſwer.

Your perſon is divine, your Parſonage during life,
But if you chance to die (then) wher's the Parſons wife?

To

To his Mistriss, tying a Ribbon about his wrist.

THis silken wreath that circles in mine arm,
Is but an Embleme of the mystick charm,
Where with the Magick of your beauty bindes
My captive soul, this round about it windes;
My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my minde,
That to your beauty onely 'tis confin'd;
Time may wear out these soft weak bands, but those
Strong charms of love fate never shall unlose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exist;
To that my prayers, and sacrifice; to this
I onely pay a superficial kiss:
This but the idol, that's the Deity,
Religion there is due, here ceremony:
That I receive in faith, but this in trust,
Here I may render duty, there I must:
This moves like air, that like the center stands
That knot your virtues tyed, this but your hands;
That nature fram'd, but this is made by Art,
This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

upon nothing left for a new-years gift.

These costly Kalends put me to my shift,
What I should send thee for a New-years gift;
Nor India, nor Ophire, yield me gem or gold,
I want those knacks that in the Burse are sold,
Chains, bracelets, ear-rings, *Ariadnes* lawn,
The curious work by holy Sisters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compass; so
All that I have is nothing to bestow.
Accept it pray, the gift beseems you well,
For you do nothing want that I can tell.
Scorn not the present, look on't, and you'll find
'Tis of great worth, nothing contents the mind,
Nothing is happy, nothing is truly good,
For nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood!

And though for nothing Lawyers speak not now,
Yet about nothing, they make much ado.
So rare is nothing, that now adaies 'tis made
Reward unto desert, service is paid
Richly with nothing; therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new-nothing on your sleeve.

Posies for Rings, and other pleasant things.

Rings and true friends,	Are without ends.
The Ring is grac'd,	That so is plac'd.
The love that is chaste	Doth never waste.
It was not sent	In complement.
Think on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us share	In joy and care.
In thy breast	My heart doth rest.
Good wives and health	Are mans best wealth.
Love is here	In the true sphear.
This wreath of gold	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move	A fixed love.
Despise not me,	I joy in thee.
Reading this	Wish me a kiss.
I vow to kiss	Her that reads this.
Absence never parts	Two loving hearts.
This and the giver	Are thine for ever.
Absence will prove	The truest love.
Ah be not coy	My dearest joy.
The love I owe	I must shew.
Of all the rest	I love thee best.
Rather never	Then once and not for ever
No turtle Dove	Shall shew more love.
As I affect thee	So respect me.
Well directed	If accepted.

The

The love I owe I fain would ſhew.
This give I you Love to renew.
O that I might Enjoy my delight.
If you to harbour me deny,
I periſh in the Waves and die.
When this you ſee Think well of me.
Virtue and love Are from above.
Like to a circle round No end in love is found.
More neer to me Then life can be.
This and I Until I die.
Had I not ſpoke My heart had broke.
Your conſent Is my content.
'Tis love alone Makes two but one.
You and I Will lovers die.
Though friends croſs love We'll meet above.
Sweeteſt thou art My deareſt heart,
I languiſhing die If you denie.
Faithful love Can ne're remove.
Deſire like fire Doth ſtill aſpire.
All come to live And live to love.
We lingred long Yet lik'd at laſt.
I ſeek to be Not thine but thee.
In thee each part Doth catch a heart.
I love none But you alone.
Loves knot once tied Who can divide?
In bodies two In heart but you.
My heart, ah me Is fled to thee.
As I to thee So wiſh to me.
When *Cupid* fails Thy eye prevails.
True love appears In midſt of tears.
Be thou mine As I am thine.
Ile rather die Then my promiſe deny.
My love for this Deſerves a kiſs.
Till death doth call My heart and all.
My fancy is Endleſs as this.
My joy will die If you deny.

Some comfort give
Hit or miſs
What I call mine
My faith once paſt
My conſtant love
Loves delight
Thy true affection
So decreed
Each day I die
We muſt be one
No change whatſoever
Till death us part
Be firm to me
God above
My heart liveth
Nothing for thee
I joy in one
My love by this
More I cannot
Heart and hand
Though far apart
The love I owe
Where this I give
By this token
No recompence
My hearts love
Once reſpected
I wiſh to have
Your ſight
In thy breſt
Let friend nor foe
My love to thee
Your friend am I
Take this in part
Bleſt election
I fancy none

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs*.
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall ne're remove.
Is to unite.
My perfection.
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee.
Increaſe our love.
Where it loveth.
Too dear can be.
But enjoy none.
Preſented is
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet neer in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know.
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will die.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For

For a kiſſe — Take this.
In every grief — Love yields relief.
Its in thy will — To ſave or kill.
Where hearts agree — No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee — As death to me.
I joy to find — A conſtant mind.
Loves knot once ty'd — Who can divide?
In conſtancy — I live and dye.
I am yours — Whil'ſt life endures.
Love never dies — Where virtue cries.
Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely love.

FEar God and me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I find, thee did I chuſe,
Thee do I binde, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I well requited thee.

I love thy beauty, but thy virtue moſt;
Virtue is fond when beautie's loſt.

As I expect, ſo let me finde,
A faithful heart, a conſtant mind.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time,
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did find, my heart made choice,
Of her that makes me now rejoyce.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath kept my heart for thee,
Grant that our love may faithful be.

My faith is given, this pledg doth ſhow,
A work from heaven, perform'd below.

Where virtue is the cauſe of love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a mate for me,
I'le honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, wealth, and beauty, all do well,
But conſtant love doth far excel.

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death ſhall change my mind.

Innumerable are the Stars I ſee,
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A ſhort Riddling entertainment.

Queſt. MY fleſh and my skin is red,
But white is all my heart,
Where round about the wall is ſet,
Beaten with every Dart?

Sol. *It is a Cherry and a cherry-ſtone.*

Queſt. What is that is as white as ſnow,
And yet as black as any Crow,
And more pliant then a wand
Tyed in a ſilken band;
And every day a Princes Peer
Looks on it with a mirth that's clear?

Sol. *It is a Book, tyed with a ſilken lace,*
Whoſe paper is as white as ſnow,

Inke

Inke as black as a Crow.
And leaves more pliant then any wand.

Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter.
I have lived among books, yet am never the better,
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know not a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you rehearſe?

Sol. *A worm bred in a Book.*

Queſt. One evening as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together,
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And dyed that night all in a ſweat?

Sol. *A pound of Candles.*

Q. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand, and you ſhall ſee?

Sol. *It is the finger that was not, nor is not,*
Nor will it be, ſo great as the other fingers.

Q. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon I crave,
As being got again you have.
Nay if you forfeit of my requeſt,
Your gift returns with intereſt,
'Tis not ſo wanton as't may ſhew
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow,
Such as your beauties ſympathize,
When *Cupid*'s quivered in your eyes;
That bliſſe which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana*'s fire;
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play
Is given, and is gone away;
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady, tell me what it is?

Sol. *A kiſſe.*

Q. My Coat is green, and I can prate
Of divers things within my grate,
In ſuch a Priſon I am fer,

That hath more trap-holes then a net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a cage of wire.*

Queſt. In open field I cannot lye;
Within a box of Ivory,
My Lady reſts me quietly?

Sol. *A Fan of Feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be
That is an implement of three,
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead,
No man would without it wed,
And, by which thing or had or loſt,
Each marriage is made up, or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of a man, a Triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round I am, yet cannot reſt,
When I am mounted of the beſt?

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt I know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear,
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Me thinks it ſoundeth like a lye,
That female plants I know its true,
In London ſtreets bear Oyſters new:
And Fiſh and Fleſh, and now and then,
They bear I tell you handſome men?

Sol. *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy maſter in my name; when trees are turned and wells be dry;
And dead, for quick then come will I.

Sol. *'Tis mid-night, when a Gentlewoman counfelling her meaning, promiſed her lover that ſhe would come.*

A Propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two ſuiters ſate a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And of the enamoured two, the first alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none.
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before;
And then these Lovers browes were both about
Beset with Garlands, whilest she sate without;
Beholding then these rivals on each side
Of her thus placed, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows she clad.
And now this Lady, and the second were
In Garlands deckt, and the first man sate bare:
Now which did she love best, of him to whom
She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit we him would soonest have*
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave;
For to bestow divers respects may move,
But to receive, none should perswade but love:
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more graced;
For where she gives, she there a servant makes,
But makes her self a servant where she takes.
Then where she takes, she honours most, and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

Quest. As bitter as gall, as sweet milk,
As high as a wall, and hard withal?

Sol. *A wall-nut upon a tree.*

Quest. I am called by the name of man,
Yet am as little as a mouse,
When winter comes, I love to be
With my red Target neer the house.

Sol. *A Robbin red-brest.*

Quest. Ten mens length, and ten men strength,
And ten men cannot rear?

Sol. *A Cable-Rope.*

Quest. I was not, I am not, nor shall not be,
Yet I do walk, as men may see.

Sol. *It is a man whose name was* Not. (again,

Q. In the last minute of mine age, I do wax young
And have so still continued, since the world did first (begin?

Sol. *It is the Moon,*

Q. I do owe most, yet nothing pay,
Evil I am, and the worst I say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Q. Beyond the seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egg,
And in that Egg there is a yolk,
Which calls together Christian folk?

Sol. *It is the clapper of a Bell within a steeple, for the Church is taken for the Oak, the steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egg, the Clapper for the Yolk.*

Q. 10000. Children beautiful, of this my body bred,
Both sons and daughters finely deckt, alive and they are dead?
My sons were put to extreme grief, by such as loved them well; (tell.
My daughters dyed of extreme age, by whom I cannot

Sol. *The mother is a Tree, the sons the fruit, and the Daughters the leaves.*

A mysterious Epitaph.

NOt born, not dead, not christned, not begot,
So here she lyes, that was, and that was not,
She dy'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more,
Was in her life, not honest, not a whore;
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which whilest thou seem'st to read, thou readest not.

Quest, There are thick bushes, little ones,
Where on grow prickles and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull,
'Tis hard, 'tis round, 'tis plump, 'tis full,
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

The

The sweet sucke, they cease to play,
And cast the empty skin away.
Sol. *A Gooseberry.*

Choice Apothegmes and Proverbs, collected from divers Authors, upon sundry occasions.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Castle, breed quarrels.
2 And old wife mans scabberd, is better then a young buzzards sword.
3 Virtue never growes old.
4 To a fair day open your window.
5 Old wine, and an old friend, are good provisions.
6 Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
7 She spins well that breeds her Children.
8 Marry your Son when you will, your daughter when you can.
9 Daily not with money, nor women.
10 None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
11 I wept when I was born, and every day shewes why.
12 He that plays his money ought not to value it.
13 They that know one another, salute afar off.
14 Think of ease, but work on.
15 A woman and a glasse are ever in danger.
16 Truth and oyl are ever above.
17 Honey is sweet, but the Bee stingeth.
18 He hath great need of a fool, that playeth the fool himself.
19 He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
20 Building, and marrying of children, are great wasters.

21 Play

21 Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.

22 The eye and Religion, can bear no jesting.

23 An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.

24 On painting and fighting, look aloof off.

25 Marry a widow, before she leaves mourning.

26 Good words quench more, then a bucket of water.

27 By Suppers more have been killed then *Gallen* ever cured.

28 Many kisse the hand they wish cut off.

29 He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

30 Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31 If you would know secrets, look them in grief, or pleasure.

32 Fine words dress ill deeds.

33 Praise a Hill, but keep low.

34 If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

35 Water, fire, and souldiers, quickly make room.

36 Fair words, make me look to my purse.

37 The offender never pardons.

38 He that is angry at a feast, is rude.

39 Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.

40 He that hath horns in his bosome, let him not put them on his head.

41 In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

42 The hearts Letter, is read in the eyes.

43 He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.

44 Chuse a horse rad, and a wife to make.

45 The Court hath no Almanack.

46 The ignorant hath an Eagles wings, and an Owles eyes.

47 The Cholerick Drinks, the melancholly hates, and the flegmatick sleeps.

47 Con-

48 Converſation makes one what he is.
49 Wine is a turn-coat, firſt a friend, and then an enemy.
50 Many things are loſt, for want of asking.
51 Love makes one fit for any work.
52 Love makes his Kingdome without a Sword.
53 Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54 Love makes faith, and faith firmneſs.
55 Love and buſineſſe, find eloquence.
56 He that Loves the tree, loves the branch.
57 Love and a Cough, cannot be conceal'd.
58 Love is not found in the Market.
59 Love is the true price of love.
60 A houſe and a woman ſute excellently.
61 Diſcreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
62 Things well fitted abide.
63 In chuſing of a wife, and buying of a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.
64 Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
65 Who lets his wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have a good wife, nor good horſe.
66 The tooth-Ach is more eaſie then love.
67 Willows are weak, yet they bind others.
68 Gaming, women, and wine, whileſt they laugh, make men pine.
69 In the husband wiſdome, in the wife gentleneſſe.
70 Beauty draws more then Oxen,
71 If the mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her daughter there.
72 Three women make a market.
73 He that marries for wealth, ſells his liberty.
74 A gentle heart is tyed with an eaſie thread.
75 Fair language grates not the tongue.
76 Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

77 He

77 He that marries late, marries ill.

78 Words are women, deeds are men.

79 Pleasure long expected, is dear enough sold.

80 A woman conceals what she knows not.

81 He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.

82 All truths are not to be told.

83 A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

84 What your glasse tells you, will not be told by Counsel.

85 Mills, and wives, ever want.

86 He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.

87 Prettiness dyes first.

88 A poor Beauty finds more husbands then Lovers.

89 Who hath a Woolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.

99 He that is not handsom at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at fourty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsom, strong, rich, wise.

91 Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

92 He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

93 I had rather ride on a horse that carries me, then an Asse that throwes me.

94 While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.

95 Who doth his own business, foules not his hands.

96 Disgraces are like Cherries, one draws another.

97 He playes well that wins.

98 The Royal Crown cures not the head-ache.

99 He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.

100 Nothing dryes sooner then tears.

101 Long

101 Long jesting was never good.
102 Sweet discourse makes short dayes and nights.
103 Night is the mother of counsel.
104 Soft and fair goes far.
105 A Ship and a woman are ever repairing.
106 The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107 He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
108 Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
109 He that is at ease, seeks vanities.
110 The first and the last Frost is the worst.
111 A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112 He that will take the bird, must not skare it.
113 Ill ware is never cheap.
114 Were there not fooles, bad ware would not passe.
115 Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
116 They that are booted are not alwaies ready.
117 Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118 In the world, who knows not to swim, goes to the bottome.
119 Though the Sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120 Far shooting never kill'd bird.
121 He that hath the spice, may season as he lists.
122 Water afar off quencheth not fire.
123 The wearer knows where the shoo tings.
124 One flower makes no Garland.
125 A fool may throw a stone into a Well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126 To the counsel of fools a word is best.
127 There are many waies to fame.
128 The shortest answer, is doing.
129 A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

130 Lit-

130 Little dogs ſtart the Hare, the great ones get her.

131 Wiſdom hath one foot on the land, and another on the Sea.

132 Wine in the Bottle, doth not quench the thirſt.

133 An idle head, is a box for the wind.

134 If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135 At Court, every one is for himſelf.

136 'Tis good walking with a horſe in one's hand.

137 In an hundred ells of contention, there is not one inch of love.

138 You muſt loſe a flye to catch a groat.

139 For a morning-rain leave not your journey.

140 The Mill cannot grinde with the water that is paſt.

141 The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142 Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.

143 Milk ſayes to wine, welcome friend.

144 The houſe ſhews the owner.

145 Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.

146 He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.

147 Never had ill workmen good tools.

148 When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

149 He that ſtudies his content, oftentimes wants it.

150 Health without money, is half a ſickneſſe.

151 There is no equity in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152 It is better to give a ſhilling away, then lend twenty.

153 Before thou marry, have thy dwelling place.

154 Handſome women without portions, find more ſweet-hearts then husbands.

155 Happy is he that oweth nothing.

Phraſes

Phrases for the beginning of Letters, for our greater speed in our urgent occasions.

DEsiring to refresh the memory of your good will, I thank you for the courtesie I received at your hands.

I pray you honor me so much, as to bear my Neece company.

Let me request this courtesie at your hands.

I must intreat you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you bear to me.

Sir, Let me advise you not to slip any opportunities, to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuse me, if my haste force me to be familiar with you.

Phrases for the conclusions of Letters in haste.

WHerefore let me intreat you to advise me, or give me counsel, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore I do again desire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The best interest, or use, which you shall have for

the

the money you lent me is, that I will here confeſs and ſubſcribe my ſelf your, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my ware, or of any thing my ſhop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I ſhall have the meanes to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will, whileſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies yours.

If you think good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſs, that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall finde me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, *F. G.*

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you owe me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, *L. W.*

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the leaſt part of that ſervice he ows you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertiſe you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldneſs to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours.

Deſi-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and increase of all kinde of prosperity, with my prayers to God, to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes and desires; yours, G. L.

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, Yours, &c.

The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

SIR,

THese strokes of my hand, shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you anew, the purpose I have alwaies had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant, *Yours, Sir.*

Another. 2.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all Your servants.

Another upon the sending of a token. 3.

See SIR,

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall finde me what I profess, that is, Sir,

Yours.

A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 4.

SIR, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both shall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble suitor, and I Sir, as

Your most affectionate servant.

Another to the same effect. 5.

Sir,

MY passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great. I shall expect this courtesie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, since in very deed, I am

Your most humble servant.

A Letter for answer to requests. 6.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands, to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as shall be requisite for your service; for whilest I am any thing, Sir, I am, *Your servant.*

Another humble expression of one's self to a friend. 7.

SIR, I am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you: and I bestow them on you, without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, since that will make me still appear, wheresoever I am, like my self, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

Sir, *Another.* 8.

YOur requests are affected, and by consequence, my desires are accomplished; the one depending

on

one the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall be always my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmost endeavours, for they proceed, Sir, from *Your most humble servitor.*

A Complemental Letter. 9.

Sir,

I Have nourisht in my self, a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service, and take more delight in rendring my self yours, then in the ways of the world: I beseech you therefore to honor me with your commands: I acknowledg my self an enemy to Courtship, but I dare protest this, That though you may have more powerful, you can never have a more considerable servant: For I am

Yours most affectionately.

Another. 10.

SIR, It is my publick profession to appear, in all places, a servant to your merits; your interests have obliged me, to which I shall always remain indebted, making more account of the least of them, then of all the respects I am able to render you, which may witness the pasion I have to maintain the quality, Sir, of *Your very humble servant.*

A Letter of silence. 11.

THe onely way, Sir, to conserve me in your memory, is to write to me. Silence is a sworn enemy to friendship: If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no more to me, send me my Letters back again: You may so change your humour when you please, if you desire not to renew Obligations of my service: I honour you so extremely, that I must of necessity address these lines to you: The Protestations I have made to live and dye yours, have raised in me this resolution, not to lose the honour of your remembrance, though you should make little esteem of him, who is, *Your humble servant.*

The

Sir,

The Answer, 12.

ACcuse me of importunity rather then of neglect; for so you may find me guilty: A trespass which out of my respect to you, I shall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to believe this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though interests have for a short space restrained my pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the paper, to express how much I am

Your faithfull friend and servant,

A Letter of gratitude. 13.

Sir,

YOu have ever so pursu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them: insomuch, that should I offer up my being to you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to dis-ingage my self; so that of necessity I must want, both words and services, to express how unfeignedly I honour you, and am

Yours.

The Answer. 14.

Sir,

THe excess of your nobleness hath bereft me of all Complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and must be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain terms to express, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, then I in executing the office of a friend, being undeservedly

Yours to command.

Another Answer. 15.

Sir,

IF you esteem me for one of your friends, why do you use me thus, to thrust upon me with such unnecessary

ry acknowledgments? It is an ill custome you have got: I protest to you Sir, I desire not to know the Language of Complements from you: consider of me without the superfluity of such Ceremonies; and be but more familiar to the commerce of your letters: and I shall acknowledge it for a full satisfaction and favour above all merits of mine,

Your friend, L. M.

A Letter of intreaty. 16.

Sir,

I Doubt not your power, and less of your nobleness, and therefore presume to take the freedome to implore your favour in the prosecution of that business you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour in this misfortune, to make your goodness known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours, which so extremely obliges me, that though for the present I am one of your most unprofitable servants, I shall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a sorrow with me to my grave.

Yours, L. F.

The Answer. 17.

Sir,

IF I had done all you have desired, I should still intreat you to preserve new commands: I take such pleasure in them; so that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my employment, then you can return me for my service; whereas you write of the preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, then new proofs of my obedience: so all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible,

Yours, J. R.

A congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of a friend. 18.

Sir,

THe exceſs of my gladneſs, like the merits of your affection, is not in any reſpect vulgar: for all my paſſions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my Eloquence, ſince it is ſupplied with the joy reigns in me, which hath made me ſo ſenſible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honoring you the world is poſſeſſed of, which long before this, foreſaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps moſt of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection, cannot come too late from him, that is more then he is able to expreſs, *Yours.*

The Anſwer. 19.

Sir,

YOu have ſo ſenſibly touched me with your Letter, (your joy as it were to the life) mingling my intereſt with yours, that, ſhould I not render thanks to you, I ſhould die of a deep impatience; I acknowledg, I never merited the effects of ſuch nobleneſs, as that you ſhould account of me, as an object for your virtuous inclinations: the pleaſure I entertain, to conſider your goodneſs, is more ſatisfaction to me then my advancement; as I preſer before other intereſts the happineſs of your affection, and the new aſſurance of your friendſhip: Which that I may the more ſeriouſly contemplate, I ſhall for ever reſerve my admiration, and remain in the number of your beſt friends; *Yours*, L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.

Worthy Sir,

THe exceſs of your goodneſs hath forced me to ſilence, that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour: You are ſo extreme

gene

generous, that I cannot be ſenſible enough: All the happineſs that I am furniſhed with, is, that you would be pleaſed to grant my innocent obſervance ſo much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands. For, I am,

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Lord. 21.

My Lord,

I Boldly confeſs my incapacity to expreſs to your Lordſhip, the reſentment which your obligations cauſe in me; as alſo my diſability, in meeting with occaſions to acquit my ſelf; ſo that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgment of your generous actions, which can only recompence themſelves in publiſhing your Lordſhip's noble mind to the whole world, together with the quality,

My Lord, of your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 22.

Sir, It is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchaſe the quiet of my minde, that I preſent theſe lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the ſuddenneſs of my occaſion, then from any free will of mine: I therefore confeſs my fault, not onely in hope of your pardon, but alſo of a better acceptance, ſince the acknowledgment proceeds from

Your truly ſorrowfull friend

A Letter complaining of a falſe report. 23.

Sir, I fear you have forgot that eſteem which I made of your deſerts, and thoſe paſſions which I ever had to do you ſervice, or elſe you could not be ſo forgetful, both of me, and your ſelf, as to undertake ſo dangerous an imployment. I adviſe you ſuddenly to reſtrain theſe exorbitances of your tongue, or I ſhall force you to ſuch a long ſilence, that you ſhall never

be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice, if you are ſo careful of your ſelf as to follw it.

Your ſervant, G.K.

The Anſwer. 24.

Sir, If as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature & quality of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſs of ſuch importance, without better information; which when you take the pains hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſs, and with an acknowledgment, endeavour to renew the intereſts of

Your friend and ſervant

Another more complemental anſwer, to the ſame purpoſe. 25.

Sir, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is moſt falſe; yet ſo highly do I approve of your judgment, that I do begin to queſtion my innocency, til you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his friend newly married 26.

Sir, With the ſame joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civility and ſweetneſs of this your other half, to whom you now have divided part of the power, that you had acquired over my affections; I rejoyce in your happy election, and as your friend muſt ever love you with the ſame paſſions, and as extreamly as before, profeſs my ſelf *Yours*

Sir, *The anſwer.* 27.

I Am confident that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as ſo many characters of your good nature and

noble minde; for which I am extreamly obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new Servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my Wife, your Friend. Sir, I am *Your most humble servant.*

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 28.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to doe you service; yet I shall never content my selfe, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, whereby I may appeare to you to be more then verball. 'Tis the onely good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot expresse my selfe to the extent of my desires, *Your friend and servant*

The Answer. 29.

Sir, THe eternity of your love is best expressed in the frequency of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfectly then you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens you shall finde me to be *Your most humble and obedient servant.*

Another. 30.

Sir, THe desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it selfe, it being the onely consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in minde, that I will be eternally *Your most humble servant.*

The Answer. 31.

Sir, What proofs soever you give me of your friendship, they are not able to diminish the price of mine being in such an height of perfection, as not to be named; which truth, if I am so unfortunate as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired; which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise then

Your most humble and obedient servant.

A Letter of excuse. 32.

THough you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfie you. And indeed I had no newes to send you, Sir, save onely that I am alwayes *Yours.*

To a sick friend. 33

Sir, Being ascertained of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, since the least distemper you feel, is to me an extream grieve. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and consequently for my comfort, you will be soon well, and I content, Sir, *Who am your most humble, &c.*

A Letter to his Sweetheart. 34.

YOu binde me, and unbinde; pardon me, fairest, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? The offence is not small that you had not written to me, but that you promised me, for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love. Remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours; and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witnesse of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart. Thus I am thine. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Quondam Miſtriſs. 35.

Sir, ſince I am conſtrained by my fathers commands, I muſt intreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave ſenſibly to feele the ſeparation of our loves; yet ſince it is folly to contrary that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſell you to arm your ſelfe with ſtrong reſolutions, and to forget all that hath paſt between us, that you have no memory of me; as I for duties ſake, am conſtrained to forget you, *Being now not my own.*

His Anſwer. 36.

Go paper, more happy then him that ſends thee, accompanied with thy blots, in ſtead of tears; kiſſe her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhe hath robbed me of my heart; certifie her, that day and night I turn my ſelfe into ſtreams of tears, to waſh away her perjuries and falſe vowes: Tell her, faithfull paper, that by unbending the bow ſhe can never heal the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith and my love; and that my griefes ſhall witneſſe to the world, that as ſhe is moſt fair, ſo ſhe is moſt inconſtant to her lover, who can finde content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

37

Sir, I received your letter, and withall peruſed thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice, which you muſt give me leave to queſtion: for I ſhall alwaies doubt whether ſo honourable a perſonage, as your Lordſhip, can yield ſervice to ſo mean a Lady; or if love had ſuch power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy *Sir*, upon theſe warrants, and your free offers of ſervice, I binde you by a courteous requeſt, to conclude a ſpeedy peace, that I may without danger of hoſtility repaire to *Diana's* Temple, ſo ſhal I be bound to doe you any honorable favour. *Farewel.*

His ſhort Anſwer. 38.

MY *Deareſt*, if the diſſembling which you accuſe me of, be to cauſe me to die of griefe, you may eaſily doe it with a frown, and then my death will give you a ſpeedy and deplorable demonſtration how truly I have loved you. *Farewell.*

Her Anſwer. 39.

IF there be any thing in you that pleaſes me, your death is the leaſt: The acknowledgement of your fault hath ſatisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldneſſe, then the miſeries you ſuffer: Know your ſelf better hereafter.

Farewell and live, cheriſh your ſelfe and hope.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs in his abſence. 40.

FAireſt, I left the with griefe, but am returned with pleaſure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy preſence, but let me ſee thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes. *Farewell.*

A Letter proteſting affection. 41.

IF I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be beloved of any; if my affections doe ever change, let my preſent misfortunes never change; if you believe not the oath I have made you, take what proofe you will of me, and you ſhall finde that I am more yours, then I can aſſure you by my true, but moſt feeble words. *Farewell.*

A Letter in favour of another. 42.

SIr, If you ſhall be pleaſed to imploy ſome part of your credit in the behalfe of this Gentleman, without any conſideration but my requeſt, I ſhall account his oblations as my own, your deſert and condition having made you ſo conſiderable and neceſſary, that I could not but preſume to importune you in this particular. I ſhall hereafter reſent what you are pleaſed to doe for him, *Your ſervant.*

The

The answer. 43

SIr, I only waited for an employment from you, that I might expreſs my joy to ſerve you, ſo that I eſteem my ſelf happy in this little occaſion. Your commands are my honour; think of this buſineſs as done;

Your ſervant.

A Letter complaining of abſence 44.

SIr, The great eſteem I have ever had of your friendſhip, ſuffers me not to endure your abſence any longer. This tyranny of your humour or inclination is too ſevere a puniſhment for me to groan under: For the eclipſe of your better ſelf ſeems to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return ſpeedily; I conjure you on by all thoſe charms of paſſion, I have ever been at your ſervice, to make a ſpeedy redreſs to him, who is, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

The anſwer. 45.

SIr, I make leſs account of my abſence from the Court, and from my affaires, then from you; your friendſhip is the onely buſineſs of my ſpeedy return. I have already chid my ſelf, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haſte, and in perſon to make my excuſe, with the tenders of all manner of ſervice, in the quality of *Your moſt humble ſervitor.*

A Letter clearing ones ſelf of falſe accuſation. 46.

SIr, I hope that all the paſſions of my ſervice have given you ſufficient proofs, never to doubt my loyalty, in which my innocency hath ever ſhined clearer then the beſt language of my pen can expreſs, ſo that the malice of that perſon was but ill contrived, whoſe knavery I will make your ſport; and if you pleaſe but to reveal his name, I will ingage mine honour to make him ſigne me an acquittance with his blood. I expreſs my ſelf thus far, that at any rate I may purchaſe your higher eſteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abuſed friend.

The anſwer. 47.

Sir, I have more deſcretion, then to be tempted to give credit to a falſe report, that I knew my ſelf alſo to be intereſſed in: And before I ſhall declare you guilty, I will conſider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will alſo convince me of your integritie. Your accuſer is not worthy of your foot, much leſs of your ſword: ſatiſfie your ſelf, that it is impoſſible, that I ſhould loſe the eſteem which I have ever had of your deſerts, being Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

A Letter to a ſick friend. 48.

THis is the Proteſtation of your friend, That your ſickneſs is mine, your indiſpoſition mine; and if you leave not your bed, I ſhall ſuddenly take Phyſick. There is a diſtance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater aſſurance of my friendſhip, then my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recoverie.

Your languiſhing friend.

The Anſwer. 49.

PRaiſed be Heaven, I have ſo much ſtrength, as to hold my pen to render theſe thanks to thee, and to be ſtill ſenſible of the goodneſs of ſuch a friend. I have ſome hopes of recoverie, which as you expreſs, is the weapon-ſalve of your health. Uſe me as kindly in the care of your ſelf.

Yours.

A complemental Letter. 50.

Sir, I am not guilty of errors to make me bluſh: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainly I cannot be accuſed, or convicted, they carry ſo much honour with them, to juſtifie me; or if they doe not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conſpire together, elſe I ſhould never have taken up a reſolution to go beyond my grave;

Sir, your moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant.

The

The Answer. 51.

Sir, I am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am toucht with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; & you still punish me with the misfortune of my disability, to be so admirably transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestly envious of your nobleness; and till I have encountred with some meanes to requite you, I will only represent the disquiet of my minde, & then always seek occasions to testifie to you, how much I am, *Your most humble & obliged servant.*

52.

Sir, It would be very hard for me to expresse how strictly I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you doe so continually oblige me; yet thus far, as an expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were any amongst them that could vaunt with that reason, that they are to the height, as I am.

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter of excessive favours. 53.

Sir, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your enviers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generosity you exercise in my behalfe, since you will not get me leisure to acknowledge your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ingratefull; though I both have, and would professe my selfe, to my last minute,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a friend, upon the death of his Brother. 54.

SIr, I am truly what you have ever believed, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your grief, and am so much your friend, that tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb; or that my passions, which serve & honour you, should fall asleep when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetfull; yet pardon me, Sir, if in my Letter I flatter you not: for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefes are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your selfe, or would call a Saint from happinesse. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectfull observance I shall ever beare and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memory, unlesse you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say, that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen falls out of my hand, and my tears blot out what I am writing. Sir, I am your admirer and faithfull servant, be pleased to accept this counsell from me, together with an assurance that I will live and die,

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter of presentation of service. 55.

SIr, I have taken hold of this occasion, to expresse the inclination I have to esteem you more then all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution, everlastingly to be

Your servant.

The Answer. 56.

SIr, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witnesse in my behalf; but I have no other liberty left

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgment of the quality of.

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to demand answer. 57

SIr, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not, you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judge me worthy of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another. 58.

SIr, This Letter is so curious to learne news of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuite, almost against my will. Let me know then, if you please, whether the first were acceptable or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of

Your most obedient servant.

The answer to them both. 59.

SIr, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love, in answer to them, briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much, That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my minde to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extreamly sensible of your love, which affords me so much power as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 60.

To his Mistris.

MAdam, since you are borne into the world for no other end then to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimo-

of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my self; *Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.*

The answer. 61.

SIr, You know I am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do pass with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to me very easie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, then you can give me of the constancy of any that you profess you entertain; yet be your affections what they will, I will render my self, as far as a chaste liberty permits, *Your humble servant.*

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62

Mistris, If you prove constant, I will lose my life sooner then part with those resolutions I have entertained to serve you. This is not a discourse of complement, but the soul of my thoughts, which knows no other object then your deserts, only as they have an absolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your disposure, for I will hazard the one, and the other, when you please to command them in your service, since it interresseth my happiness to be eternally

Your most humble and faithful servant.

The Answer 63.

SIr, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too passionate to be constant, and I am too unworthy of such protestations of your martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not so displeasant to me, as that I should cease to be obliged, since you are pleased to reckon me in the number of, *Your humble servants.*

A Letter complaining of neglect. 64.

MAdam, Since I have learned the lesson of love, I have been sufficiently instructed with sufferings. Tis true, the slavery wherewith I am tied, forbids me to demand a reason for what you can do, yet I dare allow my self so much liberty, as to tell you that

you

you are too rigorous to be so beautiful, and that, except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose,

Madam, Your most humble and faithfull servant.

To congratulate a Friend. 65.

SIr, I much rejoyce at the success of your business; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soul; so much do I tender your content: but this is but a duty to the friendship I owe you, and a necessity to the zeal I have to your service, to which I shall be for ever obliged, Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

A Farewel to a friend going a voyage. 66.

SIr, The Law of necessity must deprive me a while from the honour of your presence (but not without grief;) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Iudg therefore, if separated from you, I can live content: But though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and whereseever I remain, it shall appear to you that I am, Sir,

Yours.

A Letter of excuse. 67.

SIr, If lawful excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunity of affairs that have befaln me: It grieves me, nevertheless, for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may satisfie you; I shall shortly do my self the happiness to see you, and the honour to serve you;

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new-married man to his Brother in Law. 68.

SIr, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me, that I shall never think my self more happy, then when I shall know my self capable to deserve it, this

expression

preſſion of my duty will witneſs to you how conſiderable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you, I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſigns; it is all I hope for: it is every thing I look for, yea, with ſo much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithful, that I may dye conſtant,

Sir, *The moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of Proteſtation. 69.

Sir,

THE honor of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as full of defects in the performance, I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignallize my obedience, which ſhal alwaies, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear,

Sir, *That I am yours* &c.

Another to a friend obliging him by favours. 70

Sir,

YOu ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you: I am witneſs of it, and your courteſie is the trial; ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwaies ingaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledg the favour rightly. Nevertheleſs, if a fervent paſſion, perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defects; accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds,

Sir, *From your moſt humble ſervant* &c.

To complain for ſome offence. 71.

Sir, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pity them both, the one makes you ſeem mild, and the other raſh: I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill, is not abſolved for being ſorry for it; he muſt do penance withal hereafter.

Look

Look to your own affaires, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jeſt when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words.

N. B.

Apreſenting of Service. 72.

Miſtriſs,

IT is long ſince, that too much diſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldneſſe permits it me now: I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty, that ſo I may be rather abſolved then accuſed: For although I had no other purpoſe then to tender you my ſervice, as now I doe, with my faith to boot for aſſurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearfull of too much undertaking; but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe, *Miſtriſs*, here's my Name and Sirname,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another of Love. 73.

Miſtriſs,

SInce at the ſole aſpect of your eye, my heart ſighs for love, as taken with your wonders; I ſhall inceſſantly bleſſe the day of your acquaintance, and conſequently of her that is the moſt perfectly fair on earth: and already reſigning my will to yours, I will ſo paſſionately cheriſh my thraldome, that the feare alone of being free, will render me miſerable. Make good my purpoſe then, Sweet *Miſtriſs*;

But alwayes in this quality of your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another. 74.

Miſtriſs,

WHen to admire you, I ſtaid mine eyes at your object, my heart inſenſibly taken, bewailed her captivity, ſo as I found my ſelfe in love, before

before I had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complain, but I rather bleſſe the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving any freedome to my ſelfe, *Miſtriſs*, other then the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 75.

Lady, I have ſuch an inclination to your love, that I muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatall inſtinct in me, that my obeyſance ſhould wait upon the honour of your commands, is it not neceſſary for you, *Miſtriſs*, To believe me to be

Your ſervant?

Another. 76.

Miſtriſs,

IF admiration have only eies for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eies again on purpoſe to guard you from danger: can I have an heart without loving you, or a ſoule without adoring you? And can I be mortall, and not ſenſible of your charmes? Oh no, *Miſtriſs*, I have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glory, in bing your ſlave.

Another. 77

Miſtriſs, This inſtant letter will tell you, I am your ſervant: If you ask me the cauſe, it is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience: If you deem me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my ſervices, I have a Miſtriſs to my wiſh, and by conſequence am,

Your ſervitor, &c.

Another. 78.

Miſtriſs, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I beſtow my ſelfe, but it is as your captive and ſlave.

Another

Another. 79

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I muſt die, it muſt be for love. Happy death! happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſs onely you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſs the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a despairing lover. 80

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of Love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it return me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword; which promiſes me a full, though a cruel healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer is a teſtimonie of my innocencie, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of, from whence otherwiſe, could your ſilence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithful ſervice, for pittie, I deſire of you, either life or death; this is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your deſpairing Lover.

Her anſwer. 81.

DRaw from your evill, the knowledg of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a ſenſe of any thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing reveng on his enemy. 82.

MAdam, Who doubts of my innocencie, ſhall be guiltie, and offend againſt truth; cloſed eies ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpecially when thoſe eies are ſhut againſt the brightneſs of my juſtice. Therefore, if the blood of mine enemie cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarily adde thereunto my own; ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it. *Farewell.*

Her

Her answer. 83.

SIr, The wounds of the body are not alwaies healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind; but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions, in the mean space, she that loves you, waits an opportunity till the blemishes of your honour are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear cleer, and as bright as day again in the eyes of her that admires you.

A lovers offer of his service to his Mistris. 84.

FAir Mistris, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pity: but for that love is more vehement in the heart then in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to ayr, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, then to imploy me, nor I a higher favour, then to be

Yours

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy Remedy. 85.

GOod Madam, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming Flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn: thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss your hand, and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing lover. 86.

MOre out of zeale to do you service, then desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed

self

ſelf, onely kept alive by the light of your fair beauty, that ſitteth crowned in the place of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure: If you vouchſafe it, I live: if not, you muſt ſee my death; and thus doubtfull between both, till I kiſſe your ſweet anſwer, I remain unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her Anſwer. 87.

I Am not cruell, though with difficulty I conſent to love: and for that your paſſions are ſo extream, I keep your picture in my boſome, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pity be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our loves to your conſideration: for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my love, my honor, my ſelf, and all, to your affection and wiſe government,

Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs. 88.

Faireſt;

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, let it not ſeem ſtrange, that I am a ſlave to your beauty; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtris: To prove that I love you, needs no other teſtimony then the witneſſe of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*: for the preſent, I balm my wounds with a hope that I ſhall kiſſe your gracious hand, and that your anſwer will return an acceptance of the ſervice of him,

Whoſe heart waiteth on your beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs upon ſervice enjoyned. 89.

FAire Nymph, may all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive

now

now you command me to action: but love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble, but let heaven doe with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that earth will not deny me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistris. 90.

Faireſt,

IF your eies were as full of pitie, as they are to cauſe love, the ſweetneſs which they promiſe at the firſt, would make me to adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes; but ſo far are they from the performance of their deceitfull promiſes, that they wil not ſo much as glance at them; and ſo wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themſelves authors, as if with you they purpoſed to equal cruelty with beauty, ſince you have ordained that the affection that you have cauſed to be born in me, ſhould cruelly die in me: being unable to ſuffer ſo great an injuſtice, I am reſolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at the laſt, will through my patient ſuffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruell to me. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Deſpairing Lover. 91.

IF you have regard to the preſumption which hath forced me to love, my death which ſollowes it, ſhall revenge it for you; but if it be indifferent to you, I aſſure my ſelfe, that this laſt act of my affection, ſhall gain ſomewhat more on your ſoule: which if it fall out ſo, I ſhall cheriſh the reſemblance of your beauty more then my birth, ſince by it I came into the world, to be troubleſome to you; and by the other, I goe out of it, and leave you.

Another. 92.

Miſtriſs, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours:

ſo

so that I have nothing free but my pen to expresse how I am *Your Servitor.*

Another. 93.

Mistriss, from the time that with your beauty I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly inforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love, If so be then, that my services, whereof Heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you; permit, *Mistriss*, that I may honour my selfe with this title of

Your servant.

Another Letter of service. 94

Sir, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seen the submissions of services that you do me, but undeservedly: for that I am more beholding to your courtesies, than to any merit of mine. Now to accept of them were unreasonable: as to refuse them would be held disdainfull: I doe therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your selfe, that so you may not serve, *Sir*,

Her that favours you.

Another. 95.

Sir, If the services which your honesty will needs yield me, gather only life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cause: so that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my servant, Sir, in words onely, but I am yours in my living actions.

L. M.

Another. 96.

Sir, if my dutie have entertained yours, my honestie hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them; I shall nevertheless, for mine own sake, reserve the honour to my self, to be

Your servant.

Ano-

Another to the same effect. 97.

Sir, I accuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confesse me guilty, before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is

The most affectionate of all your servants.

Another to the same effect. 98.

ALbeit one selfe-same cause makes us pardonable, for having been alike silent, yet I doe know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) by the effects of remembrance, which grieves my soule; which griefe I present to you, but alwayes in my quality, Sir,

Of your humble servitor.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance. 99.

Sir, although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honor I have to write to you, yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my selfe into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldered me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service. *Yours.*

A Letter from one to his Mistris. 100.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you; but much more to love you, without being extream in that affection: so that, if for my defence, it shal please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it selfe before your eyes, I assure my self, that the greatnes of my hurt shall obtain by pity as much pardon from you, as the boldnesse which hath raised me to his worth, may merit just punishment, attending the judgement which I shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kisse your faire hands, and rest,

Yours.

A Letter to Cælia. 101.

MIstris, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved: if sacrifices are not but to make you be adored, Who can see you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? And who can love without admiration? He must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soul: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it; if my soul adores you, Heaven permits it; so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you, Dear Mistris, under the Title of yours. *Eugenius.*

A Letter. 102.

SIR.

IT is needless for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary; I can write little, but my deeds shall speak for me, and tell you that in effect I will, during life, be *Yours.*

A Letter of acknowledgment. 103.

WHat worthy acknowledgment can I give to your noble favours, when their extremity bereaves me of the hope: my duty remains pensive at the excess of your courtesies; for being never able to render you other then unworthy effects of your merits I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for a body; yet accept it, I beseech you, whilst you remember how it proceeds from, *Your most humble servant.*

Another. 104.

SIR, With what kind of duties shall I acknowledg your courtesies, which have so obliged me, that to express them right, I must be silent? To offer you my service, it is already your owne: To present my self, I am yours long since; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your satisfaction, though I have a thousand services

ſervices at your command, for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of,

Your moſt humble Servitor.

Anſwer. 105.

Sir, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes, for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whileſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another. 106.

Sir, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledg them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion, and live alwaies with this will, never to die, beholding to you;

Sir, Your moſt humble Servitor.

Another. 107.

Sir, I can honour your merits by reaſon, and acknowledge by duty your courteſies, which have too much obliged me, then to be ingrateful; though I can never make you worthy ſatisfaction, yet ſhall I have alwaies both the deſire, and hope of it: and in the mean while, a ſtedfaſt will to live and die: *Sir, Yours*

For telling of News. 108.

Sir, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to tel you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it, which is, that I am alwaies, Sir *Your Servitor,*

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 109.

Shall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſs, as to be loved by thee, *My deareſt*? Or, ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my my mind by forgetfulneſs; yet I will have my lips continually

tinually closed up, against the confession of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my soule wrapped in the sole object of its *Idæa*, that so by blessing my birth, for the happinesse of yours, that your death may be my Tombe. In the neare space, my whole happinesse and glory shall consist in the quality of, *Your most humble servant.*

A Letter of absence. 110.

Mistris, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and griefes have been inseparable with my life: all kind of objects are to me defective; nothing pleases me but what displeases me; and if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my selfe; and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for my own content. If you desire to judge of my griefe, judge what you are your selfe, *Mistris*: which is the fairest of the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another. 111.

Mistris, Since your absence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the eyes shine not on me but to enlighten my misfortunes; for the Sun laughs at my paine, as I scorn his brightnesse: in that I acknowledge none worthier then that of your eyes, long since my Conqueresses, and still mine idols. But what shall I say? I am born to endure and to love you, *Mistris*, but always in the quality of *Your most humble servant.*

Letters of absence. 112

IF those griefes which are still present, since your absence, did not make me hope for a speedy death, I would bewail the birth of my daies, that doe enlighten me without shining: for deprived of the brightnesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge none other in the

world, as they have vanquiſhed me; and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much; but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more then of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your beliefe may be my remedy, and my honour, the quality, *Miſtriſs*,

Of your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 113.

Miſtriſs, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoule, could give me as many words to expreſſe it, as I have griefes to bewaile it, I ſhould think my ſelfe ſatisfied. But for too much enduring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment, but never in my expreſſions, how I am one, *Of your moſt humble ſervants.*

Anſwer. 114.

Sir, WHat kinde of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it ſeemes reall, as by your own words may be perceived, which ſpeak you unable, being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore your ſilence wil be your greateſt advantage, ſince it layes aſleep your torments, without ſaying any thing to them; but not the title which your faire carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*: As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour, *Sir*, of deſerving the ſtile and qualitie of *your ſervant.*

115.

Sir, I Can give but a feigned remedie to an imaginarie torment, like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature to cauſe your griefe or trouble. And I beſeech you, diſpenſe with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe, to ſay I am, *Sir*, *your ſervant.*

Upon

Upon a point of rigour. 116.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things, your love muſt needs be feigned, ſince your rigour is real. Ceaſe then to make me ſuffer, and I ſhall believe you love me, for my pain and your cruelty are too oppoſite to perſiſt together.

Adieu to the faireſt, though cruelleſt of all thy ſex.

Another. 117

Sir, You complain of my abſence, and I of yours: You would enjoy my preſence, but my diſcretion forbids it you, and me the happineſs to ſee you; but my want of power oppoſeth; ſo that grievances ſhould be leſs, in that they are equally ſhared; but not the quality which I take, *Sir*, *Of your ſervant.*

Another. 118

TO ſee you without admiration is paſt my power, to admire and love you, is a neceſſity; You have ſo much merit, that one can hardly deſire much leſs hope for the honour of your good favours. Iudg then, who can but worthily ſerve you? Sure he is yet unborn may in earneſt I le pawn my liſe on't; yet with your leave, *Miſtris*, *For I am yours.*

To his Lady. 119.

TO deſpiſe ſuch as honour you, to diſdain ſuch as love you, to make no account of ſuch as faithfully ſerve you, are theſe, the actions of a fair ſoul like yours? Or are they but words that honour me with a hope of ſome effects of your good remembrance? Oh it is a little too rigorous! Confeſs it, that you may repent, & give him content who cannot be a' ſent from you, *Miſtriſs.* *As your moſt humble ſervitor.*

To a Kinſwoman. 120.

Miſtriſs, Albeit your actions, in appearance, have witneſſed, that I was no otherwiſe in your eſteem then of an indifferent quality, yet my deſires being ſtill ſecretly zealous for your ſervice in their

inſtinct, aſpiring at nothing but your good, have diſarmed my purpoſe, bent to your diſgrace; ſo to reſtore me to my ſelf, and make me the ſame, I profeſs my ſelf to you, which is,

Miſtris, Your moſt affectionate Servant and Kinſman.

Upon the inconſtancy of a Servant. 121.

Sir, Our Sex is not alwaies accuſed of inconſtancie; and yet I now take that aſperſion from you: you I ſay, whoſe oaths gave ſuch faithful teſtimonies of affection, that I durſt not doubt of it, for feare of offending my ſelf: And yet hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any: ſo that now when I blame my ſelf, for having believed you, I praiſe my ſelf withal for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I ſhould precede you, as your *Miſtiſs*,

Sir, *Though at the preſent, your ſervant.*

A Letter. 122.

Miſtris, It is to be feared, that you have no love, ſince you have eyes to ſee my unworthineſs. Love is blind, you ſhould be ſo too, in regard of my merits. Let it ſuffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the moſt faireſt, and moſt perfect creature on Earth. *A Letter from a deſpairing lover.* 123

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon, or deprived of ſence, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his maladie, man onely excepted, who by reaſon of his want, may juſtly accuſe the power of injuſtice: the Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health, by ſwallowing the buds of a Date tree: The Deere being ſtrucken; feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: But man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret vertues, he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience; for your divine

vine beauty, and the perfections of your mind, have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth, and cinders; unless by the drops of your pity, it be speedily extinguished: therefore fair one, now at last be merciful, and let not my service, and loyal love be recompenced with such disloyal refusals. Strive not for my life, since you have my liberty: Seek not my death, since you are the Saint to which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore, which so painfully afflicteth my carefull conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer, which I hope, shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind. *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 124.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key cold or to force the sturdy streams to run against their common course: Know, Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like: make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and assuage the flame your self, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose where no hope is, lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, then a discreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore, for an answer; if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems.

ADmire not, though I rail against thy follies, since thy mercileſs mind hath abused me by thy ingratitude, & thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen: For thy beauty, if I admire it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it;

but now making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Perswade thy self therefore, if I were to die presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face and bad conditions, for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me; be confident, thou painted sepulchre, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy Volume, may shun thee, as the onely obstacle to felicity, and learne the wages of vertue, by those things that are the contraries: For the present, admire not though this paper be stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since Nature her self was deceived, which bestowed her features so rashly and inconsideratly on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my minde, that by thee I might learn to know that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarse voice: I protest to thee, I would not buy the distempers of thy soul at so high a rate as to enjoy thy beauty: much rather will I endeavour to express my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practise this resolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her answer. 126.

WOnder not, Sir, though you see an answer to your frantick Letter. Do you think by bawling like a Begger, to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it, neither can your brags go for paiment: I marvel not, though your dogged Letters savour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cynical Dunce. what felicity can you have in biting of those whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged of? In deed gentle *Balaams* Ass, if I had been so light to have loved you for feeding my fancy on thy ill favoured face, I might justly have reapt such profit: since I then have fill'd my eyes so full with the figure of a fool, heareafter keepe your

your Letters Patents in your Beggars box: Adieu Sir Dunce; the more you misslike me, the better I loye my selfe, whilst I account it the greatest felicitie of S. M.

To be rid of such a fool.

A Letter from a distressed Lover. 127.

Madam, AS my cares proceed from your crueltie, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my bliss; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away, and is yours only and ever,

Still in hope.

A Letter from a Lover professing constancy. 128.

THey who have the honour to see you, run a dangerous fortune, if they love you, they are sawcy; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour; and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my selfe; thinke it not hard, cruel *Diana*, that having seen you, I love you: if this boldnes deserve punishment, you caused it; and it is no more in my choice; for I must, while I live, be your servant, or not be alive.

Farewell.

A Letter from an inconstant Lover. 129.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believed but too well: but to assure you, that I shall love you no more: perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration; for you have alwaies loved me above my desires; but which drawes me from you, is, I must confesse, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves, or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complaine of me, I bid you for ever,

Farewel.

Her Answer. 130.

SIr, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I lov'd you, wherein you are most infinitely mistaken: I sweare

to thee by all the merits which thou thinkſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love. As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of ſuch coxcombs as your ſelfe. In the meane time, be as content as I am in being free of ſuch a burden; believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſſe.

Farewell.

A Letter to an inconſtant Miſtriſs. 131.

IT is not to complain of you, *Miſtris*, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes, which makes me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort: I am the ſame man that hath ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſs, nor you greater; if it be ſo, why do you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions, ſince it pleaſeth you I will diſplay them all before your eies; for my part I cannot accuſe any one of them; if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poore condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu cruell one.*

A Letter. 132.

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pitie would make you ſenſible of my Plaint, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancie for remedie, that is all my hope; your ſweetneſſe for my deſire, and your command for mine honour, *Miſtriſs*, for my qualitie is

Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 133.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhal be, the more con-

constantly I will oppose all my respects to your neglects, my honors to your disdain, and my fire to your Ice. If I breath, it shall be love; if I sigh, it shall be in passion for your service: in a word, if I be, I will be,

Mistris, Your Servitor.

A Letter. 134.

TO have no soul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to loue you, and but one onely life, for your service;, have you not cause to complain: You, whose beauty hath so many charms, and merits so many habits, that one would detest this name of liberty, to die your slave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in discourse of rariries, you are above comparisons, so that Heaven and Nature are in dispute, for whom you were made. Now say, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to say, I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my surname, now give me what name you please.

A Letter. 135.

IF for desiring death, one were to lose his life, I should have been gone long since: for too much love makes me hate my self; but me thinks, I should still live, and lengthen my dayes; and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I flie that which flies me, the grave, so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am, *Mistris*, alwaies

Your Servitor.

Another. 136.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to die. Have you resolved my death, by disdaining my services, thus to forget their requital? It is too much rigour for your beauty; and you will confess it one day, but too little for your repentance; for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistris*,

The most humble of all your Servants

A Letter. 137.

MIstris, thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, What would you have me to do, *my dearest?* I must change my heart, if I would change my affections, and Nature must give me other inclinations, to deprive me of my respects and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather, and I will die, but it shall be for love, and so at the price of my dayes, I shall do you service, leaving this truth for a remembrance to after times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistriss. 138.

IT is you *Fair creature*, that have gained this advantage upon me that I forget my self to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unless I see you shortly, I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affections of my services to you: so that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your absence, and my grief, for not acquitting my self towards you as I desire. Choose now (*fair soul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

Your most loyal and most affectionate servitor.

A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Mistriss. 139.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we swore so solemnly: but I perceive already, the change hath better pleased you then the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or my self, for possibly, the long time I have been without seeing you, is the cause of it, or else you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what an answer you please, No earthly thing shal hinder me from loving you, for I had rather chuse a thousand deaths, then to be inconstant in my love: and will fly, with the hazard of my life, the re-

proa c

proach of disloyalty, whether you will or no,

Your servitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.

Mistris, The honour I received in the late visit I made to my dear couzen, at your house, hath so oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a heinous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witness a feeling of it. If ever I have the happiness to see you at my home, which is all yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome as I can. I conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her, otherwise farewell all friendship: yet not so nevertheless, but that in the meane space I desire to continue, *Mistris*, *Your Cozen, and best Friend.*

A Letter of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdaine her also. 141.

FOrsake that Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulness. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy: her smal acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgement may shew you how little she hath. You cannot but get by the loss of her, If you lose a sweet-heart, you gaine a liberty; you should keepe some love for your selfe, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your selfe for all that. If fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded: but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours: That whersoever you go, you may remaine content, and love not what is contrary to you, unless you will contradict him that loves you dearely, *Even to the grave.*

A Letter of Love between two Lovers. 142.

YOu have made me feel, fair *Calestena*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship, the memory whereof I shall still honor, & esteem my selfe a great deal the more

more fortunate, if my happineſſe may prove more extream, and I conſume in its flames, my ſoule ſhall then live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes, & that I may be thus condemned to this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your faire minde conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancy ſhall be ever its faithfull companion, and the fire which kindled it, ſhall never be quenched, though it were combated by the moſt Icie proceedings or feares you might have of your enviers. What if it were ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my diſcretion. You may as well aſſure your ſelfe of theſe effects of my words, as I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no other ſcope, then to ſerve your merits, and to ſit up to your uſe, *Your faithfull* Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer. 143.

YOur Deſires are my Laws (dear *Floridon*) and your loyalty cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall both alike ſhine bright over our lives, and nouriſh themſelves with our flames: wherein I ſhall think my ſelfe very happy to live with you. That ſilence which knit up my tongue at your faire diſcourſes, proceeded only out of feare; you might know ſo much by my exterior ſignes, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorely it grieved me for your ſweet ſelf: for I would not have you to eſteem me to be fearfull of the fiery ſparkes of the envious, ſince nothing can withſtand that faithfull love which from hence forward is contracted by,

Your dear Caliſta, &c.

Another. 144.

IF my ſtedfaſt love were not anſwered by yours, (deare *Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complain of you, and my complaints would be ſuch as never to admit of interruption; but ſo; as for ever to open the gates to my ſorrow: For when I read your Letter, which

which is an Article of my Faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love; I doubt not but envie hath been buzzing ſomething in my Parents eares of our affections, and that Felicity her ſelfe, as jealous of our contents, might put ſuch a poor trick upon us: But you have ſo faire a ſoul, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe aſſaults, to honour ſtill with your love, *Your faithfull* Floridon.

A Letter in anſwer. 145.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their faire dayes are too ſoon eclipſed: we cannot promiſe our ſelves long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the hands of the great *Jehovah*. It is conſtancie that gives us happineſſe, after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrows dear *Floridon*: but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun-beames: though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles doe even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy followes ſorrow, I had ere this, skipt over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſſe to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelfe, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my feares, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain at, I hope ſhortly, or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is,

Your faithfull Caliſta, *in as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter in demand of his Miſtriſſes picture. 146.

M*Adam*, That beautifull ſubſtance, whoſe Features & graces, you animate with ſo much ſweetneſſe, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the originall, that it would be my greateſt happineſſe but to obtaine the ſhadow; it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in qualitie.

A Letter of Sir J. S. *to* T.C. *disswading him from marrying of a widdow.* 147.

Sir, At this time when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of Bedlam themselves are trusted abroad, that now you should run mad, it is not as much a subject for your friends pity, as their wonder? True love is a naturall distemper, a kinde of a small pox, everie one hath had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better. Thus farre you are excused; but having been well cured of a Feaver, to court a Relapse, to make love the second time in the same place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worse then to fal into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpose It is not love, *Sir*, that doth the mischiefe, but constancie of love: for love is of the nature of a burning-glass, which held still to one place, fires, changed, often doth nothing; a kinde of a glowing Coal, which being shifted from hand to hand, a man may easily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honest, Love you know is blind, What will he not do when he hath setters, and knowes then what marriage is? 'tis a curing of love the dear'st way, a waking of a losing gamester out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a strange banquet, a presentation of a homely meale. Alas, Sir, Love-seeds when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like some fruit trees, love must be transplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing. You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed to some one face, and think that you have not left any thing unsaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not suddenly furnisht with new language, & fresh oaths, Ile conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widow, is a kind of a chewed meat. What a fantasticall stomack hast thou, that canst not taste of a dish

untill another man hath cut? Who would wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for? if you must needs marry, as who can tel to what height you have sinned? marry a Maid, for if you are constrained to live in a prison, it is better to lie in a private chamber, then in the hole. *Yours.*

Short and easie directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is absent with another as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their absence of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Several kind of Letters, with their use and Applications.

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution.*

First, He must invent his matter, which is as it were the material of a building.

Secondly, He must dispose his matter in a true order, frame, and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistile, what in the middle, and what in the end: and this is as it were the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his minde in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase; and this is as it were the polishing and the beautifying of a building.

And these three, viz. *Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered by three other notable helps.

viz.

Viz. *Art*, *Imitation*, *Exercise*.
Art directeth by example.
Imitation by precept
Exercise by continual use and practice.

As an artist, First giveth to his Scholler the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing &c.

Thirdly, to make trial by himself.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open the particulars of a business.

Letters conciliatory of Counsel, are branched into those of perswasion, or of disswasion: these ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or Petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary; they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous, and loving, should be ful of passion, honestly expressed, ful of sweet invitations, pleasant, and beautiful descriptions, pen'd with fear, when despair prevails: set off with confidence, when the Love-sick Inditer is incouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of houshold affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise: and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that imployes according to his pre-eminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters Gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions and of acknowledgment.

Letters

Letters Accuſatorie, are when we touch the perſons or actions of others; they are to be indited with ſmooth pens, the grounds of jealouſie examined, leſt they appear too cenſorious, ever concluding with a diſlike and unwillingneſs of him that writes them, and a profeſſion of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters Excuſatorie, of clearing or pleading for our ſelves, or others, ſhould be ſubmiſſive, with reference to better judgement, yet not without extenuations, but ſuch as modeſtie may gain upon the peruſers candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, ſhould be impartial, but alwaies (except upon certain knowledge) ſet off with a kinde of diffidence, ſo it is given out, or reported, leſt the inditer betrayes his credit, and ſeemes to him he writes to, to be a falſifier of truth, the veniall ſins of the times, as ſome of our Intelligencers conſtant practices would make us believe.

How a Letter ſhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the perſon, or his affairs; and ſo take beginning from the riſe of ſuch things as we are to write of.

How a Letter ſhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with flowers of Expreſſions, flouriſhed with ſimilitudes and grave Sentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vowes and tenders of ſervice. In a word, it ſhould be moſt complementally fluent in the neatneſs and fitneſs of the Epithites, compariſons, and circumſtances.

How the forms of ſalutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be ſuch as are moſt Court-like, and in faſhion with the Nations, time, perſon, and circumſtances, as any of them in the Method or Phraſe may admit of variation.

Generall

Generall Directions for the Stiles and Superscriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and consider the persons relation, and qualifications, how he is honour'd in the Commonwealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable and fit applications, devising of such titles, words, and expressions, as are answerably requisite in respect of his preheminence of place, or supremacie of authoritie, either in Civill or Ecclesiastical matters. More particular directions, for Superscriptions and Subscriptions, follow in their order.

Stiles and termes used to the King or Queenes Majestie, either in our Speech, or in Superscriptions of petitions directed to them.

If you present any thing.

Sir, May it please your Majestie.

If you write in form of a Petition to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majestie, to understand, or to grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it please your Majestie.

On the superscription of some business directed both to the King and Queen.

To the most Excellent and most High, *Cæsar Augustus.*

To the most excellent, most mightie Lady, the Queen.

A stile used by men of quality when they speak to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majestie.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it please your Majestie.

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions are divers; but the most general are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the honourable.

To persons of more inferiour degrees.

To the Right Worshipful.

Otherwise.

To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions with Subscriptions adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most sacred, most gratious, most high, most mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great Brittan, *&c.*

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient Subject.

To the most illustrious Prince.

To the most renowned Duke.

To the Right Honourable Earle.

To the Right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States-man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professors of Sciences: (if Rhetoricians) To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the approved Physitian.

To Logicians, the term of most subtile or cunning.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the Superscriptions of skillful, wise, singular and learned.

To

To the Right Honourable.
Your Honours moſt humbly devoted.
To his Honourable Lord.
Your Honours in all duty and ſervice.
To the Honourable, and his highly reſpected Ladie.
Your Honours to command: Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours, to ſerve you.*
To the Right Honourable, and his highly eſteemed Patron. *Your Honours obſervant.*
To thoſe of conſanguinity, thus:
To his moſt loving, well beloved, right good Father.
Your obedient Son.
To his moſt dear, moſt loving Mother.
Your dutiful Son.
To his beloved, and moſt affectionate Siſter.
Your loving Brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
Your moſt loving husband.
To his loving uncle. *Your obſervant kinſman.*
To the Honourable Colonel.
Yours ſworn to worthineſs.
To the only life of his deſires.
Your afflicted friend.
To the fulneſs of his contentment.
Your living, and dying Friend
To the only hope of his Fortunes.
The honourer of your matchleſs perfections.
To the noble, and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it ſelf.
To his beſt choice, *Yours in the midſt of fear.*
To his vertuous, and dearly beloved.
Yours ever reſolved.
To the Miſtris of his thoughts. *Yours dying in conſtancy.*
To his beloved Friends. *Yours aſſured.*
To the lovingſt of all my Friends. *Yours inſeparably.*

To

To his highly esteemed friend.
Yours, as I have professed.
To his tried, and trustie friend. *Not living without you*
To his honourable friend *Yours in true friendship.*
To her newly displeased friend.
Yours, if you wrong her not.
To her best resolved friend. *Yours whersoever.*
To his well-advised friend. *Yours, and vertues.*
To his loving, and long expected friend.
Yours with good wishes.
To his respected friend. *Yours well assured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her much disquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinsman*
To his deerest brother. *Yours in all occasions*
To his well experienced, and much esteemed noble friend. *Yours, as you can desire.*
To his well disposed friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To her deerest husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it so.*
To his ill-advised Son. *Your displeased Father.*
To his miserable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Ladie. *Yours, as a lover of honour*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife, till death.*
To his perjur'd, and lascivious wife.
Your husband, if you do not diuide him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his suddenly displeased friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well esteemed friend.
Yours, whilest mine own.
For her unkind friend *Yours, and yet displeased.*

To

To his honourable and good friend.
Yours if you think me worthy.
To his well esteemed Friend.
Yours most dutiful, if you will accept of humiliation.
To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventure in the straits.
Yours undivided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst infidels.
To his respected and worthy friend.
Yours as you have made me.
To his careful friend. *Yours, mindful of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick patient.*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his speciall friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect Woman.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours ready for all danger.*
To his well deserving friend. *Yours unfainedly*
To his over-suspicious friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To his wilful and seduced friend.
Your poore abused Friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here only placed by themselves.

Yourcarefull father. Your dutiful Son.
Your loving Master. Your obedient Servant.
Usque ad aras, Affectionately devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your wel-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully

Faithfully yours.
Thy true friend.
Never leſſe his own.
Thy ſometimes friend.
Your Honours moſt obliged.
Yours, as far as modeſty wil ſuffer me.
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me.
Yours, prepared to ſuffer.
Your beſt counſellour.
Your injured Miſtriſs.
Your affectionate poore friend.
Your entire vaſſall.
Remaining your friend.
Yours as a lover of vertue.
Yours, well-affected.
Your Worſhips to be commanded.
Animæ dimidium tuæ.
Yours in unutterable affection.
No longer your friend.
Yours, ſo I may be mine own.
Your ſorrowfull friend.
Your forſaken friend.
Your vowed ſervant.
Your enemie till death.
Yours moſt paſſionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours whol'y and onely, if you will.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your friend whether you will or no.
Yours, in all good ſort to be entertained.
Deſirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill condition, then for the wrong you have done me.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate ſervant.
Yours in the Infringible bonds of affection.
The ſervant of your worthy vertues.

Yours in boundleſſe affection.
Your ſervant in all humility.
Your loving Land-Lord.
Yours irremoveably.
Yours, as I find cauſe.
Your true love.
Thine to the end.
Yours, more then my own.
Remaining your friend.
Yours in reſpective dutie.
Once thy friend.
Your plain and true friend.
Yours in reſpective dutie.
Yours fearfully loving.
Your friend to his ability.
Your loyall wife.
Your impriſoned friend.
Thine, or not my ſelfe.
Your diſtreſſed Debtor.
One alwaies yours.
Yours what you will.
Yours, ever to his power.
Thine own from all the world.
Your faithfull & ready friend.

Yours

Yours moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfeigned, honoured, and loyall ſervant.
Your friend *dum Aurâ æthereâ Veſcor.*

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of Sweetmeats, to banquet and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; they are the quinteſſence of wit, the refiners of ſpeech, and fit the mind better then the apparel doth the body: for the cloaths may be too ſtrait, or point device; but complements are the minds free exerciſe. They have ſome droſſe in them, as well as Silver. They are a kind of Bel-metall, they have in them both the preciſian and the paraſite; the moſall of which is, That Wit and Women are fraile things, gilded hypocrites, ſpecious out-ſides; to which Complements, like feathers to ſmall birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying-glaſſes, and flattering Mirrors, that conceal age and wrinkles. *Jayes* finely dreſt up for a Preſence. A complementive Submiſſion, is the Flatterers and Politicians Key to open the moſt ſecret Cabinets of Princes breaſts with. For there is a Congee of the loweſt humility, that reaches to the higheſt flight of Ambition. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them; the Court, Behaviour; that Behaviour will make an iſſue in love; that Love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a Complement is the motion of the body; the grace of it, the diſpoſing of the countenance; the zeal or oath of it, the hand upon the book of the breaſt. Complements are the language of Gallants (the melt-

ings

ings of their language) the musical raviſhings of their perſwaſive tongues, the odours of their perfumed breaths; loving ſighs, and the buſineſs of their afternoons. To conclude, their power is ſuch, that they gain admittance into a Ladies private retiring room; or elſe by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give us acceſs to the miſtriſſes of our hearts.

The Poſtſcript.

Worthy Reader, I hope it will fare with thee now, as with a gueſt, whoſe eye being firſt allured with a magnificent Banquet; His appetite is the better pleaſed, when he hath reliſhed ſome of thoſe dainties: So having but at the firſt delighted the eye of thy fancy with the Architecture of the frontiſpiece of this Book; and ſince with a more diſcreet peruſal you have now taken a view of every room; I know thou canſt not but be wonderfully pleaſed with the whole building and fabrick of this Academy. Love and eloquence led thee with pleaſure into it, may thy content and favorable cenſure let thee forth again.

Thine, Philomuſus.

A Table for the underſtanding of the hard *Engliſh* words contained in this Book.

A

A Cute witty.
Amiable lovely.
Apt fit.
Auſtere ſharp.
Aſpire to look high.
Abſtemious temperate.
Amplifie to enlarge.
Advertiſe to adviſe.
Augment to encreaſe.
Aſpect to look upon.
Abſurd fooliſh.
Applaud to like.
Altitude height.

Acknowledgment confeſsion
Attractive drawing to
Aſpiration breathing
Abhor to hate
Audacious bold
Alacrity cheerfulneſſe
Apparent open
Abjure to forſweare
Active nimble
Anguiſh griefe
Appertinent belonging to
Auſpicious betokening ſucceſſe.
Abruptly unorderly
Ambiguity doubtfulneſſe
Arrogant proud
Accommodate to make fit
Aggravate to make more grievous
Adverſe contrary.
Apprehenſion underſtanding
Affable courteous
Artificially workman-like
Affectation curioſity
Academy univerſity
Amity friendſhip
Abbreviate to ſhorten
Ardent hot
Adorn to beautifie
Antipathy contrariety
Adore to worſhip
Affectionate loving
Acurate curious
Act to do or perform
Accident chance
Aſſent to agree to
Accompliſh to finiſh
Amaze to ſtrike with wonder.
Admire to wonder at
Abſolutely fully
Adventure to hazard

B

Beneficiall profitable
Bliſſe happineſſe
Baſhful bluſhing
Brevity ſhortneſs
Benevolence good will
Bruit report
Barbarian a rude perſon
Beatitude bleſſedneſſe
Beſiege to ſet upon or court

C.

Complexion conſtitution of body
Convince to confute
Credulity raſhneſſe of belief
Celeſtiall heavenly
Civill honeſt behaviour
Comprehend to contain
Circumſpect heedy
Celebrate to keep ſolemnly
Compaſſion pitty
Conſequent following by order.
Correſpondent anſwerable
Contrite ſorrowfull
Capacity largeneſſe of place
Circumſtance quality of time and place
Condeſcend to agree to
Cogitation thought
Cataſtrophe the end
Credible to be believed
Contribution beſtowing
Confirm to eſtabliſh
Caſualty chance
Compoſe to joyn
Clemency gentleneſſe
Convenient fit
Conſecrate to make holy
Center the point of a circle
Competent convenient
Circumvent to deceive
Compendious ſhort
Certifie to give to underſtand
Confer to talk together
Corivals partners in affection

Contract to covenant
Circumscribe to compass about
Commencement the beginning
Contemptible to be despised
Commemoration remembering
Circumlocution many words
Converse to be familiar
Continent chast
Charms spels or witchcraft
Conduct guiding, governing
Curiosity neatness

D

Direct, to rule or guide
Distracted mad
Divert to turn from another
Divulge to publish
Delineate to draw a proportion
Desist leave off
Dissimilitude unlikeness
Disperse to scatter abroad
Deity Godhead
Disloyal untruly
Distinguish to put a difference
Decipher to describe or lay open
Distant place between
Dispose to appoint
Deformed ill shapen
Disturb to disquiet
Dialect a maner of speech
Define to shew what a thing is
Dissolve to unloose
Dissuade to perswade to the contrary
Ditcu's to search narrowly
Digress to leave a matter
Decent comely
Disanul to make void
Dilate to enlarge
Destitute forsaken
Defame to slander
Destinated appointed
Disputable questionable
Determine to conclude
Dedicate to give for ever
Dismiss to send away
Difficult hard
Defraud to deceive
Desertion leaving
Display to spred abroad
Dexterity aptness
Dejected cast down
Demeanor behavior
Diffuse to pour out
Disability unableness
Deprive to take away
Disjunction dividing
Deride to mock
Dismal unlucky
Diffident doubtful
Delude to deceive
Dissent to disagree
Depend hang upon
Deliberate to take counsel
Dehort to perswade to the contrary
Degenerate to fall off from goodness
Defects weakness of capacity
Dissipate scatter abroad

E

Expression laying open of any thing
Expert skilful
Extract to draw out
Exact perfect
Erroneous full of errors
Effect a thing done
Emblem a shadow of a thing

Evident plain
Expect to wait or look for
Exempt free
Extinguish to put out
Efficacy force.
Enflame to set on fire.
Expedient fit.
Expire to die
Extenuate to lessen.
Essence the being of a thing.
Echo a sound.
Experiment triall.
Extend to spread forth.
Elaborate curious
Exhibite to bestow.
Expostulate to chide with.
Evasion an escape.
Eclipse darkenesse of the Sun.
Extempore without study.
Exanimate to trouble the minde.
Education bringing up.
Epithite a title given to any thing.
Expence cost.
Exasperate to anger.
Evitable to be shunned.
Excessive too much.
Effeminate too womanish.
Exorable to be intreated.
Elegancy fineness of speech.
Expedition speed.
Exigent necessity
Election choice.
Explicite unfolded.
Elocution good expression.
Exile banished.
Explicate to declare.
Estimate price or rate.
Enjoy keep or possesse.
Engaged indebted.
Event end, successe.
Extraordinary more then common.

F

FRivolous trifling.
Fortunate happy.
Fiction a tale.
Fatall, mortal
Fortitude valour
Fervent hot
Fulgent glistring
Figurative shadowed
Faculty power or ability
Finite having an end
Fruition enjoying
Fabulous feigned
Fraudulent deceitfull
Fragrant smelling sweet
Falacy deceit
Fidelity trustinesse
Fantasse imagination
Felicity happinesse
Feature shape
Foundation ground-work
Falsifie to break ones word.

G

GRatifie to pleasure
Genuine naturall
Gratulate to be glad.
Generosity nobility
Glorifie to give honour.

H

HAbitude disposition
Heroicall beseeming a nobleman
Harmony agreement
Hereditary by succession
Habit apparell.

I

IMproper unfit.
Incident happening
Introduction entrance.
Issue event
Immature unripe
Improvident careless
Irefull angry
Judicious understanding
Indulgence sufferance

m pr udent ignorant
Illustrate to make plain.
Inamoured in love.
Immutable unchangeable:
Ineffable unspeakable.
Include shut in.
Ignoble of base birth.
Interpret to expound.
Insolent proud.
Incur to run into.
Invective speaking against.
Indignation anger:
Immaculate unspotted.
Incommodious hurtful.
Instinct an inward motion.
Intricate doubtfull
Improbable not to be proved.
Interrupt to let.
Induce to move to.
Impediment hinderance.
Incommunicable not to be imparted.
Intolerable insufferable.
Intercept to prevent.
Impenetrable not to be pierced
Insist to stay upon
Indecent not comely
Interdict to forbid
Imperious desiring rule
Infallible not deceivable
Institute to appoint
Intimate to signifie
Intermission breaking off
Implore desire with tears.
Impertinent not pertaining
Implacable not to be pleased
Insult to triumph
Incompatible unsufferable
Instable inconstant
Individual not to be parted
Inspire to breathe into
Inculpable without fault
Incomprehensible not to be conceived
Insensible not to be perceived
Incredulous hardly to be believed
Inseperable not to be divided
Intentive earnestly bent
Integrity pureneſſe
Insensity without feeling
Indisposition backwardneſſe

L

Linguist skilull in tongues
Lenity gentleneſſe
Labyrinth full of windings
Loyal obedient, trusty
Languishing pining
Literature learning
Laudable worthy of praise
Lascivious wanton
Lustre brightneſſe

M

Mollifie to make soft
Maxime a principle
Mutable changeable
Manifest open
Metamorphosis changing of shape
Magnificent sumptuous
Mitigate asswage
Mental belonging to the mind
Malecontent discontent
Mature ripe
Mirror glaſſe
Metaphor similitude
Muses goddeſſes of learning
Menace to threaten
Morality civill behaviour
Multiplicity variety
Magitians sorcerers, witches
Melancholy grief, sadneſſe
Merits deserts.

N

Nuptiall, belonging to marriage
Notion inward knowledge

Nuncupatory declaring
Native where one is born

O

Oppofite contrary
Odious hatefull
Originall first beginning
Obscure dark
Object a thing set against
Oratory eloquent speech
Obsequious serviceable
Officious dutifull
Obdurate hardned
Omit to let passe
Opprobrious reproachfull
Obliged bound to
Occurrences occasions
Ominous signifies good or ill luck
Operation effect
Observant dutifull
Odoriferous smelling sweetly
Ornament adorning
Ordained appointed

P

PRopitious favourable
Ponderous weighty
Period end of a sentence
Prolix tedious
Persist to continue
Parragon patern or example
Prostrate to fall on the ground
Perplexity trouble
Plausible easie to please
Progress going forward
Position a question disputed
Paradox a strange speech
Project a plot
Prefixed set before
Patronize to defend
Promiscuous confused
Perfidious traiterous
Polish to make faire
Prohibit to forbid
Pretermit to passe over
Permanent continuing
Precipitate to cast down
Prosecute follow after
Prejudice hinder
Permission sufferance
Procrastinate to delay
Perspicuous clear
Prescription limitation
Participate to partake
Personate to represent a person
Probable proved, true
Perpetuity continuance
Phantasie imagination
Peculiar proper
Pathetical full of passions
Perfections gifts of nature
Perfume sweet smells
Passionate earnestly loving
Perpetual everlasting.

R

RIgorous cruel
Repulse to drive back
Rustical immanerly
Reject to cast away
Reduce to bring back
Revolve to determine in the minde
Resemblance likeness
Ratifie to confirm
Resigne to give to another
Repeal to call back again
Repute to esteem
Resplendent shining bright
Ridiculous to be laughed at
Reserve to keep
Real substantial
Reiterate to repeat again

Re-

Respite to defer
Remit to forgive
Refractory obstinate
Re-assume to take againe
Remunerate reward
Reliques the remainder
Reference pointing at
Regal princely
Retribution a reware
Refulgent shining
Reflection casting back
Reputation credit, good name
Reflect to look, cast an eye
Remain to continue constant
Reprovable to be blamed
Rarities things hard to be found.

S

SVpreme highest
Splendent glistring
Succeed to follow
Structure building
Serenity calmnesse
Sympathy fellow-feeling
Supposition thinking
Sollicite to move
Succinct short
Suspence a doubt
Sable black or mournful
Submisse lowly
Superiority above another
Select chosen out
Subsequent following
Spacious large
Sustain to suffer
Seduce to deceive
Sublimity height
Survive to outlive
Soveraign highest authority
Scruple a doubt
Superfluous needlesse
Symmetry due proportion of parts
Sensual brutish
Stupifie to astonish
Simplicity plainnesse
Subsist to abide
Society fellowship
Servile slavish
Suspicious doubtful
Suitable agreeable.

T

TResses locks of haire
Transcendent climbing over
Timorous fearfull
Triumphant rejoycing in victory
Tedious troublesome
Transform to change
Terrene earthly
Tranquility quietnesse
Tolerable may be suffered
Tragicall sorrowfull
Temporize to serve the times
Transparent may be seen
Tenent opinion

V

VNiversall generall
Vnanimity of one mind
Vitall lively
Variable changeable
Value esteem
Vulgar common
Vndervalue discommend
Vigorous strong and lusty

VV

VVReath Garland or Crown.

A ſhort Table of delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets, with other uſeful Collections out of ancient and modern Hiſtories.

Of the gods.

APollo the god of Learning, and of the Muſes. *Diſſolving*

Æolus, the bluſtring god of the windes. *Various.*

Bacchus, the god of wine, and good fellows. *To bowl.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the ſon of *Venus*, whom the Poets deſcribe blinde, with a bow in his hand, and two arrows of different effects; the one tipt with gold, to cauſe Love; the other with lead, to force Diſdain.

Demogorgon, and *Tellus*, gods of the earth.

Faunes, gods of the woods and Forreſts.

Glaucus, a fiſher-man turned into a Sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of ſilence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a god, *Brightneſs of the aire.*

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledg of times and ſeaſons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

Hymen, the god of mariage. *From a Membrane.*

Jupiter, the Planet, whom the Poets faigned to be the god of heaven. *A helping Father.*

Mars, the god of war. *From men.*

Momus, the Critical god.

Morpheus the ſleepy god. *From counterfeiting the viſages and geſtures of men.*

Mercury, the god of eloquence. A meſſenger to the gods. *The care of Merchandize.*

Neptune, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

Nereus

Nereus, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*, from ſwimming.

Pan, the god of ſhepherds, and the carer for their flocks. *Penates* the houſhold gods.

Sapho, one that taught birds to cry. *The great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus the god of gardens. *Laſcivious.*

Saturn, and *Pluto*, gods of hell. *Tilling, riches.*

Serapis, the Egyptian god, worſhipped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the god of the woods.

Vertumnus, the ſpring deified.

Vulcan, the lame Blackſmith, husband to *Venus*, the god of fire.

The goddeſſes.

Ægeria, the goddeſs from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his laws.

Aſtrea, and *Themis*, the goddeſſes of juſtice. *Amongſt the gods lawful.*

Belona, the goddeſs of war.

Cibele, called *Rhea Bericinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddeſs of chaſtity. *Jupiters daughter.*

Egeria, the pregnant goddeſs of the womb. *From bearing.*

Flora and *Cloris* goddeſſes of flowers.

Feronia, the goddeſs of the woods.

Thebe, and *Juventa*, the goddeſſes of youth.

Juno, the goddeſſes of riches, *Jupiters* jealous wife: *From helping.*

Laverna, the goddeſs of thieves. *From making clean.*

Lucina, the goddeſs of birth.

Mnemoſyne, the mother of the goddeſſes called the Muſes. *Memory.*

Murcia the goddeſs of idleneſs. *Sluggiſhnes.*

Minerva or *Pallas*, the goddeſſes the arts and war. *Threatning.*

Nemesis, the goddess of revenge. *Destribute.*
Parca, the goddess of the destinies. *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddess of fruits. *Apples.*
Proserpina and *Ops*, the goddesses of hell, sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina.*
Pitho, the goddess of eloquence.
Venus, the delightfull goddess of love and beauty.
Voluptia, the goddess of riots and pleasures.
Vesta, the goddess of chastity. *The earth from clothing*

The Graces.

Aglaia, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, the daughters of *Jupiter*, and *Venus:* they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of conversation. *Cheerfulness, flourishing joy*

The furies.

Letho, *Megæra*, *Tisyphone*, three snaky-tressed sisters, that punished offenders. 1 *Not idle* 2. *Envy.* 3. *Revenge of murther.*

The Destinies three sisters.

Lesbo puts the Wool on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the thred; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1 *To spin.* 2. *To alot.* 3 *Inexorable, not turned.*

The Judges of Hell.

Æacus, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus.* To beat.

The Hesperides

Egle, *Arethusa*, *Hesperethusa* the three sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and tooke away the Apples. 1 *Splendor.* 2 *Vertue.*

The nine Muses.

Cleio, *Melpomene*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe*, *Terpsicore Erato*, *Caliope*, *Urania*, *Polymnia.* 1 Glory. 2 Singing. 3. Flourishing. 4. Delighting. 5 Delighting in dancing. 6 Loving. 7 A good voyce. 8 Beauty. 9 President of praise.

Nimph

Nymphs of the woods.

DRyades and *Hamadryades.* From Okes.

Nymphs of the Meadows.

LImonides. Meadows.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

NEris the goddess, of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amothea, Dexamine, Crosis Cymedocea Zantho,* with many others, *Neris,* from swimming.

The seven stars.

AMbrosia, *Eudor, Pasithore, Coronis, Plexauris, Pitho,* and *Tithes.*

Naiades, Fairies of the waters. *From flowing.*

Nappea, Fairies of the woods. *From the groves.*

Of Beasts.

THe *Beaver,* highly esteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great horse. *An Oxe head.*

Bores of *Pannonia,* the cruellest of all others.

Chamæleon, a smal beast, lives by the ayr: it is so transparent, that it changeth it self into any colour it sets on. *A little Lion.*

The *Crocodile,* by the river *Nilus* in Ægypt; a beast of 30 foot in length. A woman for her faigned tears is compared to this beast. *Afraid of Saffron.*

Ermin, a smal beast, whose rich Fur is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a beast that hath the voice of a man, which in the night cals, and if he come to, kils him, *From gaping.*

Libard, a spotted beast, the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a spotted beast like a Wolf, of so perfect a sight, that it is said to sook thorow a wall.

Panther, a cruel beast, of a sweet smell, and of a fair spotted skin, with which she allureth other beasts to her; but lest her head should affright, she hideth it, that she may the more easily prey upon them. *Of all beasts most fair.*

Pegasus, the horse of the Muses. *From a fountain.*

Rhinocere, a beast as big as an Elephant. *A horn in his nose.*

Salamander a short venemous beast, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extream cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a swift beast: those of Hyrcania are the most cruel.

Of birds.

Alcyon, by some called the Kings-fisher; a bird that builds her nest in the sea, when it is a sign of of fair weather. *Hatching her eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruel bird.

Harpies, monstrous devouring birds: *Virgil* sings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocypote*, *Cilene*, *Thiella*. Stealing.

Ibis, a strong bird that devoureth Serpents.

Ostrich, a huge bird that swalloweth and digesteth iron: her feathers are our best plumes.

Pelican, a melancholly bird that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix a rare bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her nest in a Cynamon tree, with the twigs of Frankincense, and other Spices: She lives six hundred yeers: with the laboring of her wings in the Sun, she setteth her nest on fire, and there consumeth in it; out of whose ashes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another Phœnix.

Philomela, the ravished ravishing Nightingal, that sings her sad story so prettily. *Lover of melody.*

Stork, a famous bird for mutual love to its parents; this bird builds in countries where there are no kings.

Turtle Dove, a bird famous for constancy, if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth single.

Of Fishes.

Antharis, an admirable chast fish.

Cephalus, a fearful fish, which by hiding of his head,

head thinks he is safe. *From a head.*

Dolphin, the swiftest of fishes, and loving'st to man.

Polype, a fish that hath many feet, often changing. The inconstant are resembled to this fish.

Remora, a smal fish that stays the ship. *From staying*

Sargus, an adulterous fish, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fish which taken with the hook, vomits outs his bowels, looseneth the hook, and then swalloweth them again.

Sturgeon, a fish whose Scales are turned backwards: it swims against the stream.

Torpedo, a Crampfish, that benummeth the hands of those that touch it.

Of stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest and most precious of al stones; which is softned by Goats blood, being warmed, and steeped in it.

Bezar stone, of great esteem in Physick: *Not yielding.*

Chrysolite, a stone that shineth brightest in the morning. *Shining like gold.*

Jasper, a transparent stone of divers colours: it shews fairest in silver.

The *Load stone*, is coloured like unto rusty iron: it hath a secret vertue, not onely to draw iron to it self, but also to make iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw iron too: it loseth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

Obelisk, it is a great stone, large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller & smaller to the top *Pyramidis*-like.

Saphire, a stone of clear sky-colour by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious stone, which put into boyling water it presently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Coral-tree groweth in the bottom of the sea: there are two sorts, red & white, the red is the best either

either of them taken into the air, instantly grow hard.

Ebone, a black tree that beares neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a tree that beareth apples: the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The *Pine-tree*: of these Ships are made; for that this tree is not subject to worms, or rottennesse, but is green all the year; the shadow of it suffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a shady tree that bears fruit foure times a year. *From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulbery tree.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of Hell. *From flowing with troublesome waters.*

Alpheus, the river where *Hercules* cleansed *Augeus* his stable.

Asbamus, a river in Thessaly, whose water sets wood on fire.

Cocytus, a river in Hell. *Mourning.*

Hellicon and *Aganippe*, Wells consecrated to the Muses. *Made by a Horse.*

Sylla and *Charibdis*, two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in respect of contrary windes.

Styx, a river of hell. *To make sad.*

Tyber, a famous River of Rome.

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into hell. *Killing birds.*

Phlegeton, a river of hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, a famous river of *Europe*; it rises out of the hill *Arnoba* in Germany. It receives 60. rivers into it.

Ætna, a hill in Italy, whence riseth horrible smokes, and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

Alps, the high mountaines that divide Italy and France.

Of

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two-headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bit is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queens death, who applied two of them to her breast, to die more insensibly

Basilisk or *Cockatrice*, the King of Serpents; it breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing; and frighteth away all other Serpents with its hissing: if it be touched with a long pole, or spies one afar off, it kills; they breed in the hot sands of Asia. The onely ruine of this serpent is the Weasel.

Hydra, the monstruous Serpent of the lake of Lerna; that having one head chopt off by *Hercules*, immediatly two grew again. *From the water.*

Scorpion, a most venemous Serpent, that eats her own young

Viper, a serpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which she bites off; her young eat their passage thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the female.*

of Mermaids.

The most famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, & *Leusa*: they are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like fishes. With their sweet singing, they allure Marriners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monsters.

Cerberus, the dog of hell, that had three heads. *A devourer of flesh.*

Chimera, which with the monster *Solimus*, was slain by *Bellerophon*. *A Goat.*

Gorgon a feareful Monster with one eye.

Medusa, a monster whose golden hairs *Minerva* turned into adders, and caused those that beheld her, to be turned into stones.

Minotaure, a half man, and half bull. This monster was slain by *Theseus*.

Centaures, monsters supposed to be half men, half horses.

Argus

Argus, the keeper of *Jo*, that had a hundred eyes; he was slain by *Meraon*.

Satyrs, monsters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy; their legs and feet were like Goats; they inhabited in woods: The Poets describe them to be lustful and savage. *Libidinous.*

Sphinx, a monster, that slew all that could not dissolve her riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her self from a high rock, and brak her neck.

Men famous or infamous.

CYclopes, the sons of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make weapons for *Jupiter*. *From having but one eye in the middle of their forehead.*

Achilles, a most valiant captain amongst the Greeks that slew *Hector* and *Troylus*, but was himself at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polixena*, by her brother *Paris*, who shot him in the heel, where he was onely vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Æneas, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous Trojan. *Praise. Curtius*, who for his countries good, cast himself into a gaping cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call his souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine worthies, that so long preserved Troy, was slain by *Achilles. From preserving the city.*

Mutius Scævola, that saved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Seamonster, and after married her.

Cæsar, the Roman Emperor that vanquisht *Pompey*, whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici.* He was slain in the Senate house by *Brutus* and *Cassius.*

Scipio, that brave commander, who subdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdoms.

Pompey, that chose rather to die, then to crave of *Lucullus.*

Zorzelo, saying that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20 years no man ever envi'd them

Theseus, that Worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

Scylla, that famous Captain, that was past intreaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*, the one was held to be the sword, the other the buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*, a carpet-Captain,

Zopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved Babylon from the fury of the King *Darius*.

Augustus, a wise & merciful Roman Emperor. *Happy*.

Titus, the Roman Emperor, who having over-slipt one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying he had lost that day.

Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, that wore a Laurel, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate Roman Emperour. A miracle of courtesie.

Octavian, a Roman Emperour, who when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of Mauritania, who for his skill in Astrologie, was faigned to hold up heaven.

Giges, that had a ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

Philip, King of Macedon, that had a skull ever on his Table, and a boy every morning to put him in minde that he was but a man.

Priamus, King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdom and life. *Sardanapalus*, a light Prince, that habited himself in womans apparel, and carded and spun amongst them. *Abuffon*.

Zoroaster

Zoroastes, the Bactrian, a famous Magitian, the first inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself, because *Vlysses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

Busiris, a cruel tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Jupiter*.

Dionysius, a tyrant, that was called the Monster of nature.

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a Woolf.

Nero, a cruel tyrant that thought none chast: he ript up his mother, to see where he lay, & spurned his own wife *Poppea*, big with child, into another world.

Phalaris, a bloody tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, that for griefe that he was never unfortunate, hanged himself. *Very strong.*

Thersites, a most deformed person, of Cynical and most dogged conditions.

Nestor, that lived 300 years; a most wise man.

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence caused rude people to lead a civil life.

Roscius the Orator, famous for his gesture.

Tully the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demosthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the people.*

Sinon, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed Troy.

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical poet.

Ixion, whom the Poets faign continually to turn a wheel in hell.

Sisyphus, the Emblem of vain labor, whom the Poets feign continually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth tumble downe again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a worldly miser, feigned to thirst in hell, yet stands up to the chin in a river; & to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth

Architas

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flye in the ayr.

Flamo, who first invented the Sea-mans Dyal.

Endimion, that found out the course of the Moon, and therefore is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swelling feet.*

Staphylus, who first mingled wine with water.

Tirtus, the first inventer of Rhetorick.

Ulysses, the first inventer of shooting at birds: a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Musick drew after him wild beasts, woods and mountains; & which is more, by it thought to have to his wife home.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis that so cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said; if he had made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds dust not have come so near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philos. that was never seen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philosopher, that affirmed that the Earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates, the Philosopher, that to better his study, threw his wealth into the sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, the Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cynical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian woods.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus, the Philoſopher, that never had tutor: he alwaies wept.

Menippus the Philoſopher, that having loſt his goods, hanged himſelf.

Pythagoras the Philoſopher, that held tranſmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philoſophers; the laſt took his name from chuſing his own death.

Socrates, the moſt wiſe Philoſopher, that had the ſcold *Xantippe* to his wife.

Stoicks, a ſect of Philoſophers, that held that wiſe men were free from all paſſions. *From the Gallery where they uſed to diſpute.*

Paracelſus, a Chymical Phyſitian that did admirable but violent cures.

Galen and *Hippocrates*, two moſt famous Phyſitians.

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blind.

Ariſtophanes, the Greek Poet, whoſe heart, when h was ript up, was found to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard, a moſt famous Poet.

Juvenal, a Satyrical Poet. *Pindarus*, a Lyrical Poet.

Tyreſias, the Poet, who by killing two ſnakes, knew both ſexes.

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: he railed againſt *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous thief, ſlain by *Hercules*.

Prometheus, who for ſtealing fire from heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucaſus*, where the Poets feign a Vulture gnawes his heart continually. *Foreſeen.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dedalus* made waxen wings, to flye with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neer Creet, ſo called by his name.

Phaeton, the ſon of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his chariot: he ſet the world on fire. *From light.*

Antemon, the abſolute coward, that would never go out of doors without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline,

Cataline, the famous Roman Conſpirator.

Charon, the Ferry-man of Hell.

Bellerophon, that brought Letters to cut his throat.

Ariſtarchus, one that wrote 200 Books.

Oreſtes, that for ſlaying his mother, was haunted with the furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three moſt excellent Roman Poets.

Marcus Craſſus, a private Roman, that died worth eight hundred two and fifty thouſand pounds.

Cato Uticenſis, who becauſe he would not ſee the calamity the Common-wealth was like to fall into, ſlew himſelf.

Philoxenus, a Paraſite, that wiſhed that his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleaſure in ſweet meats and drinks.

Joſeph Scaliger, skilled in thirty languages.

Lynceus that could ſee ſhips 130 miles off, and number them.

Acteon the hunter, that for ſeeing *Diana* bathing her ſelf, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his maſter ſo well, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſlain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whoſe feet are againſt ours. *Cannibals*, thoſe that eat mans fleſh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a year together ſee not the Sun.

Lacedemonians, a people that firſt found out the uſe of the ſword, ſpear, and helmet.

Scythians, people that firſt invented bows and arrows

Thracians, that firſt found out the pleaſures of hauking and hunting.

Mermidons, a moſt warlike induſtrious nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

Pygmies, a little Indian people, of a cubit in length, that war with the Cranes.

Adonis

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slaine by a Bore, turned into a flower. *Atis*, a sweet boy, beloved of *Cybele*.

Ganimed, a Trojan boy, whom *Jupiter* loved, and carried into heaven with him, & made him his cup-bearer.

Narcissus, a fair boy, who being in love with himself, was turned into a flower.

Spurina, a boy, that every one for his beauty made love to; which was so troublesome and distastful to him, that he poysoned himself.

Maids and women, famous or infamous.

Echo, a Virgin rejected of her love, she pined into a voyce, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the fair, that drowned her self for *Leander*, who endured the same fate, in attempting to swim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her self for love of a fair boy.

Sylla, that stole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love she bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he, loathing her treachery, forsook her; which caused her to drown her self.

Thisbe, that slew her self for the love she bore to *Pyramus*: both she and her sweet-heart were turned into a Mulberry-tree.

Atalanta, the swift chaste maiden Huntress, that *Hippomanes* so neatly won into his arms imbraces, by the slight of the three golden Apples.

Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian Queen, that put Asps to her brest, that she might die for her *Anthony*.

Cassandra, the daughter of *Priamus* king of Troy, to whom *Apollo*, upon the promise of her maidenhead, gave the gift of prophecy; but she not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That she should never be believed, though she predicted truth.

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

Salmacis, a nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the gods, she grew into one body with him.

Nictimene,

Nictimene, that for lying with her own Father, was was turned into an Owl. *From night.*

Philomela, raviſhed by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingal.

Andromeda, the wife of *Perſeus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her ſelf before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful children ſlain, and was after wards her ſelf turned into a ſtone.

Lucretia, a chaſt Roman dame, that ſlew her ſelf becauſe proud *Tarquin* had raviſhed her.

Penelope, the chaſt wife of *Ulyſſes*, that had ſo many woers in his abſence.

Helena, that was raviſhed at nine yeers of age by *Theſeus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whoſe rape, the Trojans ſuſtained a war of ten yeers.

Meſſalina, the inſatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emp.

Leda with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a Swan; ſhe laid him two eggs, the one called *Caſtor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turned into Stars.

Rodopis, a noted Thracian whore.

Omphale, the Lydian Queene, whom *Hercules* ſerved at the diſtaff to obtain her love.

Tucria, a veſtal Virgin, who being accuſed for Fornication, cleared her ſelf by carrying water in a ſieve.

Medea, a Sorcereſs, by whoſe meanes *Jaſon* got the golden Fleece. *Lamiæ*, Witches ſo called.

Thymele, a woman that firſt taught to dance.

Xantippe, the ſcolding wife of *Socrates* the moſt wiſe Philoſopher. *Cornelia* a chaſt noble Roman Lady.

Amazons, warlike women in Scythia, that in their infancy cut off one of their breſts, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits: *Penthiſilea* was their Queen.

Virago

Virago, a stout woman of most manly courage.

Semiramis, the wife of King *Ninus*, who after his death her son being young, took upon her the government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex; but at last falling into all manner of beastly and sensual lust, she endeavoured to lie with her son; for which unnatural attempt he slew her.

Euridice, the wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the ravisher *Aristeus*, was stung in the heel by a Serpent, of which she dyed.

Alceste, that died to save her husbands life.

Pandora, to whom *Pallas* for her chastity gave the gift of Prophecy. *Æmelia*, who out of the love she bore to her husband, fancied his Paramor.

Artemesia, famous for the royal Sepulchre she built for her husband.

Evadne, a vertuous woman, that at the solemnization of her husbands funeral, out of the love she bore him, burnt her self, to mingle her ashes with his.

Valerias, a chast Matron, who being asked why she married not another husband, answered, her first was still alive with her.

Pompea Paulina, the wife of *Seneca*, who when she heard of her tyrant *Nero's* sentence of death on her husband, desperately opened her own veins, determining not to survive him, whom she loved so dearly.

Paula Romana, after her husbands death, was so far from being perswaded to a second, that she was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man.

Antonia, a beautiful woman, who to avoyd the temptation of suitors after the death of her husband, married her self to the strictness of one chamber, to which her younger sister being a vowed virgin, had confined her self. Thus in one bed the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the solitude of her widowhood was wasted. *Finis*

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